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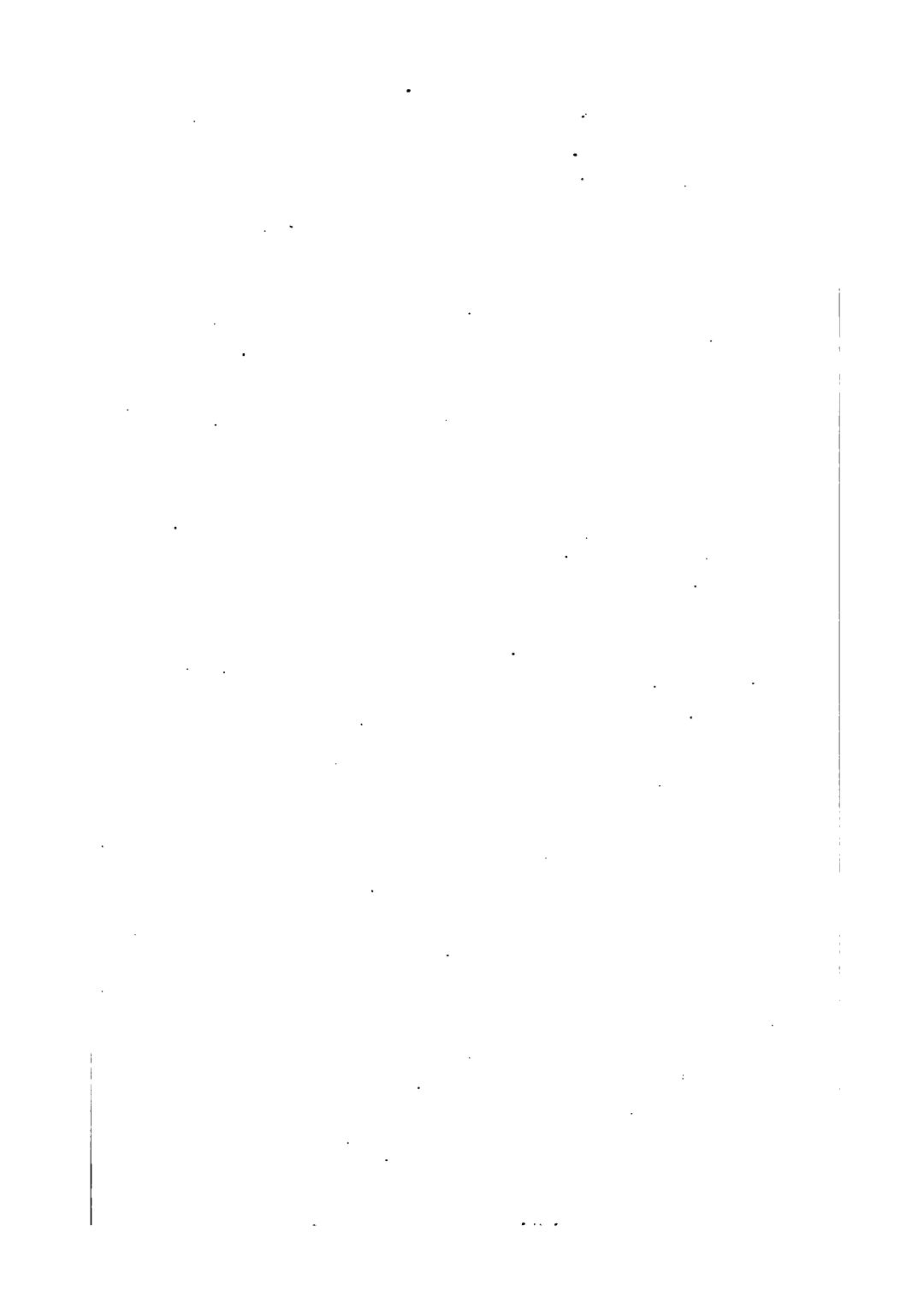
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LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

BY

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JOAN OF KENT.

CHAPTER I.

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Of the many illustrious ladies who have ultimately become Queens of England, it is curious to note how few first bore the rank of Princess of Wales. Though no less than twenty Princes of Wales have held the title since its creation in 1301, only six of their consorts shared the dignity; and of these but three finally assumed the Crown Matrimonial. Joan of Kent, Anne Neville, Katharine of Aragon, Caroline of Anspach, Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, Caroline of Brunswick—all, at widely different

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times, and under strangely varied circumstances, bore the name which, in this our own day, has become a synonym for delicate beauty and gracious dignity, and played out their chequered life drama amid curiously differing surroundings, and keenly contrasting epochs; the chronicle of their lives commencing in the chivalrous days of the third Edward, and closing in the warlike and victorious period which beheld the downfall of the first Napoleon.

It would be difficult to discover another title, which, possessing as it has done till the present time but six representatives, has been borne by women whose life-stories were at once so strangely like and unlike—so *alike* in each possessing a strongly marked personality, and a career distinguished by unusual and striking incidents; so *unlike* in the individual character and the framing of the circumstances amid which that career was run. Joan of Kent and Augusta of Saxe-Gotha were alike bereaved by the premature death of their lords, and were alike entrusted with the charge of the infant heir. Anne Neville and Caroline of Anspach alike wore a crown, and found the wearing but weary work; and Katharine of Aragon and Caroline of Brunswick alike tasted bitterest woe at their husband's hands, and died worn out in the strife. And yet the conditions under which each lived out her story were essentially different and strange; while still the same similarity ran through all, that whether in the picturesque Plantagenet days, or the jovial Tudor time, the era of the early Hanoverian monarchs, or the wicked glitter of the Regency, each royal lady should experience, amid all her splendour, that heart-sickness which, as Mrs. Browning tells us, is—

The woman's special, proper ache,
And altogether tolerable, except
To a woman.

The first Princess of Wales, Joan Plantagenet, known, by reason of her beauty, as the "Fair Maid of Kent," was the daughter of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, and Margaret, "daughter of John, and sister and sole heir of Thomas, Lord Wakes of Lydel, in the county of Northampton."* Her father was the son of Edward I., by his second wife, Marguerite de Valois; and thus Joan belonged to the blood royal of England, and, in common with the other branches of her family, could claim descent from the hero-king of the English chronicles—Alfred the Great. The date of her birth is mentioned in no record extant; but, from internal evidence, it appears that she was born in 1324. She was the only daughter; but her parents had two sons, Edmund and John.

In 1327, on the accession of Edward III., the King being still a minor, twelve governors were appointed to direct the affairs of the kingdom; among whom we find the names of the King's half-uncles, Thomas of Brotherton and Edmund Earl of Kent; "but," says Baker, "though these were appointed and bore the name, yet the Queen and Roger Mortimer took all the authority to themselves."

Two years later, at a Parliament held at Winchester, the Earl of Kent was arrested on a charge of treason, and "condemned upon his confession, for intending to restore his brother, the late King Edward—an intention only without any fact. Yet condemned he was, and brought to the scaffold; but generally so beloved of the people

* Baker.

that he stood on the scaffold from one o'clock till five before any executioner could be found that would do the office, till at last a silly wretch of the Marshalsey was gotten to cut off his head."* This execution took place on the 19th of March, 1829, "chiefly," says Holinshed, "through the malice of the Queene Mother, and of the Earle of Marche, whose pride and hygh presumption the sayd Erle of Kente myght not well abyde."

Joan, who at the time of her father's judicial murder must have been too young to mourn, or indeed understand, her loss, grew up into rare beauty, inheriting from her father the noble Plantagenet presence. Known everywhere as the "Fair Maid of Kent," and the heiress of her sole surviving brother, John, whose ill-health made it improbable that she would long be kept from her inheritance, it may readily be imagined that the royal beauty had no lack of suitors; but a cloud of mystery hangs over her matrimonial adventures which it is hard to disperse; and the lady's vanity and heedlessness seem to have caused her name to be discussed with a freedom hardly creditable to its object.

So far as one can gather from the somewhat confused and perplexing statements of different chroniclers, the Fair Maid of Kent was in her infancy contracted to Sir Thomas Holland, a Lancashire gentleman, who was one of the first to receive the Order of the Garter. "During his absence from England, the Earl of Salisbury, or, as some have said, the Earl's wife, under whose charge she was placed, caused a contract of marriage to be drawn up between Joan of Kent and the heir of the house of Montague. The motives for this nefarious act—for we cannot sup-

* Baker.

pose either of them to have been ignorant of the previous contract—were, no doubt, ambition and cupidity; ambition, because whoever married her became connected with the royal family of England; cupidity, because of the great wealth she was likely to inherit, as, from the feeble constitution of her brother John, it seemed by no means improbable that all the wealth accumulated during the youth of two Earls of Kent would eventually descend to her.”* Sir Thomas Holland, indignant at the breach of faith, claimed his wife; and, the claim being disallowed, the contention grew fierce, and the then Pope, Clement VI., was appealed to, Sir Thomas representing “that Salisbury had intended to wed Joan of Kent had not a pre-contract with her by him been formerly made. . . . Also, that nevertheless the Earl, taking advantage of his absence in foreign parts, made a second contract with her, and unjustly withheld her.” After fully hearing the case, the Pope gave judgment in favour of Holland; and the easily consoled Earl solaced himself by marrying at Lambeth a daughter of John de Mohun, Earl of Dunster.

Here again the accounts of Joan’s career become confusing and inconsistent; but, as far as can be understood, the heiress appears not to have bestowed her hand at once upon Sir Thomas Holland, in spite of the papal mandate, but to have remained unbound until her twenty-fifth year. A strong attachment had sprung up between her and her gallant and chivalrous cousin, Edward, the Black Prince; her rare beauty and grace had inspired him with a romantic and constant love, in spite of her somewhat tarnished reputation and four years’ seniority; but the good Queen Philippa

* Burke’s “Vicissitudes of Families.”

had a great objection to her son's union, on account of the flightiness of the lady's disposition;”* and after vainly hoping that this and other difficulties might be removed, Joan wedded Sir Thomas Holland.

Shortly after her marriage her brother John died, and she became Countess of Kent; her husband, through his union with her, being recognised as Earl. She became the mother of four children—Thomas, John, Joan, and Maude; to the two elder of whom her old lover, the Black Prince, stood godfather.

Whether the union into which the fair Countess had been in a manner forced was a happy one we cannot tell; but if the yoke fretted her she was not fated to bear it long, for, shortly after the battle of Poitiers, the new Earl of Kent died, and she was left “as charming a widow as had appeared since the days of Dido, but by no means inclined, like the Queen of Carthage, rather to perish on a funeral pile than submit to the infliction of another husband.”†

The Black Prince, at this time about thirty years of age, was the grand central figure of the nobles and chivalrous court of the period. Brave, brilliant, with all the striking beauty of his race, with stainless honour, and grand generosity, Edward of Woodstock was like one of the old Arthurian heroes; and that faithful, unchanged affection which had caused him “to love one maiden only, cleave to her,” drew the resemblance yet closer. He had never cared for any other; and though match after match was proposed to him, and Margaret of Brabant and a daughter of the King of France had been succes-

* Strickland's “Lives of the Queens of England.”

† “Noble Dames of Ancient Story.” J. G. Edgar.

sively named as the Princess-elect, he was still unwedded ; and the Queen began to perceive that if she desired the marriage of her heroic son, she must lay aside her reluctance to receive the one woman whom he would take for his bride.

At last, therefore, the long-withheld consent was obtained. A dispensation was procured from the Pope, Innocent VI., such dispensation being a necessity for the validity of the marriage, not only by reason of the near relationship of the bride and bridegroom, but on account of the Prince having acted as sponsor to Joan's two sons, Thomas and John Holland.

According to an old tradition, the wooing of the Black Prince had a commencement strongly resembling the courtship of John Alden, as deputy for his blunt-spoken patron, Miles Standish. According to this tale, "an English noble, whose name history does not mention, having fallen in love with the widowed Countess of Kent, and found his suit tardy, entreated the Prince's good word ; but that after certain denials, she told him plainly ' that when she was under ward, she had been disposed of by others ; but now, being mistress of her own actions, she would not cast herself beneath her rank, but remember that she was of the blood-royal of England, and therefore resolved never to marry again but a Prince of quality and virtue like herself ;' and that the hero, while pleading the cause of his friend, felt the old flame rekindled."* But this is probably mere fiction, one of the numerous apocryphal anecdotes tacked onto illustrious names. The Prince of Wales seems, from the best authorities, never to have forgotten his first and only love ; and it is in the highest degree unlikely that when she was once

* J. G. Edgar.

again free, he should be the one to urge her to bestow her hand on a rival.

The consent of the King and Queen having been obtained, and the dispensation for their nuptials being granted, there was no cause for further delay in the celebration of the Prince's long deferred marriage; and accordingly the wedding was solemnized with much splendour and state, in the Queen's Chapel at Windsor, on October 10, 1361. The Queen, the Countess of Hainault, the Princess Isabel, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, were present; the ceremony was performed by Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury, with whom were William, Bishop of Winchester, John, Bishop of Lincoln, Robert, Bishop of Salisbury, the Abbot of Westminster, and the Deans of Windsor, Lichfield, and Lincoln. "The Earls of Warwick and Suffolk, and several other noble lords and ladies took part in the procession. The banns were asked publicly in the chapel, and the knot was tied with the 'kiss of peace.'"*

"In token of gratitude," says Miss Yonge,† "for the fulfilment of this wish of his heart, Edward built a chantry chapel in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, and endowed it with an estate, that two priests might offer constant prayers for his soul."

The London residence of the Black Prince and his beautiful bride was "not very far from the Tower, standing above Croobred Lane end, on Fish Street Hill. The house, when Stowe wrote, was still to be seen, reduced by a series of vicissitudes to the condition of an inn, with the sign of the *black Bell*."‡ After their marriage, how-

* J. G. Edgar.

† "Cameos from English History."

‡ Burke's "Vicissitudes of Families."

ever, they resided for some little time at the Castle of Berkhamstead, where they kept, says Froissart, "a noble and grand state;" but, the Prince being shortly after invested by his father with the Duchy of Aquitaine, he and the Princess of Wales set out upon their journey thither to assume the government of that province.

Previous to their departure, however, Edward III. and Queen Philippa, with some members of the royal family, came to bid the Prince and Princess farewell. Froissart gives the following curious account of his share in the visit:—

"I, John Froissart, will literally say what, in my younger days, I heard at a mansion called Berkhamstead, distant from London thirty miles, and which, at the time I am speaking of, in the year of our Lord 1361, belonged to the Prince of Wales, father to King Richard. As the Prince and Princess were about to leave England for Aquitaine, to hold their State; the King of England, Queen Philippa, my mistress, the Dukes of Clarence and Lancaster, the Lord Edmund, who was afterwards Earl of Cambridge and Duke of York, with their children, came to this mansion to visit the Prince and take leave of him. I was at that time twenty-four years old, and one of the clerks to the chamber to my lady the Queen. During this visit, as I was seated on a bench, I heard the following conversation of a knight to some of the ladies of the Queen. He said: 'There was in that country a book, called Brut, which many say contains the prophecies of Merlin. According to its contents neither the Prince of Wales, nor Duke of Clarence, though sons to King Edward, will wear the crown of England, but it will fall to the house of Lancaster?'"

"This gives a specimen," says Miss Strickland,

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"of the conversation with which maids of honour in the reign of Queen Philippa were entertained, not with scandal or fashions, but with the best endeavours of an ancient knight to tell a fortune, or peep into futurity, by assistance of the Wizard Merlin."

Their farewells having been taken, the Prince and Princess of Wales set sail from England, and, says Froissart, "were landed at La Rochelle, where they were received with great joy, and remained four whole days. As soon as the Lord John Chandos, who had governed the Duchy of Aquitaine a considerable time, was informed that the Prince was coming, he set out for Niost, where he resided, and came to La Rochelle with a handsome attendance of knights and squires, where they feasted most handsomely the Prince, Princess, and their suite. The Prince was conducted from thence, with great honour and rejoicings, to the city of Poitiers. The barons and knights of Poitou and Saintonge, who at that time resided there, came and did homage and fealty to him. The Prince rode from city to city, and from town to town, receiving everywhere due homage and fealty. He at last came to Bordeaux, where he resided a considerable time. The earls, viscounts, barons, knights, and lords of Gascony came thither to pay their respects to him, all of whom he received in so gracious and pleasing a manner, that every one was contented. Even the Count de Foix came to visit him, whom the Prince and Princess received most honourably, and treated him magnificently."

During the Prince's government of Aquitaine, he and the Princess dwelt sometimes at Angoulême and sometimes at Bordeaux, in the monastery of St. Andrew. In 1363, Peter, King of Cyprus, having previously visited the Pope and the King

of France, crossed the Straits, and landed at Dover, on a visit to King Edward. "It would take me a day," says Froissart, "were I to attempt relating to you the grand dinners, suppers, and other feasts and entertainments, and the magnificent presents and jewels that were given in England, especially by Queen Philippa, to the accomplished King of Cyprus. In truth, he was deserving of them, for he had come a long way, and at a great expense, to exhort the King to put on the Red Cross, and assist in regaining countries now occupied by the enemies of God. But the King of England politely and wisely excused himself, by saying that he was growing old, and must leave such matters to his children. 'I make no doubt,' he added, 'that when the Crusade has begun you will not be left alone; but will be followed most willingly by my knights and squires.' Nothing more than this could the King of Cyprus obtain from Edward with respect to the Crusade, but as long as he remained at his Court he was entertained most honourably. It happened about this time that King David of Scotland had some affairs to transact with King Edward, which made it necessary for him to come to England. The King of Cyprus had not left London when David arrived, and the two kings were much rejoiced at meeting. The King of Cyprus, on quitting England, crossed the sea to Boulogne, and joined the King of France at Amiens. Here he passed some time, and then said, that if it pleased God, he must go and see the Prince of Wales, as well as the barons of Poitou and Aquitaine, before he returned home. Accordingly leaving Amiens, he took the road to Beauvais, and continued his route to Poitiers. The Prince of Wales was at this time at Angou-

lême, where there were to be shortly grand entertainments and jousts by forty knights and as many squires, in honour of the Princess, who had just given birth (February, 1364) to a son called Edward, after the name of his father. As soon as the arrival of the King of Cyprus was reported, the Prince sent Sir John Chandos, attended by many knights and squires of his household, to meet and conduct him to his presence."

The King remained at Angoulême more than a month, explaining his wishes with regard to the Crusade; but though received and welcomed with much cordiality, he does not appear to have influenced the Prince in favour of his project, and after a short interval he returned to the dominions of the French Sovereign.

"The Prince of Wales was now grown famous all the Christian world over, and the man to whom all wronged princes seemed to appeal, and to fly for succour," says Baker in his "Chronicles." Owing to this widely spread fame, an applicant for help now approached him, whose character and actions played an important part in the latter half of the fourteenth century.

This was Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, whose character Froissart sketches in terms more forcible than complimentary. "Indeed, he was a cruel man, and of such a horrid disposition that all persons feared and suspected him, though they dared not show it." He was the son of Alfonso XI., and had ascended the Castilian throne in 1350, being then sixteen years old. His father "had been widely renowned for valour and courtesy, but the great crime of his life left deadly consequences. He had forsaken his queen, Maria of Portugal, for the sake of a lady named Leonor de Guzman, whom he caused his Court to treat

like his wife, while the Queen, neglected and forgotten, was sowing in the mind of her only child, Don Pedro, the most implacable resentment against the successful rival and the nine sons whom she bore to the King, and who were treated more like princes than the true heir of the crown."*

At his death, the King left to Leonor the fortress of Medina Sidonia, as a refuge from the vengeance of the insulted Queen; "but," says Miss Yonge, "Maria was not thus to be baulked, and, by treacherous promises of Pedro, the lady was induced to leave her walls, only to be seized at Seville, and put to death at Talavera. The King, however, pacified her sons by telling them that he could not protect her from his mother; and at first he appeared to live on friendly terms with his two eldest brothers, who were twins, and of unusual virtue and chivalry—Enrique, Count of Trastamare, and Fadrique, Grand Master of the Order of Santiago. There was a marriage arranged between Pedro and Blanche, the daughter of the French Duke de Bourbon, and sister to the wife of Charles V.; but ere she had arrived, Pedro had become enamoured of one of his own subjects, Doña Maria de Padilla, and though he married the unhappy Blanche, he threw her into prison a few weeks afterwards, forced some bishops to declare his marriage annulled, and then married a new favourite, Doña Juana de Castro, but soon imprisoned her, and treated Maria as his queen. Enrique and Fadrique took Blanche's cause under their protection, and held out Toledo against Pedro; but the citizens listened to the perfidious promises of the King, and opened their gates to him. Enrique made his escape, and fled to

* "Cameos from English History." C. M. Yonge.

France; Blanche was thrown into prison, and after some years was poisoned; twenty-two citizens were put to death, and Pedro began to learn the taste for blood. In the course of the next few years the old Spanish historian sums up his career in the title of one of his chapters, 'de muchos muertes en la reyna de Castilla.' He was one of the wretches who love to slaughter with their own hand. He killed a Moorish prince who had come with a safe conduct to pay him homage; he poisoned his aunt for her pity for Blanche, and he contrived at different times to destroy six out of his nine brothers, slaying Fadrique in the very hall of audience at Seville, in the sight of Maria de Padilla and her children. The affairs of the kingdom were in the most miserable condition; no one's life was safe from the monster of a king, and when Don Tello, another brother, joined Enrique after a perilous escape from Castile, the tidings he brought were such that the Count's blood boiled to avenge these barbarous deeds, and free Castile from such a tyrant. He went at once to Charles of France, assuring him that a small armed force would encourage all the Castilians to rise in his favour. It was the very task Charles wanted for his Free Companies. They would revenge his sister-in-law, and rid France of their exactions all at once, and all without half the expense of a regular crusade."

The command of this expedition was given to Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, the famous Breton knight, and the troops were joined at Aragon by Enrique. Accompanied by them, he entered Calahorra, where he was proclaimed king; and, in revenge, Pedro the Cruel slew the brother of the Alcalde of Calahorra with his own hand, but "the

only effect was that all his army fell away from him, and he was left with only a single knight, Fernando de Castro, his two children, Constance and Isabel, and their mother, Maria de Padilla, whom he had now made his wife."* Fleeing with them to Corunna, the King, by the advice of Don Fernando, "wrote a letter to the Prince of Wales imploring his assistance to replace him on his throne. This letter was entrusted to the care of a knight and two squires, and by them safely conveyed to the Prince, who was then at the Monastery of St. Andrew's, at Bordeaux. The Prince received the letter at the hands of the messenger, and having pondered much upon its contents, sent for Sir John Chandos and Sir William Felton, the chiefs of his Council, and said to them, smiling: 'My lords, here are good news from Spain. The King, Don Pedro, complains grievously of Henry, his brother, who has seized his kingdom, and he entreats of us help and assistance, as this, his letter, will fully explain. Now you, Sir John, and you, Sir William, who are my principal councillors, and in whom I have the greatest confidence, tell me, I pray, what is best to be done in this matter.' The two knights looked at each other without uttering a word. 'Speak boldly,' said the Prince, 'whatever your opinion may be.' The knights then advised the Prince to send a body of men-at-arms to Don Pedro at Corunna, to conduct him to Bordeaux, in order the more fully to learn what were his wants and intentions. This answer pleased the Prince, and Sir William Felton was ordered to command the expedition, which was to consist of twelve ships filled with archers and men-at-arms. These started immediately, and on their arrival at Bayonne,

* C.M. Yonge.

there found Don Pedro, who had left Corunna in great suspense. He was (as may be supposed) much rejoiced at meeting with Sir William, and at once accompanied him to the city of Bordeaux. The Prince, who was anxious to see his cousin, the King, Don Pedro, and also to do him the more honour rode out of Bordeaux, attended by his knights and squires, to meet him. When they met, he saluted him very respectfully, and paid him every attention by speech and action; for he knew perfectly how to do so: no prince of his time understood so well the practice of good-breeding. After their meeting, when they had refreshed themselves, as was becoming them to do, they rode towards Bordeaux. The Prince placed Don Pedro on his right hand, and would not suffer it to be otherwise. During their return, Don Pedro told the Prince his distresses, and in what manner his brother, the bastard, had driven him out of the kingdom of Castile. . . . Conversing on this subject, as well as on other topics, they rode on to Bordeaux, and dismounted at the Monastery of St. Andrew, the residence of the Prince and Princess. The King, Don Pedro, was conducted to an apartment which had been prepared for him. When he had dressed himself suitably to his rank, he waited on the Princess and the ladies, who all received him very politely.”*

The King had nothing in his appearance or manners to indicate his savage and bloodthirsty character. “He was fair and handsome, and of graceful, insinuating address, and he won much upon Edward’s favour.”† The feminine intuition of the Princess, however, was not deceived by such outwardly favourable appearances; and though

*Froissart.

† C. M. Yonge.

Pedro is said to have presented her with "a golden table so large that it was carried in on the shoulders of four Spaniards,"* she remained greatly opposed to the project of assisting him to regain his crown. Of this we find a proof in words uttered to her ladies during her toilette :—

"I deeply grieve to hear that my husband should have allowed himself to be imposed on by a man so treacherous and so cruel."

This speech was carried to the Prince, whose marital comment thereon was : "I see that she wants me to be always at her side. But, by St. George, I must and will restore Castile to its right inheritor."

"Many of his lords," says Froissart, "endeavoured to persuade the Prince to have nothing to do with the affairs of Don Pedro; but the Prince was resolved to assist him for many reasons, especially because he did not think it right that the heir by lawful marriage should be driven from his kingdom by a natural brother; and also because there had, for a long time, existed an alliance between the King of England, his father, and this same Don Pedro." Four knights were sent to England to learn the King's opinion, and ask further succour; and the Prince's two brothers, John, Duke of Lancaster, and Edmund, Duke of York, in response to the appeal, journeyed to Bordeaux with as many English troops as they could collect. Preparations for war were at once commenced; and, in the midst of the activity, Don Jayme, King of Majorca, "came to visit the Prince in the city of Bordeaux, and to request his assistance in order that he might recover his possessions from the King of Aragon, who had driven him from them, and put his father to

* C. M. Yonge.

death. When he had told his tale, 'Sir King,' replied the Prince, 'I promise you, most loyally, that upon our return from Spain, we will undertake to replace you on your throne of Majorca, either by treaty or by force of arms.' '*

The Free Companies, under the command of Sir Hugh Calverley, whom the Prince had summoned to assist him in his enterprise, were quartered at Basques; and, their free and easy manners not assimilating with the quieter habits of the citizens, complaints, many and loud, poured in upon the Prince. He would have hastened his departure, but he was anxious to delay setting out until after Christmas, so that they might not have to face the full rigour of winter; and moreover, the Princess of Wales, being then in delicate health, was unwilling that he should leave her. He therefore occupied himself with procuring further supplies; and, "about eight o'clock in the morning, on a Wednesday, the feast of the Epiphany, 1367,"† the Princess was gladdened by the birth of a son. The following Friday the babe was baptized in St. Andrew's Church by the Bishop of Bordeaux, the name given him being Richard, and his god-fathers the Bishop of Agen and the King of Majorca, or, as Holmshed quaintly spells it, "Maiorke." The Prince of Wales did not linger long with his wife and infant son. The Sunday after the christening he set out with the army he had collected, and arrived the same evening at Dax. From thence he passed through Navarre, a journey of some difficulty and danger, and emerged on the plain of Vittoria. His encampment was near the village of Navaretta, on the river Zadorra. Here, on Sunday, the 3rd of April, the two forces met. "The two armies began to move a little and

* Froissart.

† *Ibid.*

to approach nearer each other; but before they met, the Prince of Wales, with eyes and hands uplifted towards Heaven, exclaimed, 'God of truth, the father of Jesus Christ, who has made and fashioned me, condescend, through Thy benign grace, that the success of the battle of this day may be for me and my army; for Thou knowest that in truth I have been solely emboldened to undertake it in the support of justice and reason, to re-instate this King upon his throne, who has been disinherited, and driven from it, as well as from his country.' After these words, he extended his right arm, took hold of Don Pedro's hand, who was by his side, and added, 'Sir King, you shall this day know whether you will have anything in the kingdom of Castile or not.' He then cried out, 'Advance, banners, in the name of God and St. George.'**

The engagement resulted in a decisive victory for the Prince, the English losing only four knights and 560 men, while the loss on the enemy's side amounted to 7,500. Among the prisoners was the famous Sir Bertrand du Guesclin. He was found fighting desperately among a handful of Free Lances. "Chandos tried to receive these brave men for quarter, but Pedro, mad for blood, shouted to butcher them all. Bertrand with his axe was selling his life dearly, when the Black Prince, with his men, rode up, and shouted to them to surrender, for they should have all the regard due to men who had borne themselves so gallantly. But Pedro's cry still was 'Kill, kill!' Whereupon du Guesclin started forward, and would have cut the murderer down at once, but from being seized from behind by a knight, who held him by the neck, telling him he might be content

* Froissart.

to yield, after having done so well. "I yield me, then, to the Prince of Wales!" cried Bertrand, and his companions did the same, while Pedro rode off in pursuit.*

In the meantime the Princess of Wales, in addition to the anxiety she suffered for her husband's safety, had been exposed to some alarm and danger on her own account. Enrique of Trastamara, having fled to France after his defeat, collected some troops, and threatened to attack Aquitaine. This was a cause of serious alarm to the Princess. "She was much astonished on hearing it, but since he was in the territories belonging to the crown of France, she sent special ambassadors to the King of France, to entreat that he would not suffer the bastard of Spain to make war upon her, nor to have any supplies from France to carry such designs into effect, for too serious evils would arise from it. The King of France immediately assented to the request of the Princess."†

Having gained all he wanted from his English ally, Don Pedro now began to let his real nature be seen. He had promised a subsidy to pay the expenses of the expedition. This promise he renewed in the Cathedral of Burgos, and then, explaining that he must go to Andalusia to raise the sum required, persuaded the Prince of Wales to encamp at Valladolid until he should return with the money. In an evil day for his good fortune, Edward consented; and, as time passed on, and still the King did not return, the heat of the sun, the burning winds, and the scarcity of water, brought grievous sickness on the English troops, and the Prince himself and the King of Majorca were both dangerously ill. Still they lingered at Valladolid, expecting Don Pedro's return, till the

* C. M. Yonge.

† Froissart.

Feast of S. John the Baptist, when the Prince of Wales sent three knights to Seville, to demand the reason of the delay. They were sent back with excuses, the King declaring that his people would not raise the money needed until they were delivered from the Free Lances. Wearied out and disgusted with his *protégé's* ingratitude, the Prince of Wales broke up his camp and returned to Aquitaine, four-fifths of his army having perished, by far the greater number through sickness, and "his own health fatally impaired, so that he was never again the same man, and the remaining years of his life were but one lingering sickness."*

"Nothing of importance," says Froissart, speaking of the return of the Prince and his army, "occurred on their way back, but as they approached Bordeaux great preparations were made to receive them; the Princess of Wales, accompanied by her eldest son, Edward, who was then about three years old, went out to meet her husband, and in the city, on the occasion, there were great rejoicings." The Prince now disbanded his followers, satisfying their claims as far as lay in his power, saying that, "Although Don Pedro had not kept his engagements, it was not becoming of him to act in like manner to those who had so well served him."

Sir Bertrand du Guesclin had come to Bordeaux with the Prince as a prisoner of war. Edward had offered to release him at once, on condition of his taking an oath never to bear arms against the English, or for Enrique of Castile; but Sir Bertrand had rejected the proposal as soon as it was made. "Rather than take such an oath," said he, "I would die in prison." Thereupon the

* C. M. Yonge.

Prince bade him fix his own ransom; and du Guesclin, who does not seem to have been afflicted with an undue amount of modesty, answered "that he could not rate himself at less than 100,000 double crowns of gold." The Prince thought he was in jest, and offered to let him off "for the quarter thereof;" but du Guesclin refused to be so cheapened, and finally 60,000 was agreed upon, the Prince telling him he was at liberty to go and collect it, and Sir John Chandos offering to advance 10,000 florins, which, however, du Guesclin refused. "A message, however, came from the Princess of Wales, desiring him to wait till she should come to Bordeaux, since she longed to see this redoubtable champion. On her arrival in the city, the burgesses made her presents of Gascon wines and bowls of comfits. She asked whether the same compliment had been paid to du Guesclin, and hearing it had not, she sent them all to him, with an invitation to him to dine with her; she seated him at her own table, conversed with him graciously, and ended by presenting him with 10,000 florins towards his ransom. 'By my faith,' cried Bertrand, as he knelt to thank the beautiful Princess, 'I had believed myself the ugliest of knights! I shall change my mind since I find such fair ladies so gracious.'" *

Riding forth from the city on his journey for collecting his ransom, du Guesclin met a knight who had served under him on foot. "It appeared that this poor man was returning to yield himself up again after having vainly gone in quest of his ransom of 100 livres. Instantly Bertrand ordered his attendant to pay him at once 200, one for the ransom, the other to procure a horse and armour, promising to let him know when he should take

the field again. He then went to the Duke of Anjou, who gave him 20,000 livres; but just as he had started to return to Bordeaux with his first instalment, he encountered at an inn ten unfortunate, ragged warriors. They were delighted to see him, for they told him that they had been very nearly turned supperless out of the inn on account of their dilapidated appearance, but that they had chanced to mention his having been set at large; whereupon the host was so delighted that he gave them an excellent supper, and had just told them that he had ten horses in his stables, 500 sheep in his folds, nearly as many hogs in his sty, and thirty bushels of corn in his cellar, and that he would sell them gladly—ay, and the very linen clothes which his wife had brought for her dower—rather than not see the champion of France set free! Bertrand, in very gratitude for such affection, not only insisted on the host's sitting at table with him and the gentlemen, but gave them 4000 livres to pay their ransom, and 2000 to recompense the generous landlord and equip themselves. They returned to Bordeaux with their ransom, and in so much better plight than that in which they had left it that the citizens, fancying that they must have been marauding on the highways, brought them before the Seneschal. They told the history of du Guesclin's liberality, and the Seneschal, full of wonder, carried it at once to the public dinner of the Prince and Princess. Joan remarked that she did not lament what she had bestowed on so open-handed a knight, and the Prince likewise declared that he had not his peer.*

The ransom was soon forthcoming, for Ber-

* C. M. Yonge.

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trand's Breton friends, the King of France and Enrique of Trastamare made up the required sum; and one chronicler says that when he returned with it to the Prince, Edward would have made him a free gift of it, but that he would only accept sufficient to purchase the liberty of all the remaining prisoners of Navaretta.

CHAPTER II.

Prince's want of money—Levies a hearth-tax—Battle of Montiel—Death of Pedro the Cruel—The Gascons appeal to the King of France—King summons Edward to answer the charge—Edward's reception of the summons—King seizes Ponthieu—Sir Robert Knowles—Death of Sir John Chandos—Grief of the Prince and Princess—They go to Cognac—Death of Queen Philippa—Sack of Limoges—Death of Prince Edward—Departure of the Prince and Princess for England—Their reception by the King—Importation of Gascon cherry by the Princess—Death of Sir Walter Manny—Illness of the Prince—Decay of the King—The good Parliament—Death of the Black Prince—His obsequies—His title—Female dress of the period—Prince Richard acknowledged heir—The Princess at Kennington—Visit of London citizens—Princess approves of Wycliffe's teaching—Quarrel between the Duke of Lancaster and the citizens—Joan's advice—Her popularity—Projected marriage of the Prince of Wales—Death of Edward III.—Deputation of citizens to the Prince of Wales—French descent on Rye—Burial of Edward III.—Character of Richard II.—His progress to Westminster—His coronation—The Regency—Joan and Wycliffe.

THE treachery and dishonesty of Pedro in failing to send the promised subsidy to pay the Free Companies whom Edward had led into Castile, threw a heavy burden on the Prince, and impoverished him greatly, thereby causing him "much discontentment of mind; for not having means to pay his soldiers, which forced him to wink at that which he could not choose but see, and seeing, grieve at, how they preyed upon the country, and, therefore, how the country murmured against him."* There was another cause for the Prince's pressing need of money. "The establishments of the Prince and Princess were

* Baker.

on so grand a scale that no one in Christendom maintained greater magnificence ; " * a mode of living which, as Froissart justly observes, occasioned "immense expenditure." In order to meet these claims, the Prince of Wales was advised by his Chancellor, the Bishop of Rhodes, to levy a forage, or hearth-tax—a franc for every fire—throughout Aquitaine. "In order to effect this object, a Parliament was held at Niort, to which all the barons who had a right to remonstrate were summoned. Considerable opposition was raised to the tax, which was looked upon as an imposition, and many arguments against it were urged at the council; nevertheless, the Prince persevered, and had it collected." † One of those who most strongly disapproved of the measure was the Prince's faithful friend, Sir John Chandos; but Edward, grown obstinate and imperative through ill-health, insisted on it so peremptorily that Sir John retired to his Norman estate at St. Sauveur.

As many of the more far-seeing barons had expected, this tax caused wide-spread discontent and murmuring against the Prince; and Enrique of Trastamare, quick to take advantage of his foe's unpopularity, again took up arms against Pedro, and was speedily joined by du Guesclin. Burgos and Valladolid surrendered to him, and, meeting suddenly with his brother's forces near the Castle of Montiel, there was a desperate encounter, in which Pedro's troops, consisting of Moors, Jews, Portuguese, and a few Spaniards, were routed with terrible slaughter. Pedro himself, after this defeat, fled to the Castle, with only eleven followers, and there shut himself up. The fortress was, however, but ill-provisioned,

* Froissart.

† Ibid.

and, the following night, March 23, 1369, accompanied by his few companions, amongst whom was the faithful knight, Don Fernando Perez de Castro, he crept forth in the darkness, and stole quietly through the camp. The Bègue de Vilaines, in command of the watch, heard them; and though almost deceived for a moment by the strong family likeness into taking Don Pedro for his brother, stopped them, and with his dagger on the King's breast, demanded his name. Seeing concealment was impossible, Pedro acknowledged his rank, and offered an enormous ransom if Enrique were kept in ignorance of his presence. The Bègue gave an ambiguous answer, and took Pedro to his own tent.

Whether he told Enrique or not is uncertain; but not an hour after the capture, the latter entered. Angry words were uttered; Pedro, springing with a tiger-leap upon his brother, forced him backwards on a couch, and would have despatched him; but a page standing by seized him by the waist, and the momentary delay gave Enrique time to plunge his poniard into his brother's heart.

Thus with mortal gash and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.*

"If ever," says Miss Yonge, "rebellion on fratricide could be justifiable, it was this, which avenged the death of six brothers, a mother, and many a guiltless victim besides, and delivered Castile from one of the worst tyrants who ever wore a crown, Enrique became an excellent monarch, and did much to heal the wounds which his brother had inflicted upon the kingdom; he

* Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads."

highly regarded Bertrand, or, as the Spaniards were pleased to call him, Beltram Claquin, and made him Constable of Castile. The single faithful knight who had never forsaken Pedro's side, escaped to Guyenne, where he died, and his tomb was inscribed with 'Here lies Don Fernando Perez de Castro : all the fidelity of Spain.'

Meanwhile the ever-growing discontent at the forage was beginning to make itself unmistakably audible. Poitou, Saintonge, and La Rochelle submitted to it, Froissart says, "with tolerable good humour;" but the Gascon noblesse "so much distasted it,"* and considered it so great an infringement of their privileges, that they resolved to appeal to Charles V. of France, declaring defiantly that they still regarded him as their supreme lord and suzerain, notwithstanding the cession, by his father, King John, of all rights and supremacy over Aquitaine.

The King of France well knew that to receive and act on such an appeal was equivalent to a declaration of war with England; and hesitated as to what course to take. After duly considering and weighing his chances, he resolved to assert his claim of sovereignty, convoked the States General, heard the appeal, and actually summoned the Prince to appear at Paris to answer the charge of oppression. Such a summons from the son of the man he had conquered to the warrior Prince of England was like putting a match to a barrel of gunpowder. "The summons was entrusted to two commissioners, who left Paris with their attendants, taking the road towards Bordeaux. On entering within the city they took up their quarters at an inn, for it was about the hour of Vespers, and on the following day went to the abbey of St.

* Baker.

Andrew's, where the Prince of Wales kept his court, and delivered their letters. When the Prince heard the contents of these letters he was not a little astonished, and after eyeing the French commissioners for some time, replied, 'We shall willingly attend on the appointed day at Paris, since the King of France sends for us; but it will be with our helmet on our head, and accompanied by 60,000 men.' Upon this the two Frenchmen fell upon their knees, saying, 'Dear sir, have mercy for God's sake, do not bear this appeal with too much anger. We are but messengers sent by our lord, the King of France, and whatever answers you shall charge us with, we shall very willingly report to him.' 'Oh!' replied the Prince, 'I am not in the least angry with you, but with those who sent you. Your King has been ill-advised thus to take the part of our subjects. It shall be very clearly demonstrated to him, that when he gave possession and seizure of the whole Duchy of Aquitaine to our lord and father, he surrendered also all jurisdiction over it; and all those who have now appealed to him against us, have no other court of appeal but that of England, and to our lord and father. It shall cost 100,000 livres before it shall be otherwise.' On saying this he quitted the apartment, leaving the commissioners quite thunderstruck. The Prince was, indeed, much annoyed at this indignity, and so were his knights and barons, who advised that the two messengers should be killed, as a reward for their pains; but this he forbade; however, when they were on their way home he had them arrested and put in prison in the Castle of Agen, allowing their attendants

only to return to France, in order that they might report what had happened."*

Though stung by the insult, and assuming for the moment all his old dauntlessness of demeanour, the Prince of Wales was at this time so worn and weakened by his illness, a dropsical affection which had never left him since his unfortunate Castilian expedition, that he could not even mount his horse, and was in no state for warfare. His father, too, was displeased at the bellicose answer, and willing to avert a war, negotiations were commenced; but the King of France, probably relying on Edward's ill-health, and attributing the desire of peace to a consciousness of weakness, deliberately insulted King Edward by sending him a defiance by the hands of a scullion, and suddenly seized upon the county of Ponthieu, in the end of January, 1369.

"When the King of England," says Froissart, "saw himself thus defied by the King of France, and the county of Ponthieu lost, he was in a mighty passion." There was now no longer any attempt at delay or temporizing. Supplies were readily granted, and an army, led by Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, and Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, was despatched; and Sir John Chandos collected a large body of adventurers, and came to the Prince at Angoulême, where he was appointed Seneschal of Poitou. The King of France was too wise to meet the English forces, and chiefly occupied himself with sieges of castles, skirmishes, and desultory engagements; and in this way several fortresses and cities were lost, to the intense mortification of the Black Prince, who, forced into quiescence by illness, chafed like a caged lion as he saw the English conquests falling from his hands.

* Froissart.

"There was at this time," says Froissart, "residing in Brittany a good and loyal Englishman, by name Sir Robert Knolles, who had assisted the Prince of Wales in gaining the inheritance of Aquitaine; and who was, consequently, much vexed when he found that the French were seeking to deprive him of it. He, therefore, resolved to collect as many men as possible and go with them to serve the Prince, at his own cost and charges. The Prince was extremely pleased to see Sir Robert, and appointed him captain of the knights and squires of his household, ordering them to pay to him the same obeisance as to himself, which they most willingly promised to do. Sir Robert remained with the Prince and Princess about five days, and then taking with him about sixty men-at-arms, 500 archers, and as many foot-soldiers, all in high spirits, and ready to meet the French, advanced to Agen. Here he halted, and and having learnt that Sir Perducas d'Albret, a famed captain of the Free Companies, was in that part of the country, and that, through the interest of the Duke of Anjou, he had embraced the French side, he sent for him and appointed an interview. Sir Perducas consented; and when they met, Sir Robert feasted him well, and then by degrees entered upon the subject of his having left the Prince. In short, he argued the matter so ably that Sir Perducas agreed to change to the English party, and went over at once with upwards of 500 Gascons."

This clever bit of policy irritated the French leaders exceedingly, and the war was continued with unabated vigour. Sir John Chandos, Edward's old friend, fell at the Bridge of Lussac; and his loss was, Froissart says, "severely felt by the Prince and Princess." At length du Guesclin

returned from Spain, and joined the Duke of Anjou, who was just preparing to invade Aquitaine, while the Duke of Berri was about to enter Limousin. "The Prince of Wales, who kept his court at Angoulême, was informed of these two grand expeditions, and it was also intimated to him that the Dukes of Anjou and Berri intended to form a junction near Angoulême to besiege him and the Princess therein, and advised him to consider of it. The Prince, who was valour itself, and full of resources, replied that his enemies should never find him shut up in town or castle, and that 'he would immediately march and take the field against them.' Clerks and knights were instantly employed to write and send off letters to loyal friends and subjects to meet him at the town of Cognac. His rendezvous was fixed there, and he soon left Angoulême, attended by the Princess and his young son, Richard."*

Shortly before this journey, sad news for the Black Prince had come from England. His admirable mother, Queen Philippa, had died on the 14 August, 1369, of a lingering dropsical malady, from which she had suffered for two years. Froissart describes, in quaint and graphic language, the closing scene of her life :—

"I must now speak of the death of the most courteous, liberal, and noble lady that ever reigned in her time, the Lady Philippa of Hainault, Queen of England. While her son, the Duke of Lancaster, was encamped in the Valley of Turneham, ready to give battle to the Duke of Burgundy, this death happened in England, to the infinite misfortune of King Edward, his children, and the whole kingdom. That excellent lady, the Queen, who had done so much good, aiding all knights,

* Froissart.

ladies, and damsels when distressed, who had applied to her, was at this time dangerously sick at Windsor Castle, and every day her disorder increased. When the good Queen perceived that her end approached, she called to the King, and extending her right hand from under the bed-clothes, put it into the right hand of King Edward, who was oppressed with sorrow, and thus spoke :

“ We have, my husband, enjoyed our long union in happiness, peace, and prosperity. But I entreat you, before I depart, and we are for ever separated in this world, that you will grant me these requests.’ King Edward, with sighs and tears, replied : ‘ Lady, name them ; whatever be your requests, they shall be granted.’ ‘ My lord, she said, ‘ I beg you will fulfil whatever engagements I have entered into with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the other side of the sea ; I beseech you to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I have made, or left to churches wherein I have paid my devotions, and to all my servants, whether male or female ; and when it shall please God to call you hence, you will choose no other sepulchre than mine, and that you will lie by my side in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.’ The King, in tears, replied : ‘ Lady, all this shall be done.’

“ Soon after, the good lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, and having recommended to the King her youngest son Thomas, who was present, praying to God, she gave up her spirit, which I firmly believe was caught by holy angels and carried to the glory of heaven, for she had never done anything, by thought or deed, to endanger her soul.”

“ Philippa’s words,” says Miss Strickland, “ were not complied with to the letter ; her grave is not

by her husband's side at Westminster Abbey, but at his feet. Her statue in alabaster is placed on the monument." The numerous images which surround her recumbent figure are named by Stowe, who takes for his authority an old MS. Amongst them her heroic son Edward and his beautiful wife find places; several of her other children, and many of her father's family.

We may be excused for lingering over details connected with the good Queen, both on account of the interest attaching to so praiseworthy a character, and by reason of the story of her noble son's life being at this period so stained with vindictive and merciless cruelty, that we may well seize upon a cogent reason for delaying the narrative. To those who recall and admire the generous and chivalrous character of the Black Prince from his youth upward, it is painful to have to record the utter lack of those qualities in the ripeness of his manhood. The story of the sack of Limoges is the one blot on a character that would otherwise have been worthy of one of the brave and gentle paladins of Arthur's Table Round.

As we have seen, the Prince had ordered his forces to join him at Cognac; and thither accordingly the barons and knights of Poitou and Saintonge repaired; but the citizens of Limoges, instigated by their bishop, a man whom the Prince had trusted utterly, delivered up their town to the French. The treachery enraged Edward; "and though he was so ill as to be unable to mount his horse, he determined to set out there, and swore he would never leave until he had regained it. The place was strong and well defended, and as it seemed impossible to take it by assault, he set a large body of miners to work. The knights of the town seeing this, made countermines, but to no

avail, for the Prince's miners changed their line of direction as often as they were interrupted; and having finished their business, came to the Prince, and, 'My lord, we are ready, and whenever you please will throw down a very large part of the wall into the ditch, through the breach of which you may enter the town without danger.'

"I wish you then," said the Prince, 'to make good your words to-morrow morning about six o'clock.'

"Accordingly, when the time came, the miners set fire to the combustibles, and a great piece of the wall fell, which filled the ditches; whereupon the English entered the town. Then were to be seen pillagers active in mischief. It was a melancholy business; all ranks, ages, and sexes cast themselves on their knees before the Prince for mercy; but he was so inflamed with passion and revenge that he listened to none of them. All were put to the sword wherever they could be found."* The only shadow of excuse to be found for Edward's ferocity lies in his ailing and indeed dangerous state of health, which made the mortifications and trials he was doomed to undergo doubly hard to bear. "Exacerbated by disappointment," says Miss Yonge, "irritated by desertions, losing self-control in his weakened state, he had let loose his rage and passion, and confounded the innocent with the guilty in his merciless vengeance." The Bishop, the prime cause of all these horrors, was at one time in imminent danger of being beheaded, but the Prince relented, and handed him over to the Pope; so that it came about that the real culprit escaped punishment, while the poor and defenceless died by hundreds. Three knights, whom Edward saw with their backs

* Froissart.

against a wall, gallantly defending themselves against his two brothers and the Earl of Pembroke, are the only persons to whom he seems to have shown mercy.

Returning to Cognac—which it had been far better for his future fame had he never left—the Prince of Wales rejoined his wife and little son, who had remained there during his absence, and journeyed with them back to Bordeaux. They had scarcely arrived there when their eldest boy, Prince Edward, his father's namesake and heir, a child of seven years old, breathed his last. His loss was a bitter grief to the Prince and Princess, and, says old Froissart, "not without reason." Edward's sorrow increased the weakness of health from which he suffered, and by the advice of his physicians he departed at once for England, not even waiting for his child's funeral, which he left to the care of John of Gaunt, who succeeded him as Governor of Aquitaine. Accompanied by the Earls of Cambridge and Pembroke, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their only surviving son, Prince Richard, embarked at Bordeaux, and, having favourable weather, arrived quickly and safely at Southampton, from whence, after resting for two days, they set out for Windsor. A sorrowful journey it must have been to the Princess, for, in addition to her natural grief at the loss of her child, her husband was now so reduced in strength that he was forced to be carried in a litter, instead of accomplishing the journey on horseback. "The King," says Froissart, "received his children very kindly, and made many inquiries into the state of affairs abroad. The Prince stayed some time at Windsor, and then retired to his own manor of Berkhamstead, about twenty miles distant from the city of London."

One curious result of Joan's long residence in France is, according to the following extract, to be met with at the present day: "There is in East Sussex and Kent a kind of cherry largely grown, whose local name is 'geen' or 'gaskin,' it having been brought from France by Joan of Kent, when her husband, the Black Prince, was commanding in Guienne and Gascony."*

Not long after the Prince's return to England, he had to mourn the death of the brave knight Sir Walter Manny, the gallant Hainaulter, whose name is so frequently associated with that of the Prince's father. His death was "a subject of great regret to all the barons of England, who loved him for his loyalty and prudence. He was buried with great pomp in the monastery of the Carthusians, which he had built at his own expense. The funeral of this brave warrior was attended by the King, his children, and very many barons and prelates."†

It soon became sadly evident that the malady under which the Prince of Wales was suffering was too deeply seated to be alleviated by his return to his native country, as the physicians had hoped; and he fell into a condition of chronic invalidism. Times had, indeed, sadly changed for the Royal Family of England since the year of the Prince's marriage. Then Edward III., a prosperous and beloved monarch, was enjoying well-earned honour and renown; his noble and lovable Queen was living in health and happiness, surrounded by her offspring; and the Black Prince himself was at the height of his fame, regarded by the English with almost passionate affection, and feared and looked up to

* "On Dialect." *Vide* "Monthly Packet," Feb., 1874.

† Froissart.

throughout Christendom. Now the good Queen was gone; the Prince, her first-born and best-beloved son, was slowly dying; and the King had fallen into a condition more lamentable than the decease of his wife, or the long decay of his heir.

Prematurely aged by the long cares of kingship, and the active and busy tenor of his life, Edward III. had, after the death of Philippa, become weakened both in body and mind, and had fallen completely under the influence of Alice Perrers, formerly a bedchamber woman to the Queen. Her he treated "with a favour that incensed the whole nation, and rendered her defiant of public opinion. In the year 1374 a tournament was given at Cheapside, at which she figured as Lady of the Sun, mounted on a white palfrey, and attired in robes covered with gold. She influenced all appointments, eagerly took bribes, and was even seen seated on the bench with the judges, directing their decisions in favour of those who had bought her protection."*

John of Gaunt was supposed to connive at this scandal; but during his absence in 1376, at a conference at Brussels, between France and England, which he attended as a representative of his father, the Prince of Wales, aided by Roger Mortimer, husband of his niece, Philippa of Clarence, exerted himself to take measures for repressing it. In spite of his illness, he caused himself to be carried to Westminster, and attended Parliament on his bed at its assembling on the 28th April, 1376.

This, called the Good Parliament, made vigorous reforms; the peculation of those in office was forbidden, the Lords Latimer and Neville were

* C. M. Yonge.

punished for dishonesty in their employments, and the infamous Alice Perrers was exiled, an oath being exacted from both her and the King never to meet again. Still further reforms were meditated, and would have been carried out, but in the beginning of June the Duke of Lancaster returned from Brussels, and "that flower of English knighthood," as Froissart calls him, Edward, lay sick unto death in his father's palace at Westminster. "The flash against the unworthy favourites who abused his father's dotage had been the last flicker of the flame within the socket, and it was quickly ebbing away. On the 7th of June he signed his will, giving directions that he should be buried in his favourite Cathedral of Canterbury, with minute directions for his funeral and his tomb, and specifying jewels and tapestry hangings, left some to religious houses, some to his wife and son. Many large gifts he bestowed at once on his friends and attendants, and calling to him his son, then ten years old, commanded him, under pain of his curse, never to take them away. 'Sirs,' he said to his friends, 'pardon me, for, by the faith that I owe you, you have served me loyally: though I cannot render to each his guerdon, yet God will reward you.' He then solemnly commended his boy to his father and brother, and received the oaths of all present that they would faithfully support the rights of little Richard and befriend him. He lay with the doors thrown open, and all were permitted to pass in and out to take a last look at their gallant master; but when one of the opposite faction, Sir Richard Strong, came in, the dying man broke out into fierce language, and bade him depart and see his face no more. Exhausted by his violence, he swooned away;

and, on his recovery, the Bishop of Bangor exhorting him to forgive his enemies, he replied 'I will,' but the Bishop saw it was not real forgiveness, and told him he ought to declare his pardon in words, and ask it for himself; but 'I will' was all he could bend his temper to utter, so hard and vindictive was it even in extremity. Then the Bishop sprinkled holy water over the four corners of the room, and commanded the evil spirit to depart, lest 'this man should die in his sins.' The action subdued the stubborn heart, the set face changed, the hands were clasped, the eyes raised to heaven, and the Prince cried aloud, 'I give Thee thanks, O God, for all Thy benefits, and with all the pains of my soul I humbly beseech Thy mercy to give me remission of those sins I have wickedly committed against Thee; and of all mortal men whom willingly or ignorantly I have offended, I ask forgiveness with all my heart.'"*

With this prayer yet lingering on his lips, he died, on Trinity Sunday, June 8, 1376, within a month of the completion of his forty-sixth year. Bitterly mourned by the English, who loved him with an exceeding loyalty, his praises have been echoed by almost every historian since his time. "A Prince," says Holinshed, writing in Queen Elizabeth's day, "of such excellent demeanour, so valiant, wise, and politic in his doings that the very and perfect representation of knighthood appeared most lively in his person whilst he lived, so that the loss of him stroke a general sorrow into the hearts of all the English nation. For such was his towardness, or rather perfection in princely government, that if he had lived and attained to the crown every man judged that he would surely

* C. M. Yonge.

have exceeded the glorious renown of all his ancestors."

"He was a man," says Miss Yonge, "neither before nor behind his time in virtue, in evil, nor in talent; but with the balance of the lion and the lamb, with the dashing valour, unblemished honour, sweet disposition, and chivalrous courtesy that are some of the happiest endowments of princes, and which endeared him greatly to all who came in contact with him, as well as to the nation at large."

The body was embalmed and placed in a leaden coffin, and the funeral was delayed until the Parliament assembled at Michaelmas, in order that his obsequies might be celebrated with the greater pomp and splendour; but before this ceremony took place Charles V. of France, "on account of his lineage, had funeral services in honour of him performed with great magnificence in the Holy Chapel of the Palace in Paris, which was attended by many prelates and barons of the realm."* While this formal courtesy was proceeding, a truer mourner was lying in a Parisian prison. The Captal de Buch, lying captive in the Temple, heard of the death of his royal brother-in-arms. The loss struck him to the heart. Turning from light and food, he refused comfort, and in not many days followed his old master to the Silent Land.

After the long lying in state, the Prince's remains were at length interred in his self-chosen resting-place of Canterbury Cathedral. His tomb, still in a good state of preservation, is a marble altar tomb, bearing his effigy in brass, gilt and burnished, the head resting on a helmet, a lion at his feet, the margin of the canopy above him

* Froissart.

being charged with fleur-de-lis and leopards' faces. Above hangs the helmet which he wore, the tattered remains of his velvet surcoat, and his gauntlets, which are of brass or laton, with the *gadlings*, as the plates and spikes upon the knuckles are called, shaped like lions or leopards. "The scabbard of his sword is there too, mutely crying shame on the selfish sacrilege of Oliver Cromwell, who bore away the weapon."*

The origin of the name by which Edward is best known in history—"the Black Prince"—has always been doubtful. Some affirm that he was so distinguished on account of the black armour he wore—a vivid contrast to the crimson, azure, and gold of his surcoat, and the Plantagenet fairness of his complexion; but Sir S. Meyrick and other authorities consider this supposition unlikely, and hold it more probable that the title was earned by his prowess against the French, an idea supported by the words of Barnes, Eckard, and Æneas Sylvius, a Bohemian historian. It is noticeable that Froissart never makes use of this soubriquet in his chronicle; and indeed the first time it occurs is in a parliamentary record of the second year of Richard II. Equally uncertain is the origin of the Prince of Wales' feathers. Popularly supposed to have been won by the Black Prince from the blind King of Bohemia at the battle of Crécy, there is really no conclusive authority upon the subject. The ostrich feather was a badge assumed, for some unknown reason, by all the sons of Edward III.; and in a seal affixed to a grant bearing date 1370, the Prince's crest is a *single* feather, with a blank scroll on each side.

Joan of Kent probably mourned for her heroic lord in black, that having become, in the reign of

* C. M. Yonge.

her father-in-law, the general tint for mourning. Chaucer once or twice alludes to this practice; as in the "Knight's Tale," where Palamon appears at the funeral of Arcite.

In clothes blacke dropped all with tears;

and again in "Troilus and Creyseide," while we are told

Creyseyde was in widdowe's habite blacke.

The assumption of these sombre habiliments was not the only new fashion which first saw the light in the reign of Edward III. Indeed, fancy had, during his sway, run riot among the dress both of the sterner and the softer sex; and the extravagance and splendour everywhere exhibited were carried to such a pitch that at last a sumptuary law was passed to check the unbridled magnificence. Joan, one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, was not likely to be behind-hand in following the fashion, and in heightening her loveliness by all the means in her power. Female dress at this period consisted usually of a gown or kirtle, cut low in the neck, the sleeves tight, sometimes reaching to the wrist, sometimes only to the elbow, in which case long streamers or tippets were added. Occasionally ladies appeared in a sort of spencer, fur-bordered according to the rank of the wearer, and jacket-faced; a style which may be seen in the effigy of Blanche de la Tour, one of King Edward's daughters. The skirt was long and full; and Dowglas, the Monk of Glastonbury, dryly observes, "they wered such strait clothes, that they had long fox-tails sewed within their garments to holde them forthe"—the first germ of the great idea which found expression in the hoop of Queen Anne and the crinoline

of Queen Victoria. Of the array of the nobler sex the much-disgusted monk writes thus caustically : —“The English haunted so much unto the folly of strangers, that every year they changed them in diverse shapes and disguisings of clothing, now long, now large, now wide, now strait, and every day clothingges, new and destitute, and devest from all honesty of old arraye or good usage ; and another time in short clothes, and so strait waisted, with full sleeves and tapets of surcoats and hodes, over long and large, all so nagged and knib on every side, and all so shattered, and also buttoned, that I in the truth shall say, they seem more like to tormentors or devils in their clothing, and also in their shoying and other arraye than they seemed to be like men.”

Different times to those days of gaiety and unbridled luxury had now come. The heroic Prince, on whom the hopes of the nation had rested, slept in Canterbury Cathedral ; the heir to the throne was a helpless child ; and the King, whose reign had been full of such glory and promise, enfeebled and prematurely decrepit, was manifestly drawing towards his end. He mourned ceaselessly and bitterly the loss of his noble son ; and was so far roused that he exerted himself at once to take measures to secure the position of the little Richard of Bordeaux as heir to the throne, and have him acknowledged as Prince of Wales. “After the feast of Michaelmas, when the funeral of the Prince had been performed in a manner suitable to his birth and merit, the King of England caused the young Prince Richard to be acknowledged as his successor to the crown after his decease, by all his children, the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Cambridge, the Lord Thomas, his youngest son, as well as by all the barons, earls,

prelates, and knights. He made them swear solemnly to observe this; and on Christmas Day he had him seated next to himself, above all his children, in royal state, that it might be seen and declared he was to be King.”*

The Duke of Lancaster, with a strange disregard of his dying brother's last effort, restored Alice Perrers to the King, hoping thereby to cause the latter to forget his grief; and followed up this unprincipled act by the banishment, unconvicted, of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, twenty miles from the person of the King, and the deprivation of all his temporalities. In the meantime, the widowed Princess of Wales had taken up her abode at the manor house of Kennington with her little son; and here, during the winter, the latter, as related by an old Chronicle, was entertained by the good citizens of London in the following manner:—

“On the Sunday before Christmas, in the night, one hundred and thirty citizens, disguised and well horsed, in a mummary, with sound of trumpets, sackbuts, cornets, shalms, and other minstrelsy, and innumerable torchlights of wax, rode from Newgate, through Cheapside, over the bridge, through Southwark, and so to Kennington, beside Lambeth, where the young Prince remained with his mother and the Duke of Lancaster, his uncle, the Earls of Cambridge, Hereford, Warwick, Suffolk, and divers other lords. In the first rank rode forty-eight, in the likeness and habit of esquires, two and two together, clothed in red coats, and gowns of say, or sendall, with comely vizors on their faces. After them came riding forty-eight knights, in the same livery of colour and stuff; then followed one richly arrayed, like

* Froissart.

an emperor; and after him, at some distance, one stately attired, like a pope, who was followed by twenty-four cardinals; and after them eight or ten with black vizors, not amiable, as if they had been legates from some foreign princes. These maskers, after they had entered the Manor of Kennington, alighted from their horses, and entered the hall on foot; which done, the Prince, his mother, and the lords came out of their chamber into the hall, the whom mummers did salute, showing by a pair of dice upon the table their desire to play with the young Prince, which they so handled that the Prince did always win when he cast at them. Then the mummers set to the Prince three jewels, one after another, which were a bowl of gold, a cup of gold, and a ring of gold, which the Prince won at three casts. Then they set to the Prince's mother, the Duke, the earls, and other lords to every one a ring of gold, which they did also win. After which they were feasted, and the music sounded, the Prince and lords danced on the one part with the mummers, who did also dance; which jollity being ended, they were again made to drink, and then departed in order as they came."

About this time Joan of Kent began to lend a favourable ear to the teachings of John Wycliffe, who had been brought under her notice by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Lancaster. The doctrines he preached were indeed exciting general attention, and shortly after the little Prince Richard had been sent to open Parliament in the spring of 1377, a synod was held at S. Paul's Church by Simon of Sudbury, for the purpose of inquiring more particularly into them. Wycliffe appeared, accompanied by John of Gaunt and Harry, Lord Percy, both strong partizans of his

cause. They bade him not fear the assembly of bishops, for "they were all unlearned in respect of him;" and Lord Percy added aloud, "Wycliffe, sit down; you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat." This imprudent command was, of course, resented by the Bishop of London; but here the Duke of Lancaster interfered, and haughtily threatened to pull down the pride of all the prelacy of England. The Bishop, indignant, answered boldly, with equal haughtiness; and the Duke, in a passion, vowed that "rather than take such words, he would pluck the Bishop by the hair out of the Church." This speech being caught up by the mob, they, angered by the insult to the Bishop, and cordially disliking the Duke, became so violent that John of Gaunt and Lord Percy had to retire in haste; but the uproar did not end, for the people, having been before exasperated by a proposal emanating from the Duke to do away with the municipal privileges of the city, were only too glad to have an opportunity for testifying their detestation, and started to assail the Savoy Palace, where the Duke then lodged. A knight of the Duke's, seeing this movement, "hastes," says Baker, "to the place where his lordship dined, and acquaints him with this uproar in the city. The Duke, upon hearing it, leaps from the table so hastily that he hurt both his shins on the form, and, with Sir Henry Percy alone, takes boat, and goes to Kennington, near Lambeth, where the Princess with the young Prince lay, to whom he complains of the riot and the violence offered him. In the meantime, the multitude coming to the Savoy, a priest, inquisitive to know the business, was answered they meant to take the Duke and the Lord Marshall and compell them to

deliver Sir Peter de la Mare, unjustly kept in prison. The priest replied that Sir Peter was a traitor to the King, and worthy to be hanged; at which words they all cried out, 'This is Percy, this is the traitor of England; his speech betrayeth him, though his apparel be disguised!' And presently they ran upon him, and wounded him to death. The Bishop of London, hearing of this outrage, leaves his dinner, hastes to the Savoy, admonisheth them of the holy time, being Lent, assuring them all should be fairly ended for the good of the city. With more persuasions they were somewhat pacified, but yet they took the Duke's arms and hung them up reversed in sign of treason in all the principal parts of the city. Upon the Princess's advice, the chief citizens send to the sick King to excuse this tumult, saying it was not in their power to suppress it, the commonalty being in commotion upon an information that their liberties should be taken from them by Parliament. The King told them it never was in his thought to infringe their liberties, but he rather desired to enlarge them. But this affront of the citizens would not down with the Duke till he had pulled down some of the principals of them; for he caused the Mayor and Aldermen to be displaced, and others put in their rooms. A revenge he had better been without, for he never had the love of the city after; and to want their love is a kind of banishment."

Throughout the whole of this affair, the Princess of Wales appears as a personage of considerable importance. The Duke of Lancaster fled to her house, and sought her presence to complain of the treatment he had received, as though her influence and authority were of no contemptible weight; and we afterwards find the

citizens, who had evidently appealed to her for counsel, following her injunctions by sending an apology for the recent disturbance to the King. Joan had apparently much popularity with the Londoners, owing, no doubt, partly to the dislike in which her brother-in-law, John of Gaunt, was held, partly to the interest and sympathy attaching to her as the widow of their beloved Prince; and also, in no small measure, to her own beauty and grace.

Shortly before this disturbance negotiations were commenced between the King of France and Edward III. for the marriage of the former's daughter, Marie, with the young Prince Richard; and large offers were made of territory in Aquitaine if Edward would surrender Calais and the land he held in Picardy. Before any conclusion could be arrived at, however, they were cut short by the alarming state of the King's health.

The once vigorous constitution of Edward was now fast breaking up, and it was evident he had not many more days to live. Alice Perrers, who was with him, removed him from Eltham to Shene, where she sought to divert him by talking of hawks and hounds. "On the 23rd of June she perceived that death was at hand. She snatched the rings from the old man's fingers as he lay, seized the property she had heaped together, and left him to his fate; the servants followed her example, and rifled the palace, hurrying away to secure their plunder, and the place was left empty. By-and-bye came a wandering friar in search of alms. Doors were open, halls deserted, rich hangings rent from the walls; and the friar went from chamber to chamber, marvelling what foe had wrought such ruin in the heart of Merrie

England, even in the royal palace. Anon he came to a chamber where, amid the evidences of pillage, lay an aged, long-bearded man, breathing forth his last gasps, alone and unaided. In very pity the friar came near, and in the pinched features and glazing eyes he knew his sovereign—the once passionately-loved ruler of a mighty realm—conqueror of more than half another—the father of five goodly sons, of whom three still survived. There he lay, more untended and unfriended than the meanest serf, and even deprived of the last offices of the Church, for he was too far gone to receive them from the friar; he could only clasp the crucifix in his arms, kiss the image of the Redeemer, raise his eyes to Heaven, and resign his life.”*

“Edward III.,” says Baker, “outlived the best son and the best wife that ever man had; and to say the truth, he outlived the best of himself, for his latter years were not answerable to his former.”

On the day of the King’s death the Londoners, not yet aware of the event, and knowing only of his dangerous illness, sent a deputation to Kingston, where the young Prince and his mother were then living, “to declare unto the said Prince their ready good wills to accept him for their lawful king and governor, immediately after it should please God to call to His mercy his grandfather, being now past hope of recovery to health; wherefore they besought him to have their city recommended unto his good grace, and that it would please him to visit the same with his presence, sith they were ready in all sorts to honour and obey him, and to spend both lives and goods in his cause, if need required.”†

* C. M. Yonge.

† Holinshed.

They further besought him to use his authority to put an end to the discord existing between the Duke of Lancaster and the City of London; a quarrel which, as their spokesman, John Philpot, remarked, "had been raised to the commodity of none, but to the discommodity of divers." The young Prince returned a gracious answer, "that he would endeavour himself in all things to satisfy their requests;" and the deputation returned home well-pleased. "The morrow after, there were sent to London from the King, the Lord Latimer, Sir Nicholas Bond, Sir Simon Burley, and Sir Richard Adderbury, Knights, to bring the sorrowful news of the assured death of King Edward, who, as we have said, deceased the day before, but comfortable news again of the great towardness and good meaning of the young King, who promised to love them, and their City, and to come to the same City, as they had desired him to do."* He also promised to effect, if possible, a reconciliation between them and the Duke of Lancaster, if they would submit themselves to his judgment; to which, after considerable demur, the citizens agreed; and a chosen number of them accompanied the knights back to Shene, whither the young King and his mother had removed, and where they were surrounded by the Duke of Lancaster and his brothers, and "divers Bishops about the body of the deceased King."† Here the Duke and the Londoners met in the royal presence, and a reconciliation was patched up.

In spite of the "great towardness and good meaning" of the little King, the reign of Richard of Bordeaux did not begin under happy auspices. Not only was there the prospect of a long minority, with all its accompaniments of jealousy, faction,

* Holinshed.

† *Ibid.*

and strife, but the vast French conquests of his grandfather had dwindled into the possession of Bordeaux, Bayonne, Calais, and a few towns on the Dordogne; and, on the 28th of June, the French fleet made a sudden descent on Rye, slaughtering and burning savagely, did much damage on the coast of the Isle of Wight, and attacked Lewes, where they took the Abbot prisoner. How much more mischief they might have done, in the unsettled and unprepared state of the country, it is impossible to say; but, hearing at Lewes of the death of Edward III., they abandoned their expedition, and returned home with the news.

Meanwhile, the old King was buried at Westminster, by the side of his Queen; and preparations were going on for Richard's coronation, which promised to be a specially interesting ceremony on account of the youth and extreme beauty of the child King, who, "at ten years and a half old, was the flower of English boyhood, and Plantagenet by both descents, had the straight, regular features, delicate complexion, and fair hair in their fullest perfection, added to a refined air and graceful mien, that made his appearance only too feminine in elegance."* This trace of effeminacy appeared, unfortunately, in his character, and contrasted strongly with the occasional gleams of resolution and spirit inherited from his father. "Born," says Miss Strickland, "in the luxurious south, the first accents of Richard of Bordeaux were formed in the poetical language of Provence, and his infant tastes linked to music and song—tastes which assimilated ill with the manners of his own court and people. His mother and half-brothers, after the death of his princely father,

* C. M. Yonge.

had brought up the future King of England with the most ruinous personal indulgence, and unconstitutional ideas of his own infallibility. He had inherited more of his mother's levity than his father's strength of character; yet the domestic affections of Richard were of the most vivid and endearing nature, especially towards the females of his family."

On Wednesday, the 15th of July, the young King rode through the City towards Westminster, in preparation for his coronation on the morrow. Whether his mother was with him in this progress is uncertain; but he "was accompanied with such a train of the nobility and others, as in such case was requisite. Sir Simon Burley bore the sword before him, and Sir Nicholas Bond led the King's horse by the bridle on foot. The noise of trumpets and other instruments was marvellous, so that this seemed a day of joy and mirth, a day that had long been looked for, because it was hoped that now the quiet orders and good laws of the land, which through the slothfulness of the aged King deceased, and covetousness of those that ruled about him, had been long banished, should now be renewed, and brought again into use. The city was adorned in all sorts most richly. The water conduits ran with wine for the space of three hours together. In the upper end of Cheape was a certain castle made with four towers, out of which castle, on two sides of it, there ran forth wine abundantly. In the towers were placed beautiful virgins, of stature and age like to the King, apparelled in white vestures, in every tower one, the which blew in the King's face, at his approaching near to them, leaves of gold, and as he approached also, they threw on him and his horse flowers of gold counterfeit. When he was

come before the castle they took cups of gold, and filling them with wine at the spouts of the castle, presented the same to the King and to his nobles. On the top of the castle, between the four towers, stood a golden angel, holding a crown in his hands, which was so contrived that when the King came he moved down, and offered to him the crown. But to speak of all the pageants and shows the citizens had caused to be made and set forth in honour of the new King, it were superfluous, everyone in their quarters striving to surmount other; and so with great triumphing of citizens, and joy of the lords and noblemen, he was conveyed into his palace at Westminster, where he rested for that night."* Glad enough must the little King have been of the rest after all the excitement of the day, and with the anticipation of the still more exciting morrow!

The following morning, Thursday, July 16th, the young King, accompanied by a procession of Bishops and Monks, repaired to the Abbey, "under a canopy of blue silk, borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports upon spears of silver."† We are again left in doubt as to whether his mother was present; but as her year of mourning for her husband had expired, it is highly probable that she beheld her son's coronation. Concerning John of Gaunt's presence we have no such uncertainty; he was not only a witness of, but an actor in the ceremony. "The Duke of Lancaster, by the name of John of Castile and Leon, and Duke of Lancaster, put in his claim as Earl of Leicester, to have the place of Earl Marshal of England; as Duke of Lancaster, to carry the sword called Curtana; as Earl of Lincoln, to be carver that day: all which to be executed by himself, or by his sufficient

* Holinshed.

† C. M. Yonge.

deputy; which, with the fees thereto belonging, were confirmed unto him.”*

Arriving at the Abbey, and “coming before the high altar, where the pavement was covered with rich cloths of tapestry, the King there kneeled down and made his prayers, whilst two Bishops sung the Litany, which being finished, he was brought to his seat, the choir singing an anthem.”† This “seat” was a throne, erected on a platform, to which he was led by the Duke of Lancaster and Jean de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, who, shortly after the battle of Auray, in 1364, had married Joan Holland, the eldest daughter of the Princess of Wales by her former husband. After this, a Bishop preached a sermon, “touching the duty of a King, how he ought to behave himself towards the people, and how the people ought to be obedient unto him.”‡ Then Richard took his coronation oath, in the presence of the Archbishop, Simon of Sudbury, and the nobles; which done, the Archbishop having the Lord Henry Percy, Lord Marshal, going before him, turneth him to every quarter of the church, declaring to the people the King’s oath, and demanding of them if they would submit themselves to such a prince and governor, and obey his commandments; and when the people with a loud voice had answered that they would obey him, the Archbishop, using certain prayers, blessed the King, which ended, the Archbishop cometh unto him, and tearing his garments from the highest part to the lowest, strippeth him to his shirt. Then was brought by Earls a certain coverture of cloth of gold, under the which he remained whilst he was anointed. The Archbishop, as we have said, having stripped him, first anointed his hands, after

* Baker.

† Holinshed.

‡ *Ibid.*

his head, breast, shoulders, and the joints of his arms with the sacred oil, singing certain prayers.”* The choir sang an anthem, the Archbishop recited another prayer, and then, with the Bishop, sang the “Veni Creator,” “the King kneeling in a long vesture, the Archbishop with his suffragans about him. When the hymn was ended he was lifted up by the Archbishop, and clad first with the coat of St. Edward, and after with his mantle, a stole being cast about his neck, the Archbishop in the meantime saying certain prayers appointed for the purpose.”† Then the young King was successively invested by the Primate with the sword—which was girded on him by two Earls—bracelets and pail; the presentation of each being accompanied by the words “Accipe gladium,” “Accipe armillas,” etc.; and while the Archbishop blessed the crown, “those to whose office it appertained”‡ fastened on the King’s spurs. Then the crown was placed upon his head, the Archbishop singing “Coronet te Deus,” and the ring was given him with the same formula as the sword and bracelets. “Immediately herewith came the Lord Furnival, by virtue of his office, offering to him a red glove, which the Archbishop blessed, and putting it on his hand, gave to him the sceptre with these words, ‘Accipe sceptrum.’ Then did the Archbishop deliver to him in his other hand a rod, on the top whereof stood a dove, with these words, ‘Accipe virgam virtutis.’ After this, the Archbishop blessed the King, singing ‘Benedicat te Deus.’”§ The newly-crowned King embraced the Bishop and Abbots, who led him to his seat, the Bishop singing the “Te Deum;” after which they had mass. “The Bishop of Worcester read the Epistle, and the Bishop of Ely the Gospel. At

* Holinshed.

† *Ibid.*‡ *Ibid.*§ *Ibid.*

the offertory, the King rose from his seat, and was brought to offer. He, therefore, offered first his sword, and after so much gold as he would, but not less than a mark, by reason of the custom; for more he might offer to God and St. Peter, but less he could not. After this, he offered bread and wine, with which he and the Archbishop did after communicate. This done, the Earl to whom it appertained to bear the sword before the King, redeemed the sword which the King had offered with money, and receiving the same, bare it afore the King. When the mass should be sung, the King was brought again to the altar, and there kneeling down, and saying Confitur to the Archbishop, did communicate, and so was brought back to his seat."* Here the religious part of the day's ceremonies closed; and the little King "was borne on Knights' shoulders into his palace, and so lead to his chamber, where he rested awhile, being somewhat faint with travel, and took a small refection."†

The rest, however welcome, was only to be a short one; for he soon appeared in Westminster Hall, to preside at the banquet. Before sitting down to meat, however, he created four Earls—his youngest uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham and Northampton, "to whom he gave 1,000 marks a year out of his treasure, till he provided him with lands of the like value,"‡ Guiscard d'Angle, a Gascon, and an old friend of the Black Prince, Earl of Huntingdon, with the same annuity, till an estate could be given him, "charged with the special care of the young King's person;"§ Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Thomas Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham. At the same time Richard made

* Holinshed.

† *Ibid.*‡ *Ibid.*

§ C. M. Yonge.

nine Knights. Then the banquet began, and Sir John Dymocke, the Champion of England, who had been so impatient to do his office that he had actually waited, mounted and accoutred, at the Abbey doors, while mass was going on, threw down his gauntlet, and uttered his challenge. As for the banquet itself, old Holinshed waxes as enthusiastic in describing it, as if he had really been there in *propria persona*. "To shew what royal service was at this feast, it passeth our understanding to describe, but to conclude, the fare was exceedingly sumptuous, and the furniture princely in all things, that if the same should be rehearsed, the reader would perhaps doubt of the truth thereof. In the midst of the King's palace was a marble pillar raised hollow upon steps, on the top whereof was a great gilt eagle placed, under whose feet in the chapter of the pillar, divers kinds of wines came gushing forth, at four several places, all the day long, neither was any forbidden to receive the same, were he ever so poor or abject."

The day following the coronation there was a procession of the Archbishops, Bishops, Abbots, nobles, and a large number of the people, to pray for the King and country; and the Bishop of Worcester preached an excellent sermon, "exhorting them, that the dissensions and discords, which had long continued betwixt the people and their superiors, might be appeased and forgotten, proving by many arguments that the same highly displeased God. He admonished the Lords not to be so extreme and hard against the people. On the other hand, he exhorted the people in necessary causes, for the aid of the King and realm, cheerfully, and that without grudging, to put to their helping hands, according to their bounden

duties; he further exhorted those in general that were appointed to be about the King, that they should forsake vice, and strictly to live in cleanness of life and virtue. For if by their example, the King were trained to goodness, all should be well, but if he declined through their sufferance from the right way, the people and kingdom were like to fall in danger to perish.”*

John, Duke of Lancaster, and his brother Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, “with other peers of the realm,”† were appointed to share the Regency during the King’s minority; and Edmund and Thomas, newly created Earl of Buckingham, left London soon after the coronation to defend the coast where the enemy had lately made a descent. The Duke of Lancaster, finding himself still unpopular with the citizens, sought the mediation of the Princess-mother, through whose influence their resentment was so far abated that they undertook “constantly to to keep a great wax-taper, marked with the Duke’s arms, burning before the picture of Our Lady in St. Paul’s,”‡ in expiation of the death of the priest slain by the mob in the Duke’s palace in mistake for Percy. Directly after this amicable arrangement, John of Gaunt, “prudently considering that sith there must needs be an alteration in the state, and doubting lest if anything chanced otherwise than well, the blame might be chiefly imputed to him, and thanks (however things went) he looked for none, he gave therefore the slip, and so got him home to his castle of Kenilworth, permitting other to have the whole sway: for before his departure from the Court, there were with his consent ordained such as should be attending on the King’s person, and have the rule

* Holinshed.

† *Ibid.*

. ‡ C. M. Yonge.

and ordering of matters pertaining to the state, as William Courtenay, then Bishop of London, Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, and divers others, of whom the people had conceived a good opinion, but yet, because the Bishop of Salisbury, and the Lord Latimer, were admitted amongst the residue, the commons murmured greatly against them."* The superintendence of the young King was left chiefly to his mother, his tutor, Sir Guiscard d' Angle, and his half-brother, Sir John Holland.

An incident now occurred strongly indicative of the leaning of the widowed Princess of Wales to the Reformers and their opinions. "A few weeks after," says Miss Yonge, "an express mandate from Pope Gregory XI. to the Archbishop, compelled him to summon Wycliffe before a synod at Lambeth, to answer the charges that he denied the doctrine of papal infallibility, that he disapproved of the wealth of ecclesiastics, and especially disputed what the Roman Catholic Church taught of transubstantiation. He delivered in a paper containing his views; but ere the interrogation could proceed, Sir Lewis Clifford, a knight of the household of the Princess of Wales, arrived, and on behalf of the King, bade them go no farther. Simon gladly stopped the inquiry, and the death of Gregory XI. put an end to the prosecution."

* Holinshed.

CHAPTER III.

Treachery of the Duke of Brittany—Discontent in the Country—John Ball—The Poll-tax—Wat Tyler—The Princess of Wales and the Mob—King retires to the Tower—Meets the Mob at Rotherhithe—Burning of the Savoy Palace—Murder of Flemings—Absence of pillaging among the rioters—Council in the Tower—Murder of the Archbishop—Danger of the Princess—King meets the rebels at Mile End—His courage—Death of Wat Tyler—Gallant behaviour of the King—His visit to his mother—End of the insurrection—Death of Sir Guiscard d'Angle—Marriage of Joan's youngest daughter—Projected marriage of the King—Arrival of Anne of Bohemia—The Royal wedding—Anne's coronation—Description of Richard and Anne—The Queen's coiffure—Her leaning to Wycliffe's teaching—Gaiety of the Court—Suspected plot against the King—Arrest of Sir John Holland—Joan's mediation—Her character—Murder of Lord Ralph Stafford by Sir John Holland—The King's promise—Agony of the Princess—Her death—Her will—Her burial—Aspersions on her reputation—Her descendants.

ABOUT two years after Richard II. ascended the throne, Jean de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, who had lived in England for the last few years in consequence of the revolt of his people, was invited by his subjects to return and reassume the reins of government; "but he was afraid of trusting them until there came two knights of rank, who assured him of the state and condition of the country, and in confirmation of their ardent entreaty that he should return, brought with them letters credential from the prelates, barons, and principal towns."* Thereupon the Duke set out, accompanied by Sir Robert Knolles, and with promise of aid from the young King; but his wife, Joan Holland, was, for greater safety, left in Eng-

* Froissart.

land with her mother, the Princess of Wales. Thomas, Earl of Buckingham, was sent out with troops to aid him; but Jean, who had perceived how much more advantage he would derive from a French alliance than from the one with England, wavered for a time, and, on the death of Charles V. in 1380, offered his submission to the Court of France, to the great indignation of the English, who marked their sense of his conduct by detaining his Duchess in England. "Since," they said, "the Duke of Brittany has so ill and treacherously acquitted himself, whenever he shall demand back his Duchess, let us not consent, but send him his two enemies, the sons of Charles of Blois. He is Duke through our power; and an ungrateful return does he make for what he has had from us. We ought, therefore, to act in like manner to him for his disgraceful conduct."* What the Duchess herself thought of this arrangement does not transpire. Ladies' feelings were curiously little consulted in those days; but, whether she acquiesced or no, the decision was enforced; and she remained with her mother, was in England during the time of the insurrection of the Commons under Wat Tyler in 1381, and died there a few years after.

This insurrection, though finally kindled by the imposition of the poll-tax, had its origin in the wide-spread discontent which had long been silently spreading among the lower classes. The life of the poor had always been a hard one. "It is customary in England," says Froissart, "as well as in several other countries, for the nobility to have great privileges over the commonalty; that is to say, the lower orders are bound by law to plough the lands of the gentry, to harvest their grain, to carry it home to the barn, to thresh and

* Froissart.

winnow it; they are also bound to harvest and carry home the hay. All these services the prelates and gentlemen exact of their inferiors; and in the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford, these services are more oppressive than in other parts of the kingdom." But these duties had often been lightened by the land-owners; and gradually a class of free labourers had come into being, and the more oppressive of the regulations had been of late years less rigidly enforced. Now, however, the nobles, impoverished, as was the whole nation, by the long-continued wars, and anxious to increase their revenues, resorted to means which raised the deepest resentment among their villeins. "The labourer was forbidden to quit the parish where he lived in search of better paid employment. . . . The runaway labourer was at last ordered to be branded with a hot iron on the forehead, while the harbouring of serfs in towns was rigorously put down. Nor was it merely the existing class of free labourers which was attacked by this reactionary movement. Not only was the process of emancipation suddenly checked, but the ingenuity of the lawyers, who were employed as stewards of each manor, was recklessly exercised in cancelling on grounds of informality manumissions and exemptions which had passed without question, and in bringing back the villein and the serf into a bondage from which they held themselves freed. The attempt was the more galling that the cause had to be pleaded in the manor-court itself, and to be decided by the very officers whose interest it was to give judgment in favour of his lord. We can see the growth of a fierce spirit of resistance through the statutes which strove in vain to repress it."* Foremost in aug-

* Green's "History of the English People."

menting the spirit of discontent was one John Ball, whom Froissart calls "a crazy priest of Kent."

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

was the text for all his discourses; and he had a homely graphic eloquence that sank deep into the hearts of the populace. "Good people," he was wont to say, as the crowd gathered round him in the market place, "things will never go well in England so long as things be not in common, and so long as there be villeins and gentlemen. By what right are they whom we call lords greater folk than we? On what grounds have they deserved it? Why do they hold us in serfage? If we all came of the same father and mother, of Adam and Eve, how can they say that they are better than we, if it be not that they make us gain for them by our toil what they spend in their pride? They are clothed in velvet, and warm in their furs and their ermines, while we are covered with rags. They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oatcake and straw, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labour, the rain and the wind in the fields. And yet it is of us and of our toil that these men hold their state."

All the smouldering disaffection and incipient rebellion burst into active fury on the imposition of the poll-tax—a groat a head, to be paid by every subject above the age of fifteen. "To such a tax the poorest man contributed as large a sum as the wealthiest, and the gross injustice of such an exaction set England on fire from sea to sea."* Everywhere the levying of it was resisted; and

* Green's "History of the English People."

when Wat Tyler, dwelling at Dartford, slew with his own hand a tax-collector who had insulted his daughter, the excitement reached its height. Wat—"a bad man, and a great enemy to the nobility," as Froissart, aristocrat to the back-bone, calls him—was made by the excited people their general; "John Ball preached to them, and so delighted them, that they vowed he should be Archbishop;"* and the rabble, of whom many were "weaponed only with staves, some with rusty swords and bills, and others with smoky bows, more ruddy than old ivory, not having past two or three arrows, and the same haply with one feather a-piece,"† set out on the way to Canterbury; and arresting all such as passed by the same, they caused them to swear that they should be true to King Richard, and to the commons, and never to receive any King that should be called John. And this was for the envy which they bare to the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, who in right of his wife, Constance, that was daughter to King Peter of Castile, did name himself King of Castile."‡ Arriving at Canterbury, they plundered the Archbishop's palace, took Rochester Castle, and then marched for London, beheading, on their way thither, "all such men of law, justices, and jurors, as they might catch, and lay hands upon, without all respect, pity, or remorse of conscience, alleging that the land could never enjoy her native and true liberty, till all those sorts of people were despatched out of the way."§

Coming to Blackheath, the insurgents, whose number is variously computed at from sixty to a hundred thousand, met with the Princess of Wales, who was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. "When they saw her," says

* C. M. Yonge.

† Holinshed.

‡ *Ibid.*§ *Ibid.*

Froissart, "the scoundrels attacked her car, and caused the good lady much alarm." "Her deference for their saint, her ready address, and her beauty saved her; she actually kissed a few of the leaders, and was allowed to depart, leaving them the more in love with their young King, and perhaps the more in hatred for the Duke of Lancaster, whom they regarded as the author of the tax."* She hurried onward, and reached the city in safety, having come, as Froissart tells us, "the whole journey from Canterbury to London without venturing to make any stoppage, and went at once to the Tower, where she found the King and her two other sons, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Robert de Namur, the Earl of Salisbury, who in by-gone days had claimed her for his wife, but had since consoled himself with "another noble lady,"† and about a hundred and twenty knights. "The three Princes, Richard's uncles, were absent — John of Gaunt on the borders of Scotland, Edmund of Langley in Portugal, and Thomas of Woodstock in Wales; nay, among the preposterous rumours of this time of terror, it was even said that he was among the insurgents."‡ It was peculiarly fortunate for the Duke of Lancaster that he did happen to be away at the time; for had he been in London, he would hardly have escaped the violence of the people.

The rebels took up their quarters on Blackheath, declaring they were armed in defence of the King and the Commons of England. "When the principal citizens of London found that the rebels were quartered so near them, they caused the gates of London Bridge to be closed, and

* C. M. Yonge.

† Certificate given by Simon, Archbishop of Canterbury to the Black Prince.

‡ C. M. Yonge.

placed guards there, by order of Sir William Walworth, Mayor of London; notwithstanding there were in the city more than 80,000 who favoured the insurgents. Information that the gates of London Bridge had been closed against them soon reached Blackheath, whereupon the rebels sent a knight (Sir John de Newtown) to speak with the King, and to tell him that what they were doing was for his service; for the kingdom had now for many years been wretchedly governed, to the great dishonour of the realm, and to the oppression of the lower orders of the people, by his uncles, by the clergy, and more especially by the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Chancellor, from whom they were determined to have an account of his ministry. The knight who was appointed to this service would willingly have excused himself, but he did not dare do it; so advancing to the Thames opposite the Tower, he took a boat and crossed over. The King and those who were with him in the Tower were in the greatest possible suspense, and most anxious to receive some intelligence, when the knight's arrival was announced, who was immediately conducted into the royal presence. With the King at this time were the Princess, his mother, his two half-brothers, the Earl of Kent, and Sir John Holland, the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Great Prior of the Templars, Sir Robert de Namur, the Mayor of London, and several of the principal citizens. Immediately upon entering the apartment the knight cast himself on his knees before the King, saying, 'My much redoubted lord, do not be displeased with me for the message which I am about to deliver to you; for, my dear lord, I have been compelled to come

hither.' 'By no means, sir knight,' said the King. 'Tell us what you are charged with; we hold you excused.' 'My most redoubted lord, the commons of this realm have sent me to entreat you to come to Blackheath and speak with them. They wish to have no one but yourself, and you need not fear for your person, as they will not do you the least harm; they always have respected you as their King, and will continue to do so, but they desire to tell you many things which they say it is necessary you should hear; with these, however, they have not empowered me to make you acquainted. Have the goodness, dear lord, to give me such an answer as may satisfy them, and that they may be convinced that I have really been in your presence; for they have my children as hostages for my return, and if I go not back they will assuredly put them to death.' To this the King merely replied, 'You shall have my answer speedily,' and when the knight had withdrawn he desired his council to consider what was to be done; after some consultation, the King was advised to send word to the insurgents that if on Thursday they would come down to the river Thames he would, without fail, speak with them. The knight, on receiving this answer, was well satisfied, and taking leave of the King and his barons, returned to Blackheath, where upwards of 60,000 men were assembled. He told them from the King that if they would send their leaders the next morning to the Thames the King would come and hear what they had to say. The answer was deemed satisfactory, and the rebels passed the night as well as they could, but you must know that one-fourth of them were without provisions." *

* Froissart.

The following morning, being Corpus Christi Day, the King heard mass in the Tower, and then, according to his promise, entered his barge, accompanied by the Earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, and some knights, and rowed down the river towards Rotherhithe, where 10,000 of the rebels were assembled. "As soon as the mob perceived the royal barge approaching, they began shouting and crying as if all the spirits of the nether world had been in the company. With them, also, was the knight whom they had sent to the Tower to the King; for, if the King had not come, they determined to have cut him to pieces, as they had threatened him. When the King and his lords saw this crowd of people, and the wildness of their manner, the boldest of their party felt alarm, and the King was advised not to land, but to have his barge rowed up and down the river. 'What do you wish for?' he demanded of the multitude. 'I am come hither to hear what you have to say.' Those near him cried out, 'We wish you to land, and then we will tell you what our wants are.' Upon this the Earl of Salisbury cried out, 'Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor are you in a fit condition for a King to talk with.' Nothing more was said on either side, for the King was prevailed upon at once to return to the Tower. The people seeing this, were in a great passion, and returned to Blackheath to inform their companions how the King had served them; upon hearing which they all cried out, 'Let us instantly march to London.' Accordingly they set out at once, and on the road thither destroyed all the houses of lawyers and courtiers, and all the monasteries they met with. In the suburbs of London, which are very handsome and extensive, they pulled down many fine

houses; they demolished also the King's prison, called the Marshalsea, and set at liberty all who were confined in it. Moreover, they threatened the Londoners at the entrance of the bridge for having shut the gates of it, declaring that they would take the city by storm, and afterwards burn and destroy it." *

Having partaken freely of the food and drink which the terrified citizens set before them, "in the hope of appeasing them,"† they marched to the palace of the Savoy, which belonged to the Duke of Lancaster, "whom they hated above all other persons."‡ This mansion, standing on the banks of the river on the way to Westminster, "to the which in beauty and stateliness of building, with all manner of princely furniture, there was not any other in the realm comparable, in despite of the Duke, whom they called traitor, they set on fire, and by all ways and means, endeavoured utterly to destroy."§ A fate almost too horrible to contemplate overtook some of these unhappy rioters. "There were thirty-two of them," says Holinshed, "that being gotten into the cellar of the Savoy, where the Duke's wines lay, drank so much of such sweet wine as they found there that they were not able to come forth, but with stones and wood that fell down as the house burned they were mured in, so that out they could not get. They lay there shouting and crying for seven days together, and were heard of many, but none came to help them, and so finally they perished."

The rebels next went to the Temple, where they burnt the lodgings, books, and writings of the lawyers; and from thence to "the house of the Knights Hospitallers of Rhodes, dedicated to

* Froissart.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Holinshed.

§ *Ibid.*

St. John of Mount Carmel, which they burnt, together with their church and hospital.”* The unfortunate Flemings, of whom there were many in London, were “the special object of their fury; they beheaded no less than sixty-two of these unhappy men; and as a test of the English extraction of each person they seized, they required him to pronounce the words ‘bread and cheese,’ when any foreign accent was visited with instant death. With some, reading and writing were fatal; indeed, one of their proposals to the King was to destroy all lawyers, that no one might be left to make laws; and there was no person who found favour with them save the Franciscans, which led to the impression that these friars had been concerned in the insurrection.”† Among other victims to the fury of the rebels was one Richard Lyon, a rich citizen, “to whom Wat Tyler had formerly been servant in France, but having once beaten him, the varlet had never forgotten it; and when he had carried his men to his house he ordered his head to be cut off, placed upon a pike, and carried through the streets of London.”‡

Amid all the excess and savagery of the mob, there was a curious and complete absence of pillaging, the rebels proudly boasting that they were “seekers of truth and justice, not thieves or robbers.” “The shameful spoil,” says Holinshed, “which they made was wonderful, and yet the zeal of justice, truth, and upright dealing which they would seem to show, was as nice and strange on the other part, especially in such kind of mis-governed people; for in that spoiling of the Duke’s house, all the jewels, plate, and other rich and sumptuous furniture, which they there found in

* Froissart.

† C. M. Yonge.

‡ Froissart.

great plenty, they would not that any man should fare the better by it of a mite, but threw all into the fire, so to be consumed, and such things as the fire could not altogether destroy, as plate and jewels, they brake and punned in pieces, throwing the same into the Thames. One of them having thrust a fair silver piece into his bosom, meaning to carry it away, was espied of his fellows, who took him, and cast both him and the piece into the fire, saying they might not suffer any such thing."

As evening drew on, the rioters bivouacked in a square known as St. Catherine's, close to the Tower, where "they lay about in rude revelry, eating and drinking such fare as had seldom fallen to their lot, hooting and shouting for the Chancellor to account for the sums that had been drawn for them."* Their savage yells were plainly audible in the Tower, and did not serve to allay the consternation which reigned there. "Considering the mischief," says Froissart, "which the mob had already done, you may easily imagine how miserable, at this time, was the situation of the King and those who were with him. In the evening, he and his barons, together with Sir William Walworth, and some of the principal citizens, held a council in the Tower, when it was proposed to arm themselves, and fall by night on these wretches while they were drunk and asleep, for they might have been killed like so many fleas, as not one of them in twenty had arms; and the citizens were very capable of doing this, for they had secretly received into their houses their friends and servants properly prepared for action. Sir Robert Knolles remained in his house, guarding it, with more than six score companions com-

* C. M. Yonge.

pletely armed, who could have sallied forth at a minute's notice. Sir Perducas d' Albret was also in London at this period, and would of course have been of great service, so that altogether they could have mustered upwards of 8,000 men well armed. However, nothing was done; they were really too much afraid of the commonalty; and the King's advisers, the Earl of Salisbury and others, said to him, 'Sir, if you can appease them by fair words, it will be so much the better; for, should we begin what we cannot go through, it will be all over with us and our heirs, and England will be a desert.' This council was followed, and the Mayor ordered to make no stir; who obeyed, as in reason he ought. On Friday morning, the rebels, who lodged in the square of St. Catherine's, before the Tower, began to make themselves ready. They shouted much and said, that if the King would not come out to them, they would attack the Tower, storm it, and slay all who were within. The King, alarmed at these menaces, resolved to speak with the rabble; he therefore sent orders for them to retire to a handsome meadow at Mile-end, where, in the summer time, people go to amuse themselves, at the same time signifying that he would meet them there and grant their demands."* Accordingly, the men of Essex and Hertford, about 60,000 in number, repaired thither, and the young King, after hearing mass celebrated in the little church of St. Peter ad vincula, by the Archbishop, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his two half brothers and other nobles, rode forth to the rendezvous appointed. Before, however, the gates of the Tower could be closed behind his followers, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, John Ball, and four hundred of the

* Froissart.

most savage and ferocious of the insurgents rushed in, and "running from chamber to chamber,"* found and seized upon the Archbishop, Simon of Sudbury, whom they dragged forth to Tower Hill. "He addressed them with great calmness and dignity; but unheeding, they struck him on the neck with an axe. He cried out, 'It is the hand of the Lord!' and holding up his hand, all his fingers were cut off by the next stroke; but eight blows passed ere his head was severed from his body. It was carried about in triumph, and set up on London Bridge, with his own cap upon it; but afterwards, when popular feeling had turned, the murdered prelate was revered as a saint, and his skull is still shown at his native place, Sudbury."† The Prior of St. John's, a sergeant-at-arms called John Legge, and a Franciscan friar, were also killed at the same time. The heads of these victims were paraded on spikes, and afterwards placed on London Bridge. "The scoundrels then entered the apartment of the Princess, and cut her bed to pieces, which so terrified her that she fainted, and in this condition was carried by her servants and ladies to the river side, when she was put into a covered boat and conveyed to a house called the Wardrobe,‡ where she continued for a day and night in a very precarious state."§

Meanwhile the King, ignorant of the tragedy that was then enacting, advised his two half brothers, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, not to show themselves to the rebels, and, riding on, arrived at Mile-end, where he "instantly

* Froissart.

† C. M. Yonge.

‡ Said by Stowe to have been in Carter Lane, Barnard's Castle Ward.

§ Froissart.

advanced into the midst of the assembled multitude, saying in a most pleasing manner, 'My good people, I am your king and your lord, what is it you want? What do you wish to say to me?' Those who heard him made answer, 'We wish you to make us free for ever. We wish to be no longer called slaves, nor held in bondage.' The King replied, 'I grant your wish; now therefore return to your homes, and let two or three from each village be left behind, to whom I will order letters to be given with my seal, fully granting every demand you have made; and in order that you may be the more satisfied, I will direct that my banners be sent to every stewardship, castlewick, and corporation.' These words greatly appeased the more moderate of the multitude, who said, 'It is well, we wish for nothing more.' The King, however, added yet further, 'You, my good people of Kent, shall have one of my banners; and you also of Essex, Sussex, Bedford, Suffolk, Cambridge, Stafford, and Lincoln, shall each have one; I pardon you all for what you have hitherto done, but you must follow my banners, and now return home on the terms I have mentioned,' which they unanimously consented to do. Thus did this great assembly break up. The King instantly employed upwards of thirty secretaries, who drew up the letters as fast as they could, and when they were sealed and delivered to them, the people departed to their own counties. The principal mischief, however, remained behind—I mean Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, who declared that though the people were satisfied, they were by no means so, and with them were about 30,000, also of the same mind.*

Richard, well content with the result of this

* Froissart.

personal interview, would have returned to the Tower; but, hearing of the terrible tragedy that had occurred there, he hastened to the Royal Wardrobe, "where the Princess was in the greatest fear. He comforted her, as he was very well able to do, and passed there the night."* His behaviour was, as Miss Yonge remarks, "really most gallant and considerate. No one seems to have been at hand to direct him, or even if there were, it was no small credit to a boy of fifteen so bravely to confront a raging multitude, and to meet them with such frankness and address." During the whole of this stormy time he proved himself a worthy son of his gallant father, acting with a spirit, promptness, and resolution, very unusual in a boy of his years. It was one of the flashes of the old Plantagenet blood that every now and then shot across the langour and irresolution of his life. Had the King but fulfilled in after years the promise of his boyhood, the whole course of his history might have been written differently.

The next morning, being Saturday, Richard left the Wardrobe, and, attended by his lords, heard mass in Westminster Abbey. "In this church there is a statue of Our Lady, in which the Kings of England have much faith. To this on the present occasion King Richard and his nobles paid their devotions and made their offerings; they then rode in company along the causeway to London; but when they had proceeded a short distance, King Richard, with a few attendants, turned up a road on the left to go away from the city. This day all the rabble again assembled under Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, at a place called Smithfield, where every Friday the horsemarket is kept. There were present about

* Froissart.

20,000, and many more were in the city, breakfasting, and drinking Rhenish wine and Malmsey Madeira in the taverns and in the houses of the Lombards, without paying for anything; and happy was he who could give them good cheer to satisfy them. Those who collected in Smithfield had with them the King's banner, which had been given to them the preceding evening; and the wretches, notwithstanding this, wanted to pillage the city, their leaders saying, that hitherto they had done nothing. 'The pardon which the King has granted will be of no use to us; but if we be of the same mind, we shall pillage this rich and powerful town of London before those from Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Warwick, Reading, Lancashire, Arundel, Guildford, Coventry, Lyme, Lincoln, York and Durham shall arrive; for they are on their road, and we know for certain that Vaquier and Lister will conduct them hither. Let us, then, be beforehand in plundering the wealth of the city; for if we wait for their arrival, they will wrest it from us.' To this opinion all had agreed, when the King, attended by sixty horses, appeared in sight; he was at the time not thinking of the rabble, but had intended to continue his ride, without coming into London; however, when he arrived before the Abbey of St. Bartholomew, which is in Smithfield, and saw the crowd of people, he stopped, saying that he would ascertain what they wanted, and endeavour to appease them. Wat Tyler, seeing the King and his party, said to his men, 'Here is the King, I will go and speak with him; do you not stir until I give you a signal.' He then made a motion with his hand, and added, 'When you shall see me make this signal, then step forward, and kill every one except the King; but hurt him not, for he is young, and

we can do what we please with him; carrying him with us through England, we shall be lords of the whole country, without any opposition.' On saying which he spurred his horse and galloped up to the King, whom he approached so near that his horse's head touched the crupper of the King's horse. His first words were these: 'King, dost thou see all these men here?' 'Yes,' replied the King; 'why dost thou ask?' 'Because they are all under my command, and have sworn by their faith and loyalty to do whatsoever I shall order.' 'Very well,' said the King; 'I have no objection to it.' Tyler, who was only desirous of a riot, made answer: 'And thou thinkest, King, that these people, and as many more in the city, also under my command, ought to depart without having thy letters? No, indeed, we will carry them with us.' 'Why,' replied the King, 'it has been so ordered, and the letters will be delivered out one after another; but, friend, return to thy companions, and tell them to depart from London; be peaceable and careful of yourselves; for it is our determination that you shall have all the letters by towns and villages according to our agreement.' As the King finished speaking, Wat Tyler, casting his eyes round, spied a squire attached to the King's person bearing a sword. This squire Tyler mortally hated, and on seeing him cried out, 'What hast thou there? give me thy dagger?' 'I will not,' said the squire; 'why should I give it thee?' The King upon this said, 'Give it to him; give it to him;' which the squire did, though much against his will. When Tyler took the dagger, he began to play with it in his hand, and again addressing the squire said, 'Give me that sword.' 'I will not,' replied the squire, 'for it is the King's sword, and

thou being but a mechanic art not worthy to bear it; and if only thou and I were together, thou wouldest not have dared to say what thou hast, for a heap of gold as large as this church.' 'By my troth,' answered Tyler, 'I will not eat this day until I have thy head.' At these words the Mayor of London, with about twelve men, rode forward, armed under their robes, and seeing Tyler's manner of behaving, said, 'Scoundrel, how dare you to behave thus in the King's presence?' The King, also enraged at the fellow's impudence, said to the Mayor, 'Lay hands on him.' Whilst King Richard was giving this order, Tyler still kept up the conversation, saying to the Mayor, 'What have you to do with it? does what I have said concern you?' 'It does,' replied the Mayor, who found himself supported by the King, and then added, 'I will not live a day unless you pay for your insolence.' Upon saying which he drew a kind of scimitar, and struck Tyler such a blow on the head as felled him to his horse's feet. As soon as the rebel was down, he was surrounded on all sides, in order that his own men might not see him; and one of the King's squires, by name John Standwich, immediately leapt from his horse, and drawing his sword, thrust it into his body, so that he died."*

The rioters, seeing their leader fall, set up a howl of rage. "They have slain our captain, let us slay the whole!" As they bent their bows, however, Richard, "showing," says Holinshed, "both hardiness and wisdom at that instant, more than his age required," rode alone fearlessly towards the rioters, crying, "Sirs, what would you? This was but a traitor. It is I who am your leader; follow me." Confused and overawed by

* Froissart.

his courage and promptness, they obeyed his commands, and were led to Islington, where the King met Sir Robert Knolles advancing to his aid at the head of a thousand men; who would have fallen on the mob and at once destroyed it, had not the King forbidden it. He knighted the Lord Mayor and two more citizens, and sent them to demand back his banners from the rioters; who, unnerved by the loss of their leader, surrendered them unresistingly, and sought shelter in London and its suburbs, while Richard "immediately took the road to the Wardrobe, to visit the Princess, his mother, who had remained there two days and two nights under the greatest fears, as, indeed, she had cause. On seeing the King, her son, she was mightily rejoiced, and said, 'Ah, ah, fair son; what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you this day!' 'Madam,' replied the King, 'I am well assured of that; but now rejoice and thank God, for it behoves us to praise Him, as I have this day regained my inheritance and the kingdom of England, which I had lost.' The King remained the whole day with his mother. The lords retired to their own houses. A proclamation was made through all the streets that every person who was not an inhabitant of London, and who had not resided there for a whole year, should instantly depart; for if any of a contrary description were found in the city on Sunday morning at sunrise, they would be arrested as traitors to the King, and have their heads cut off. This proclamation no one dared to infringe, but all instantly departed to their homes quite discomfited."*

The insurrection was now practically ended. The two remaining ringleaders, John Ball and Jack Straw, were dragged from their hiding-places

* Froissart.

in an old ruin and executed; and the country gradually recovered the tranquillity which had been so rudely shaken. Villeinage was not abolished, and illiberal Parliaments sought to draw the rein yet tighter, but their efforts were always resisted by the King; and "it seems," says Miss Yonge, "quietly to have fallen into desuetude as time went on; and though the statutes respecting it have never been repealed, there gradually came to be no one on whom to execute them."

A striking proof was given of Joan's grateful recollection of faithful service, when, soon after the final suppression of the insurgents, Sir Guiscard d'Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, who at the time of the coronation had been entrusted with the personal charge of the Sovereign, breathed his last. Not only was he interred with "great pomp" in the Church of the Augustine Friars, but the Princess herself attended the funeral, accompanied by the young King, her two other sons, and a large number of prelates, ladies, and barons. "In truth," says Froissart, "Sir Guiscard was deserving of all the honour he received, for he was possessed of all the virtues which a knight at that time ought to have; he was gallant, loyal, prudent, bold, determined, enterprising."

This year of 1381 was an eventful one for the widowed Princess. The horror of those June days and nights which had nearly killed her with terror was a memory not likely to be effaced; but she had pleasanter recollections connected with the Easter preceding that stormy summer, when she had seen her youngest daughter, Maude Holland, happily wedded.

The romance had been played out at Windsor,
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where so many love-stories have been told in by-gone days, and which witnessed our own Queen's betrothal. The Count de St. Pol, a captive of the English Government, had, says Froissart, "an agreeable prison in the beautiful castle, and was allowed the liberty of amusing himself with hawking, whenever he pleased, in the environs of Westminster and Windsor. He was thus trusted on the faith of his word. The Princess-mother resided at that time at Windsor with her daughter, the Lady Maude, the most beautiful woman in England. The young Count de St. Pol and this lady fell loyally in love with each other; they frequently met at dancings, carollings, and at other amusements, so that it was suspected the young lady tenderly loved the Count; and she discovered the whole to her mother. A treaty of marriage was then entered into between the Count de St. Pol and the Lady Maude Holland. The Count was ransomed for six score thousand francs, of which one half was remitted on his marriage; the remainder he was to pay. When the treaty had been concluded between the young people, the King of England granted permission to the Count to cross the sea in order to to procure his ransom, on his promise to return within the year. The young Count returned to England to acquit himself of his engagements to the King, and to marry his bride. He paid the sixty thousand francs according to his obligation, and recrossed the sea, but did not enter France, for the King disliked him much. The Count and Countess went therefore to reside at the Castle of Han-sur-Heure, which the Lord of Moraine, who had married his sister, lent them; and there they remained during the life of the King of France."

But a wedding far more important and interesting to the English nation than that of the lovely Lady Maude, was soon to be celebrated. The marriage of the young King had long been a subject of discussion; and the English, tenderly mindful of the good Queen whose virtues had won her so wide an esteem, desired to see their sovereign choose his bride from the land which had given birth to Philippa the Good; but no daughters of her line were at that time available, and it was agreed to seek the hand of the Princess Anna, daughter of the late Emperor Charles IV., and granddaughter of that blind old King whom her future husband's father had warred against in the memorable battle of Crécy. Accordingly, in 1380, Sir Simon Burley, "a sage and valiant knight, who had been the King's tutor, and much beloved by the Black Prince, was nominated to go to Germany to negotiate the marriage,"* His arrival at Prague, and the disclosure of the errand on which he had come, created no small commotion in the Imperial Court, and measures were taken which "seem not a little extraordinary in the present day. England was to Bohemia a sort of *terra incognita*; and as a general knowledge of geography and statistics was certainly not among the list of Imperial accomplishments in the fourteenth century, the Empress despatched Duke Primislaus of Saxony on a voyage of discovery, to ascertain, for the satisfaction of herself and the Princess, what sort of a country England might be."† The Duke's account, which must have been curious reading, appears to have met with the Empress's approval, for there is a letter extant from that Imperial matron, declaring "that I, Elizabeth, Roman Empress, always Augustan,

* Froissart.

† Strickland.

likewise Queen of Bohemia, empower Duke Primislaus to treat with Richard, King of England, concerning the wedlock of that excellent virgin, the damsel Anne, born of us, and in our name to order and dispense, and, as if our own soul were pledged, to swear to the fulfilment of every engagement." The Duke was, says Froissart, "well pleased with everything he saw and heard in England," and returned to Prague when the negotiations were concluded, bearing jewels from King Richard to the ladies who educated the Princess—a kind of affection's offering by proxy which the affianced bride could hardly be supposed to relish. The celebration of the marriage was, however, deferred for some time, both on account of the disturbances in England and the youth of the betrothed pair, neither of whom had completed their fifteenth year. At the end of 1381, order having been restored in England, and the Princess being now thought capable of giving her consent to the marriage, she sent "a letter to the Council of England, saying she became the wife of their King with full and free will,"* and prepared to commence her long and fatiguing journey. Attended by a large suite of knights and ladies, she came to Brussels, where she lingered some time with her relatives, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, passed through Bruges and Gravelines to Calais, and from thence crossed to Dover, where she remained two days, an interval of quiet she must have needed sorely after all her journeyings, and after witnessing the strange and terrible danger she had but just escaped. "Scarcely," says an old English chronicler, "had the Bohemian Princess set her foot on the shore, when, a sudden convulsion of the sea took place,

* Strickland

unaccompanied with wind, and unlike any winter storm ; but the water was so violently shaken and troubled, and put in such furious commotion, that the ship in which the young Queen's person was conveyed was very terribly rent in pieces before her very face, and the rest of the vessels that rode in company were tossed so that it astonished all beholders."

Journeying by easy stages from Dover, she reached London, where she was received with great splendour by the citizens, who had decked themselves magnificently to meet "Cæsar's sister ;" and, on January 15, 1382, she was married to Richard in the chapel royal of Westminster Palace. "On the wedding-day," says Froissart, "there were mighty feastings. That gallant and noble knight, Sir Robert de Namur, had always accompanied the Queen from the time she quitted Prague until she was married, for which the Emperor and the King of England held themselves much obliged. The King at the end of the week carried his Queen to Windsor, where he kept open and royal house. They were very happy together. She was accompanied by the King's mother, the Princess of Wales, and her daughter, the Duchess of Bretagne, half-sister to King Richard, who was then in England soliciting for the restitution of the earldom of Richmond, which had been taken from her husband by the English regency, and settled in part of dower on Queen Anne. Some days after the marriage of the royal pair, they returned to London, and the coronation of the Queen was performed most magnificently. At the young Queen's earnest request, a general pardon was granted, by the King, at her consecration." This pardon, sorely needed by the unhappy remnant of the summer rioters, gained the young

bride the title of "good Queen Anne,"—a name fully deserved by her uniform gentleness and kind-heartedness. Chaucer, the poet, seems to have highly appreciated her; and to her arrival we owe some of his brightest efforts—"the 'Legende of Gode Women,' where the praise of all the noted dames of classic times is sung, and the more beautiful 'Floure and Leafe,' where the flower is the noble Alcestis, who died to save her husband's life, now transformed into the daisy; and the burden of the whole lay is 'Si douce est la Marguerite.'"*

This is perhaps the most fitting place to describe the newly-wedded royal pair, just then in the full enjoyment of their honeymoon happiness. In Baker's chronicle, the old historian gives this quaint portrait of the King:—

"Richard II. was the goodliest personage of all the Kings that had been since the Conquest; tall of stature, of straight and strong limbs, fair and amiable of countenance, and such a one as might well be the son of a most beautiful mother. Concerning his conditions, there was more to be blamed in his education than in his nature, for there appeared in him many good inclinations, which would have grown to be abilities if they had not been perverted by corrupt flatterers in his youth. He was of a credulous disposition, apt to believe, and therefore easy to be abused. His greatest transgression was, that he went with his friends *ultra aras*, when he should have gone but *usque ad aras*. His greatest imbecility, that he could not distinguish between a flatterer and a friend. He seemed to have in him both a French nature and an English; violent at the first apprehension, calm upon deliberation. He never showed

* C. M. Yonge.

himself more worthy of the Government than when he was deposed as unworthy to govern; for it appeared that his regality was not so dear unto him as a private, quiet life; which if he might have enjoyed, he would never have complained that Fortune had done him wrong."

Of the young Queen, Miss Strickland writes:—"Anne of Bohemia, unlike Isabella of France, who was always at war with her husband's favourites and friends, made it a rule of life to love all that the King loved, and to consider a sedulous compliance with his will her first duty. Our chroniclers call her 'the beauteous Queen.' At fifteen or sixteen, a blooming German girl is a very pleasing object, but her beauty must have been limited to stature and complexion, for the features of her statue are homely and undignified. A narrow, high-pointed forehead, a long upper lip, cheeks whose fulness increased towards the lower part of the face, can scarcely entitle her to claim a reputation for beauty. But the headdress she wore must have neutralized the defects of her face in some degree, by giving an appearance of breadth to her narrow forehead. This was the horned cap which constituted the headgear of the ladies of Bohemia and Hungary; and in this 'moony tire' did the bride of Richard present herself to the astonished eyes of her female subjects."

Of all the many extraordinary modes of hair-dressing which it has pleased the fair sex at different times to affect, this horned cap appears to have been the most outrageous; surpassing in absurdity even the powdered monstrosities endured by the Court dames in the time of the two first Georges, or the ships of war carried by hapless Marie Antoinette and her train. It is thus

described by Miss Strickland :—"The cap was at least two feet in height, and as many in width; its fabric was built of wire and pasteboard, like a very wide-spreading mitre, and over these horns was extended some glittering tissue or gauze. Monstrous and outrageous were the horned caps that reared their heads in England directly the Royal bride appeared in one; these formidable novelties expanded their wings on every side, till at church or procession the diminished heads of lords and knights were eclipsed by their ambitious partners. The Church declared they were 'the moony tire,' denounced by Ezekiel; likely enough, for they had been introduced by Bohemian crusaders from Syria." Whether the Princess of Wales followed the fashion set by her young daughter-in-law, history saith not.

Like her husband's mother, Anne of Bohemia became an adherent to the opinions of Wycliffe. Whether she had imbibed her ideas of the great head of Church reform in her own country, or whether she was influenced by the example of the Princess of Wales, we cannot clearly ascertain. Both of the illustrious ladies eagerly read the English translation of the Bible, which Wycliffe had just completed; and "it is possible," says the latter, in his "Threefold Bond of Love," "that our noble Queen of England, sister of Cæsar, may have the gospel written in three languages, Bohemian, German, and Latin; now, to hereticate her on that account, would be Luciferian folly." The Princess of Wales employed the influence which she and the young Queen possessed over the King to rescue Wycliffe from peril in 1382, when his Oxford Tracts had excited the displeasure of the Bishops assembled in council at Lambeth; and it may even have been that she exerted her-

self still further in his protection, and, according to Lingard, sent an intimidating message to the prelates to stop the prosecution.

But the general tendency of the Court was certainly not towards paying undue attention to graver matters. In the flush of youth and happiness, the handsome young King and Queen lived in a halo of brightness and gaiety, and took little heed of the graver aspects of things. With all the southern passion for luxury, brilliancy, and beauty derived from his Provençal birthplace, Richard indulged his taste to the utmost, both in his surroundings and his personal adornments, and the fame of one of his robes, brodered with pearls and precious stones, has come down to posterity as costing 30,000 marks. But it was in foot gear that fancy seems to have specially run riot. "Their shoes and pattens," says an indignant chronicler, "are snowted and piked up more than a finger long, which they call Cracowes, resembling the devil's claws, which were fastened to the knees with chains of gold and silver, and thus were *they* garmented which were lyons in the hall, and hares in the field." The Rhyming Chronicle John Hardyng, gives the following picture of the Royal household:—

Trenly I herde Robert Ivelesse saie,
Clerke of the greneclouth, that to the householde
Come every day for most partie alwaie,
Ten thousande folk be his messes told,
That followed the household are as they wolde,
And in the kechen three hundreth servytours,
And in ech office many occupiers.

And ladies faire with their gentlewomen,
Chamberers and also lavendera,
Three hundreth were accounted of they in them;
There was grete pride among the officers,
And over all men for passing their compeers,

Of riche arrais and much more costious
Than was before or sith and more precious.

Yomen and gromys in cloth of silk arraied,
Sateyn and damaaske in doublettes and in gownes,
In cloth of grayne and skarlett for unpaied ;
Cutt werk was grete both in courte and townes,
Both in men's hoddies and also in their gownes,
Broidure and furres goldesmyth werk aye newe,
In many wise ech did they renewe.

In the Easter of 1385, during a Parliament held at Salisbury, Latymer, an Irish Carmelite friar, laid before Richard a paper, purporting to be written by Lord Zouch, accusing the Duke of Lancaster of a conspiracy against the King's life.

Richard "being," says Holinshed, "young both in years and discretion," called two of his chaplains to consult with him on the matter. "And as they were busy in talk about the same, the Duke of Lancaster came into the King's chamber after his wonted manner, not understanding anything of the matter whereof they were in talk. The King with a stern countenance beheld the Duke, not doing him the honour that he was accustomed. The Duke suspecting that the King had somewhat in his head that touched his person, withdrew. In the meantime those two that were thus in council with the King, fearing haply the Duke's power, or else upon goodwill they bare towards him, persuaded the King that in any wise he should call him, to see and hear what was laid to his charge. The Duke, after he had read the bill of his accusation, made such answer, and so excused himself in declaring his innocence, that the King gave credit to his words, and received his excuse: wherewith the Duke besought the King that the friar might be kept in safeguard, till the time came that he might purge himself of that he had charged him

with, and that the Lord John Holland, the King's half brother, might have the custody of him till the day appointed, that the Duke should come to his full trial."*

But, to the public horror, on the morning of the trial, the friar was found dead in his prison, and Sir John Holland, a violent and unscrupulous man, admitted that he had strangled him with his own hands, and had caused the corpse to be dragged through the streets as that of a traitor. Thoroughly alarmed by this atrocity, which looked like an attempt to suppress the whole matter, the King caused his half brother to be arrested, and the horror and indignation were so great, that although Lord Zouch declared the paper to be none of his, and Thomas of Woodstock swore he would slay any one who traduced his brother, the Duke of Lancaster thought it prudent to retreat to his castle of Pontefract, "which he fortified, and banded himself so with his friends, that it appeared he would defend his cause with force of arms, rather than to come to his trial; and by reason thereof, it was greatly doubted, lest some civil war should have broken forth. But through the earnest labour of the King's mother, that notwithstanding her indisposition of body to travel (by reason of her corpulency), riding to and fro betwixt them, made an agreement betwixt the King, her son, and the Duke, to her great comfort and contentation of mind, and no less surety of quietness to the whole realm."†

It will be seen than Joan, now well advanced in years, was no longer the peerless beauty who had been sought and sung far and wide as the "Fair Maid of Kent," and who had won the heart of England's Edward. As she lost her charms her cha-

* Holinshed.

† Ibid.

racter seems to have strengthened and improved, and the brief mention of contemporary chronicles nearly all indicate her exertions to smoothe away the difficulties and dissensions that ripened so quickly in the atmosphere of the Court. This year (1385) was to witness her death, amid circumstances as tragic as the whole career of her life had been chequered and varied.

The Scots, aided by the French, were making preparations to invade England; and Richard, hearing of their purpose, set out at the head of a large army for the Scottish frontier. Among those who accompanied him were the Earl of Stafford, his son, Sir Ralph Stafford, "a peerless chevalier, adored by the English army, and, for his virtuous conduct, in high favour with Anne of Bohemia, who called him 'her knight,'"^{*} Sir John Holland, and Sir Meles, "a Bohemian knight, who had come over on a visit to the Queen, and to whom, for her sake, every attention was paid by the King and his barons,"[†] and who "was gay and handsome, after the German style."[‡] On his march northward the King halted at Beverley, and his retinues were quartered in the neighbourhood. "Now it happened one afternoon, that two squires attached to Sir John Holland quarrelled in the fields near Beverley, for the lodgings of Sir Meles, and followed him with much abuse. At this moment, two archers belonging to Sir Ralph Stafford came up, and as Sir Meles was a stranger and unprotected, they supported his cause, and much blamed the squires for the language they used. Some angry words followed, which ended in one of the squires being shot through the body by the arrow of one of the archers: the other squire then run off. Sir Meles went to his lodging, and the

^{*} Strickland.

[†] Froissart.

[‡] Ibid.

archers returned and related to their lord what had happened. Lord Ralph Stafford was much annoyed at this circumstance; however, he bade the archer escape as fast as he could, saying that he would negotiate his pardon with Sir John Holland. When Sir John heard that one of Lord Ralph's archers had murdered his favourite squire, and that it had happened through the fault of the foreign knight, Sir Meles, he was like a madman, and declared that he would neither eat nor drink until he had taken revenge. Without a moment's delay, he mounted his horse, ordered his men to do the same, and, though it was now very late, made off to the lodgings of Sir Meles. Now, as he was riding along a very narrow lane, it so chanced that he fell in with Lord Ralph Stafford; being night, however, they did not at first recognize each other. 'Who comes here?' said Sir John. 'I am Stafford,' was the answer. 'And I am Holland.' Sir John then added: 'Stafford, I was inquiring for you; thy servants have murdered my squire, whom I loved so much.' On saying which he drew his sword, and struck Lord Ralph such a blow that it felled him dead. Sir John then passed on, by no means aware that the blow was fatal. Lord Ralph's servant, however, called after him, and when informed of the event he merely said, 'Be it so. I had rather have put him to death than one of less rank; for I have then the better revenged the loss of my squire.' Sir John hastened to Beverley, and being apprehensive of the consequences of the deed, took advantage of the sanctuary of St. John's Church."*

The bereaved father, on hearing the tidings, rode, accompanied by "full sixty" of his relations

* Froissart.

and retainers to the King. "My lord," he said, "thou art King of England, and hast solemnly sworn to maintain the realm in its rights and to do justice. Thou art well acquainted how that thy brother, without the slightest reason, has murdered my son and heir. I therefore come and demand justice. Otherwise thou wilt not have a worse enemy than me. I must likewise inform thee my son's death affects me so bitterly that, if I were not fearful of breaking up the expedition by the trouble and confusion I should make in the army, and the defections it would cause, by my honour, it should be avenged in so severe a manner that it should be talked of in England a hundred years to come. For the present, however, and during the expedition, I shall not think of it, for I wish not the Scots to rejoice at the misery of Earl Stafford."

Richard, horror-struck by the brutality of the murder, and deeply moved by the stern grief of the Earl, made instant answer.

"Be assured," said he, "I myself will do justice, and punish the crime more severely than the barons would venture to do. And never for any brother will I act otherwise."

Throughout the expedition, Lord Stafford, satisfied with the King's declaration that justice should be done, accompanied the army, "and during the whole time appeared to have forgotten the death of his son."* When the campaign was over, and the forces had returned to England, he set out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, hoping to soothe his grief by kneeling before the Holy Sepulchre; and the Princess of Wales heard of the terrible tragedy that had been enacted, and of the fixed resolve of the one son to give up the other to the

* Froissart.

just punishment of his crime. Perhaps no more painful combination of circumstances ever occurred than that which forced the sons of one mother into such heartrending and fatal opposition. For four days the unhappy Princess wept and pleaded with the one son for the pardon of the other, and wept and pleaded fruitlessly; and then, "broken-hearted," says Miss Yonge, "at the guilt of one and the justice of the other," she died on the fifth day at her castle of Wallingford. What her entreaties in life had failed to achieve, her death gained for her; for Richard, relenting too late, pardoned the criminal on condition of his making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land—a penance which John Holland contrived to turn into a journey to Spain with the army of the Duke of Lancaster.

"The will of the rich heiress," says Burke, "in which certain costly beds make a very conspicuous figure, may serve to exemplify the manners of the times as well as to illustrate the similar bequest in Shakespeare's testament. How much wrath and ink shed among the poet's commentators has been occasioned by the bequest of a handsome bed to Anne Hathaway! It was like cutting her off with a single shilling, and evidently betokened malice prepense to his better half on the part of the expiring poet. Yet here we have a Princess making the same sort of donation to her favourite sons, and evidently believing that she was marking her regard for them. It is lucky for the Fair Maid of Kent that she has found no commentators."

The will itself is as follows:—

"In the name, etc., in the year of our Lord 1385, and of the reign of my dear son Richard,

King of England and France, the 9th, at my castle of Walyngford, in the diocese of Salisbury, the 7th of August, I, Joan, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, Countess of Chester, and Lady Wake. My body to be buried in my chapel at Stamford, near the monument of my late lord and husband, the Earl of Kent. To my dear son, the King, my new bed of red velvet, embroidered with ostrich feathers of silver, and heads of leopards of gold, with boughs and leaves rising out of their mouths. To my dear son, Thomas, Earl of Kent, my bed of red camak, paired with red and rays of gold. To my dear son, John Holland, a bed of red camak. To my dear son, Richard, King of England and France, etc: And I appoint the venerable father in Christ, my dear friend and cousin, Robert, Bishop of London; William, Bishop of Winchester; John, Lord Cobham; William de Beauchamp, William de Nevill, Simon de Burle, Lewis Clifford, Richard Stury, John Worthe, steward of my lands, and John le Veche, knights; together with my dear chaplains, William de Fulburn and John de Yernemouth; and my loving esquires, William de Henpell and William Norton, my executors.

"Witnessed by the Pryor of Walyngforde and John James.

"Proved 9th December, 1385."

According to her injunctions, the Princess's body was conveyed to the Church of the Grey Friars at Stamford, and there "she was laid down in her last sleep, preferring, in death, companionship with the old knight to sharing a tomb in Canterbury with her second husband, Edward of Woodstock."*

* Dr. Doran.

The memory of her early days of indiscretion long survived her; so true is it that

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

When her unfortunate son was deposed, his successful cousin and rival, Bolingbroke, seized the occasion to revive old scandals connected with the fallen King's dead mother—an act that, had there been no further stain on Henry's character, would alone stamp him as utterly lacking in all the chivalry and generosity which had been the heritage of his race, and which were to revive again in his hero-son. That these scandals were much exaggerated to serve a political purpose there can be little doubt.

Not the least curious part of the Princess of Wales' story is the fact that of her many descendants, two, living a few years ago, and probably yet surviving, are supporting themselves, one as a farmer, the other as a butcher, at Hales-owen! Burke gives the following particulars touching this fact, which he declares to be "authentic beyond all question":—

"The fair Countess's eldest son, Thomas Holland, who succeeded to the earldom of Kent, had two sons, both in succession Earls of Kent, and both distinguished men. The elder, Thomas, created Duke of Surrey, and made a Knight of the Garter, was beheaded by Henry IV.; and the younger, Edmund, last Earl of Kent, Lord Admiral of England, was mortally wounded at the siege of Briak. Joan's second son, John Holland, was created Duke of Exeter by Richard II., and beheaded by Henry IV. The grandson of this ill-fated nobleman, Henry Holland, last Duke of Exeter, was so reduced that Comines narrates

that he saw him in such deep distress that 'he ran on foot barelegged after the Duke of Burgundy's train, begging bread for God's sake.' How he came by his death has never been ascertained. In 1473 his dead body was found in the sea, between Calais and Dover. . . . The male line of the Hollands, Earls of Kent, having ended as I have just described, the heirship of the illustrious race passed to the sisters of the last Earl. One of these married Edward Cherleton, Lord Powis, and transmitted her ancestral honours, through the Tiptofts and the Suttons, to Ferdinand, Lord Dudley, who died unmarried in 1757, when the Barony of Dudley fell into abeyance amongst his lordship's sisters. One of these high-born ladies, in whose veins flowed the blood of the mightiest families in the land, and in whom rested the coheirship of the Barony of Dudley, married Walter Woodcock, Esquire, known as 'Squire Woodcock,' and left four grandsons, coheirs to her hereditary distinctions, of whom the eldest was Joseph Smart, who carried on the business of a butcher at Halesowen! Marvellous indeed is the contrast! The descendant and corepresentative of the Fair Maid of Kent, the twelfth in a direct line from King Henry VII., the coheir of the lordly houses of Holland, Cherleton, Tiptoft, and Sutton, and, more than all, the coheir of the famous Barony of Dudley, was an illustrious butcher, within a few miles of the very castle where last his ancestors held almost royal sway.

The blood and courage that renowned them
Ran in his veins.

Mr. Smart retired from trade for upwards of twenty years before his death, which occurred in 1855; he left two sons, Joseph Smart, a farmer, of

Oatenfields, and Robert Smart, a butcher and grazier, both still resident at Halesowen."

Verily, truth is stranger than fiction; and no more curious turn of the wheel of fortune exists than that by which the royal beauty who might reasonably have looked to leave a line of her descendants on the throne of England, finds the representative of her race in the worthy butcher of Halesowen. Perhaps the vicissitudes of her line are but a fitting reflex of the many changes and chances of her own career; born a Plantagenet and an heiress; burdened with a superfluity of consorts; looking confidently forward to the crown matrimonial of England; and finally sleeping quietly, far from her royal kin, by the side of a husband whose name is remembered only through connection with her own.

4.

ANNE OF WARWICK.

ANNE OF WARWICK.

CHAPTER I.

Sadness of Anne's history—Her birth—Her royal descent—Margaret of Anjou—The rival Roses—Birth of Edward Prince of Wales—The King's malady—His recovery—Warwick's removal to Calais—His state—The Queen's exertions—Middleham Castle—Anne meets Richard of Gloucester—Battle of Hexham—Margaret's flight to France—Imprisonment of King Henry—Marriage of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville—Marriage of Clarence and Isabel of Warwick—The Earl deserts the Yorkists—Embarks at Dartmouth—Danger of the Duchess of Clarence—The Chateau d'Amboise—Reconciliation of Margaret and Warwick—Proposed marriage of the Prince of Wales and Anne—Margaret's indignation—Her tardy consent—Birth of Charles VIII.—Wedding of Edward and Anne—Warwick's journey to England—Elizabeth Woodville in Sanctuary—Birth of Edward V.—Release of Henry VI.—His prophecy—Anne in Paris—Sails for England—Reaction in favour of Edward IV.—He rejoins Elizabeth Woodville.

“THOU to whom all griefs were known” the pathetic words in which the poet Southey apostrophises Elizabeth Woodville, would have been still more appropriate if applied to the hapless lady whose sorrowful story is told in the succeeding pages. Bitterly as Elizabeth suffered, crushing as were the troubles that overwhelmed her, she had long intervals, not only of tranquillity, but of absolute sunshine—years of untroubled girlhood, of happy wifehood and motherhood as Lady Grey, of dazzling pomp as Queen; and, at the close of her chequered life, a space of peace and restfulness when her eldest and best-loved daughter held sway in her former place, and her

little grandson, the eagerly anticipated heir of England, was laid within her arms. But, through all the thirty-one years that make up the troublous record of Anne of Warwick's mournful history, there was scarcely an hour since the first days of her girlhood that was tinged with brightness. Widowed of her early love, forced into a marriage with the man whom of all others she most abhorred, and bereft of the one thing that rendered life endurable—her only child, hers seems a lot as peculiarly marked out by the "heritage of woe" as if she had belonged to that ill-fated house of whom it has been said that a Stuart is known by his doom of sorrow. Even Margaret of Anjou, the mother of her first love, hardly suffered greater woes, and is only more to be pitied by reason of the added years during which she was called on to endure them.

Anne Neville, the last Plantagenet Princess of Wales, was born at Warwick Castle in 1454. "On each side," says Miss Strickland, "of the faded melancholy portrait of this unfortunate lady, in the pictorial history of her maternal ancestry, called the Rous Roll, two mysterious hands are introduced, offering to her the rival crowns of York and Lancaster; while the white bear, the cognizance assumed by her mighty sire, Warwick the king-maker, lies muzzled at her feet, as if the royal lions of Plantagenet had quelled the pride of that hitherto tameless bear, on the blood-stained heath of Barnet." Subject though she was, Anne was no unmeet candidate for the crown matrimonial. She came of noble stock on both sides, and could boast of being three times over descended from the blood royal of England. Her paternal great-grandfather, Ralph Neville, Earl of Westmoreland, married Joan

Beaufort, daughter of John of Gaunt. Their third son, Richard, wedded Alice, only daughter and heiress of Thomas Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, whose title was conferred on his son-in-law after his death at the siege of Orleans in 1422. Shortly after the accession of Henry VI., their son, Richard, afterwards to be celebrated as the "King-maker," was born. He married Anne, daughter of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Her brother Henry, who was fourteen years old at the time of his father's death, succeeded to the estates. "He was crowned King of the Isle of Wight by Henry VI., and at the age of eighteen was created Duke of Warwick, and declared premier Earl of England. He had the castle of Bristol given him, with the islands of Guernsey and Jersey, the patronage of the Church and Priory of St. Mary Magdalen of Goldcliff, with leave to annex it to the Church of Tewkesbury. He confirmed the grants made by his predecessors to the Church of Tewkesbury, gave all the ornaments he wore to purchase vestments for the monastery, died in the twenty-second year of his age, and was buried in the choir." * It is curious to note that part of the vast family heritage was Tewkesbury Abbey, afterwards associated with the tragedy of Anne Neville's life. The Duke just mentioned left a little daughter, Anne, who did not long survive him; and on her death all the immense possessions devolved upon her aunt and namesake, whose husband, Richard Neville, was created through her right Earl of Warwick. The King-maker's wife had for her mother Isabel, the last of the Despenser family, and the child of Constance, daughter of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, through whom Anne of Warwick traced

* "Castles and Abbeys of England." By William Beattie.

her second descent from the blood royal. The Despensers were the representatives of the famous house of de Clare, one of whose most famous sons was Gilbert the Red, Earl of Gloucester, who had wedded the wilful and lovely Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I.—the third link between the hapless Anne and the royal line whose dignities she was to share.

No heir was born to the Earl and Countess to inherit their large possessions and enormous wealth. One other daughter, Isabel, born in 1451, and Anne, the subject of these pages, comprised their family; and the two little maidens grew up the greatest coheiresses in England. Meanwhile, before proceeding with her history, it may be well to give a brief sketch of the state of affairs a few years prior to Anne's birth. In 1445, Henry VI., the "meek usurper," had married the lovely Margaret of Anjou, a bride in every respect diametrically opposite to himself. Beautiful, brave, and dauntlessly high-spirited, she formed a startling contrast to the almost feminine gentleness and saintly meekness of her lord. "England," says Orleans, "had never seen a queen more worthy of a throne than Margaret of Anjou. No woman surpassed her in beauty, and few men excelled her in courage. It seemed as if she had been formed by Heaven to supply to her royal husband the qualities which he required in order to become a great king." "This woman," writes an old chronicler, quoted by Stowe, "excelled all others, as well in beauty and favour as in art and policy, and was in courage inferior to none."

For some years after the marriage no child was born, and Richard, Duke of York, the King's cousin, considered himself, and was considered by most, the heir to the kingdom. His wife, Cicely

Neville, the Rose of Raby, was sister to Warwick's father, and the great Earl was a staunch partizan of the Royal Duke. The Duke of Somerset was then Prime Minister, and his violent temper is said to have been the means of hastening the commencement of the miserable wars that for so many years devastated England. "According to historical tradition," says Miss Strickland, "those fatal badges of the contending houses of York and Lancaster, 'the pale and purple rose,' were assumed to distinguish the rival factions during the memorable dispute between Somerset and the Earl of Warwick, in the Temple Gardens, when Somerset, to collect the suffrages of the by-standers, plucked a red rose, and Warwick a white rose, and each called upon every man present to declare his party by taking a rose of the colour chosen by him whose cause he favoured. This was the prologue to that great national tragedy which ended in the extinction of the royal line and name of Plantagenet." Queen Margaret, who was a vehement upholder of Somerset, threw herself into the feud, and displayed her preference for him so undisguisedly as to deeply offend the haughty Earl of Warwick, and render him an active enemy. "The Queen," says Philippe de Comines, "had acted much more prudently in endeavouring to have adjusted the dispute between them, than to have said, 'I am of this party, and I will maintain it.'" But Margaret's policy was never a peaceful one; and when the Duke of York appeared to be assuming too great a degree of power in the State, it was she who persuaded her meek consort to have recourse to arms, but the gentle temper of the King proved stronger than the belligerent intentions of the Queen. He temporized when he should have fought, was

easily won over by the fluent speeches of the Duke, and returned well satisfied to London, rejoicing in the deceitful calm that was the forerunner of the storm.

In 1453, Margaret gave birth, on the 13th of October, St. Edward's day, in Westminster Palace, to that first and only son, who was well-named by Speed "the child of sorrow and infelicity." His birth occurred at a time of profound gloom. A month before, the King had been attacked by a mental malady, a sad heritage from his grandfather, the insane Charles VI., and at the time his heir was born was in a state of complete imbecility; and the Duke of York, deprived by the Prince's birth of his heirship to the throne, did not scruple to declare his belief that the child was not the son of Henry VI. Nevertheless, his wife attended the Queen at her churching on the 18th of November, with many other noble ladies, among whom the Countess of Warwick is the most remarkable; and an entry in the Pell Rolls records a payment made to the Queen of £554 16s. 8d. for five hundred and forty brown sable backs to trim her churching robe, twenty yards of russet cloth of gold to decorate the font, and a richly embroidered mantle for the little Prince of Wales at his baptism, when he received the name of the English saint on whose day he was born. The King's malady continued, and his case was apparently so hopeless that the Parliament appointed the Duke of York protector of the realm until Henry should recover, or the little Prince arrive at years of discretion. One of the first uses of his power made by the Duke was to cause the Duke of Somerset to be arrested in the very presence chamber of the Queen, who, bitterly indignant, was yet powerless

to avenge the insult. It was not till the November following that the King began to show signs of amendment; but then his recovery proceeded rapidly, and he seemed like one awakened from a long dream. The Queen brought him his baby son, and an interview followed, of which the following account is given in the Paston letters:—

“On Monday at noon the Queen came to him and brought my lord Prince with her; and then he asked, ‘What the Prince’s name was?’ and the Queen told him ‘Edward,’ and then he held up his hands and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time, nor wist what was said to him, nor wist where he had been, till now; and he asked who were the godfathers, and the Queen told him, and he was well apaid [content]. And she told him the Cardinal [Kemp] was dead, and he said he never knew of it till this time; then he said one of the wisest lords in this land was dead. And my Lord of Winchester and my Lord of St. John of Jerusalem were with him the morrow after Twelfth Day, and he did speak to them as well as ever he did, and when they came out they wept for joy. And he saith he is in charity with all the world, and so he would all the lords were. And now he saith Matins of Our Lady, and evensong, and heareth his mass devoutly.”

Influenced by the Queen, one of the first acts of King Henry was to restore the Duke of Somerset to power; and Warwick, dreading the vengeance of Margaret for his share in the Premier’s disgrace, retired with his wife and daughters to Calais, of which he was governor. Here much of the childhood of the Lady Anne was spent, with occasional visits to England when the good fortune of the Duke of York rendered

the presence of the Earl of Warwick expedient. In 1458, when a general congress of lords was summoned to attempt a pacification between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Earl of Warwick came from Calais to his London residence in Warwick Lane, accompanied by six hundred retainers, "all dressed alike in red jackets, with the bear and ragged staff embroidered both before and behind. At Warwick House, six oxen were daily devoured for breakfast, and all the taverns about St. Paul's and Newgate Street were full of Warwick's meat, for anyone who could claim acquaintance with that earl's red-jacketed gentry might resort to the flesh-pots, and, sticking his dagger therein, carry off as much beef as could be taken on a long dagger."* Owing principally to the deep-rooted animosity of the Queen and Earl this attempt at pacification ended in fresh turmoil, and all hope of a peaceful conclusion of the dispute was put an end to. With all her high spirits roused by the endeavours to deprive her child of his birthright, Margaret braced herself for every conceivable exertion that could by any possibility turn the tide. Under the hope of rousing the loyalty of the country, she took her husband and son in a royal progress through Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and Cheshire in the following summer. Her boy, the young Prince of Wales, then nearly six years old, was, says Miss Strickland, "a child of singular beauty and promise, for whom she engaged the favour of all the nobles and gentlemen in those loyal counties by causing him to distribute little silver swans, as his badge, wherever he came, and to all who pressed to look upon him. Margaret displayed peculiar tact in adopting, for her boy, the well-

* Stowe's "London."

remembered device which had distinguished his renowned ancestor, Edward III., whose name he bore. So well were her impassioned pleadings in his behalf seconded by the loveliness and winning behaviour of the princely child, that ten thousand men wore his livery at the battle of Blenheim.

During their visits to England, Warwick's family resided either at Warwick Castle, the birth place of the Lady Anne, or at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, a pile built, says Lord Lytton, "by Robert Fitz Ranulph, grandson of Ribald, younger brother of the Earl of Bretagne and Richmond, nephew to the Conqueror. The founder's line failed in male heirs, and the heiress married Robert Neville, son of Lord Raby." Here, after Edward IV. had, mainly through Warwick's agency, assumed the crown in 1461, Anne first met Richard, the young Duke of Gloucester, the evil genius of her life, who was probably placed under the guardianship of the Earl by his brother, the new King. He would then be a boy of twelve or fourteen, having been born on the 2nd of October, 1452, at Fotheringhay Castle. "At his nativity the scorpion was in the ascendant; he came into the world with teeth, and with a head of hair reaching to his shoulders. He was small of stature, with a short face and unequal shoulders, the right being higher than the left."* When the uncle of Lady Anne, George Neville, was enthroned as Archbishop of York, Richard was present at York Palace, "seated in the place of honour, in the chief banqueting room, upon the dais, under a cloth of estate or canopy, with the Countess of Westmoreland on his left hand; his sister, the Duchess of Suffolk, on his right; and the noble

* Rous.

maidens, his cousins, the Lady Anne and the Lady Isabel, seated opposite to him. These ladies must have been placed there expressly to please the Prince, by affording him companions of his own age, since the Countess of Warwick, their mother, sat at the second table, in a place much lower in dignity."* Majorus, a Flemish historian, quoted by Bucke in his life of Richard III., declares that the Prince formed a lasting attachment to Anne during these days of early companionship; but the preference was wholly on his side; and, indeed, it was not to be expected that a girl in the first flush of youth, brought up amongst dauntless knights and graceful cavaliers, should be attracted by the ungainly, if not deformed figure of the Duke of Gloucester, even though he were a Prince of the Blood Royal.

Meanwhile England was convulsed by the struggles of the rival roses. Margaret was still warring undauntedly for her boy's rights, and her efforts were at first successful; but in the spring of 1463 she was defeated at Hedgeley Moor, and immediately after, the battle of Hexham inflicted a still more fatal blow upon her hopes. Fleeing from the field with her little son, the Queen lost her way in the forest, and encountered the robber on whose protection she threw herself in the words well-known to all lovers of history—journeyed to Scotland, where she vainly strove to gain assistance from her old allies—and finally set sail for Flanders, and visiting Burgundy and Lorraine; and sojourning for a short time at Amboise, where the Queen of France, Charlotte of Savoy, held her Court, retired to the Castle of Kurere, near St. Michiel, given her by her father, René, the troubadour King, where, with a few

* Strickland.

faithful followers, among whom Sir John Fortescue, whilom Lord Justice of England, held a prominent place, she lived for some years in seclusion, educating her child, on whose behalf Sir John wrote his celebrated treatise on the English constitution, "*De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*," for which we must fain hope his royal pupil was properly grateful; though, as the subject of the book was Law, and the language Latin, it is much to be feared that the young Prince of Wales continued to prefer his martial exercises, for which he had shown what the former Lord Justice considered an undue predilection, to the more arduous study of Sir John's volume.

Thanks to the swiftness of his horse, King Henry had escaped after the battle of Hexham, and for some months led a wandering life in the north of England, where he was concealed first by one loyal gentleman and then another. Betrayed by the treachery of a monk, he was at last arrested by Yorkist emissaries, and brought to London in ignominious fashion, with his legs tied to the stirrups of his palfrey, and a scoffing inscription fastened on his shoulders. He was met at Islington by the Earl of Warwick, who so far forgot his chivalry and his manhood as to insult the fallen sovereign, whose very meekness and helplessness should have been his protection, by leading him three times round the pillory, as was done with common felons, and crying to the assembled mob, "Treason, treason, and behold the traitor." Henry bore all his trials and indignities with the same unalterable placidity and gentleness. Perhaps he was in truth happier in his long captivity in the Tower, solitary and undisturbed, than when perpetually harassed by his impetuous Queen to make fresh efforts for regaining that in-

heritance which, left to himself, he would have very uncomplainingly resigned. Indeed, the lines which tradition asserts he composed while a prisoner breathe a spirit of acquiescence in the inevitable curiously like content :—

Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Who meaneth to remove the rocke
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood.

Edward IV. was now seated triumphantly on the throne for which he and his father had dared so much, and all seemed to promise undisturbed security; but the sunshine was but the passing brightness before the bursting of a storm which again plunged England into all the miseries of the worst of warfare, and which was fraught with memorable and tragic consequences to more than one of the high-born actors who then played their parts. Warwick, to whom the accession of Edward had been mainly due, was a man of unbridled ambition; and he had confidently looked forward to the time when the young King would recompense his exertions by espousing his eldest daughter, Isabel, an extremely handsome maiden. These expectations had been put an end to by the unlooked for marriage of the new sovereign with Sir John Grey's fair widow, whose yellow hair and dazzling complexion had made a conquest of the very impressionable heart of Edward, and whose unexpected elevation procured her the bitter enmity of the disappointed king-maker. The Lady Isabel was given in marriage by her father to

George, Duke of Clarence, brother to the King, and the wedding took place at Calais, where the Earl and his son-in-law elect, upon their arrival, "were solemnly received and joyously entertained by the Countess of Warwick and her two daughters; and after the Duke had sworn on the Sacrament ever to keep part and promise with the Earl, he married Isabel in the Lady Church at Calais, in the presence of the Countess and her daughter Anne."* That his brother of Gloucester would have been very willing to espouse the latter lady seems to have been well-known to Clarence, who, in a fit of discontent at the honours showered by Edward on the kindred of Elizabeth Woodville, said to Warwick, "By sweet St. George I swear, that if my brother Gloucester would join me, I would make Edward know we were all one man's sons, which should be nearer to him than strangers of his wife's blood."

The king-maker and his wife accompanied the newly-married pair to England, the Earl still bitterly incensed against Edward, and only too ready to find a pretext for forsaking him. A reason was not long in forthcoming; and Warwick headed an insurrection which broke out against the Yorkist King in the autumn of 1469. The cause of his disaffection is doubtful; some attribute it merely to the failure of his ambitious project of placing his daughter on the throne; others assert that, in the words of Holinshed, "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the Earl's house which was much against the Earl's honesty (whether he would have insulted his daughter or his niece, the certainty was not, for both their honours, openly revealed). Whether," continues the chronicler, "the injury that the

* Hall.

Earl thought he received at the King's hands, or the disdain of authority which the Earl had under the King, was the cause of the breach of amity betwixt them : troth it is, that the privy intentions of their hearts brake into so many small pieces, that England, France, and Flanders, could never join them again during their natural lives." Finding that King Edward had escaped from the detention in which Warwick had placed him, the latter, accompanied by his wife, his daughter Anne, the Duke of Clarence, who had deserted his brother's cause, and the Duchess Isabel, embarked at Dartmouth, and set sail, with a fleet of which he was master, for France. This fleet was pursued by Lord Rivers, the Queen's brother, and Admiral of the Yorkist navy; and all the vessels were taken save that containing the Earl and his family. "While this ship was flying from the victorious enemy, a dreadful tempest arose, and the ladies on board were afflicted at once with terror of wreck, and the oppression of sea-sickness. To add to their troubles, the Duchess of Clarence was taken in labour with her first child. In the midst of this accumulation of disasters, the tempest-tossed bark made the offing of Calais; but in spite of the distress on board, Vauclerc, whom Warwick had left as his lieutenant, held out the town against him, and would not permit the ladies to land; he, however, sent two flagons of wine on board for the Duchess of Clarence, with a private message, assuring Warwick 'that the refusal arose from the townspeople,' and advising him to make some other port in France. The Duchess of Clarence soon after gave birth, on board ship, to the babe who had chosen so inappropriate a time for its entrance into a troublesome world, and the whole family landed safely at Dieppe the beginning

of May, 1470.”* As soon as the ladies of the party had sufficiently recovered to travel, the whole party, including the Duke and Duchess of Clarence, journeyed to Amboise, where they were cordially welcomed by Louis XI., who was anxious to effect a reconciliation between the Earl and Queen Margaret, foreseeing in such an arrangement political advantages accruing to himself. The grand old Castle, whose ruins still look down in picturesque state on the Loire as it rolls at their base, and which claimed for its traditionary founder no less a personage than Julius Cæsar himself, was a favourite residence of the Kings of France. Charles VII. and the lovely Agnes Sorel, “*Dame de Beauté*,” had often dwelt there; and Louis XI. had bestowed on it so large a share of royal favour, that he there constructed some of his ominously numerous *oubliettes*,—a method of approval peculiar to himself, and thoroughly characteristic of the sovereign who preferred being his own jailer, and having the miseries of his prisoners always *en evidence*. Like most of the old *châteaux* of France, Amboise was ruined at the time of the Terror; but enough remains for the modern beholder to estimate fully its former glory. The part which has suffered least is the Castle Chapel, dedicated to St. Hubert, “a gem of Gothic Art, cruciform, and perched on a rock, the sides of which are encased in masonry. It is exquisitely carved throughout, but its great charm is in the sculptured panel beneath the canopy of the doorway. The subject is the Conversion of St. Hubert. The huntsmen and dogs are transfixed in adoration before the Crucifix, displayed between the horns of the stag at bay.”† “Every broken tower and crumbling bastion,” says a modern

* Strickland.

† Ernest George.

writer,* "has a tale to tell, if we will listen to it. From beneath the massive stone-work of the central arch of the Castle, we may see the Victorieux sallying forth in his newly-awakened life to activity and glory, while Agnes Sorel unfurls her banner on the battlement above, and waves a last inspiring adieu to her lover king; knights clad in armour, and fair women in silken robes, wander in merry dalliance through the halls and stately galleries; while from the courts without spectral figures look in at them, blending death-shrieks with the silvery laughter, and the creaking of the gibbet and the hideous purr of the wheel with festive song and the music of the dance; we hear the voice of the unburied past echoing through the crannies of the mouldering walls, and up from the dismal caves below the keep, telling many a tale of love and strife, of treachery and triumph, of joy and desolation; and as we hearken, the grand old Loire rolls its deep wave at our feet, washing the shadow of the fallen towers, unchanged, unchangeable amidst the changes of the world, its cold, blue waters bearing no footprints on their breast, taking no heed of the human tide that ebbs and flows and breaks unrestful on its banks."

Perhaps no stranger scene in the great tragedy of the Wars of the Roses was ever witnessed than the reconciliation between the exiled Queen and the haughty Earl, with the crafty King of France for mediator and general smoother away of difficulties. Margaret was not exactly the meek-spirited kind of woman who could forgive her enemies sweetly and take them back to honour and confidence when conscience and expediency suggested; and even for the sake of her son, such

* "The Old Castles of France."

a measure as a compact of pardon and alliance with her foe was a struggle almost too bitter for her fiery Provençal spirit. Warwick was not only the enemy of her house, and the leader of the revolt against her child's rights, though those facts were in themselves sufficient to set all the southern blood in her veins aflame, and to make vendetta the one grand object of her wishes; he was the merciless insulter of her husband, whose helpless meekness made him something to be protected as a child, rather than revered as a lord; and it was his voice that for long years had ever been lifted as the traducer of her own fair fame, the destroyer of her reputation. Nothing short of the knowledge that to be unforgiving now was robbing her boy of his last hope of inheritance could have bent the haughty spirit of the Angevin Queen. Had she been warring for herself, she would have died rather than have yielded an inch of vantage to her haughty foe, who, valiant as he was, was not more utterly dauntless than herself; but the strong mother-love that animated her whole being prevailed over the imperial pride of Charlemagne's descendant; and Margaret, having first passionately refused to see or speak with the repentant noble, suffered herself to be persuaded by the cunning wiles and honey-sweet speeches of Louis XI. into a reconciliation with the king-making Earl. He was granted an audience; but the Queen could hardly yet bring herself to the necessary degree of pardon and prudence. "In this," says an old chronicler; * "Queen Margaret was right difficult, and showed to the King of France, in presence of the Duke of Guienne, that with honour to herself and her son she might not,

* "Manner and Guiding of the Earl of Warwick." Harleian MS. quoted by Miss Strickland.

and she would not, pardon the said earl, who had been the greatest cause of the downfall of King Henry, and that never of her own spirit might she be contented with him, ne pardon him." The Queen declared that "it would be greatly prejudicial to pardon the Earl of Warwick; for in England she and her son had certain parties and friends, which they might likely lose by this means, which would do them more hindrance than the Earl and his allies could do them good;"* and she therefore prayed King Louis "to leave off speaking for the said pardon and alliance."† Then the Earl of Warwick, who seems to have been present during this exposition of Margaret's sentiments, desired to speak in his own defence. Humbling to her high spirit as the interview must have been to the Queen, it was not less galling to the king-maker. He, who had passionately sought, by force of arm and slander of tongue, to drive Margaret and her husband and child from their royal estate; he, whose vast power and influence had mainly contributed to place Edward of York on the throne, and who was, in point of fact, greater than either of the rival Kings, had received at the hands of the sovereign to whom he had given the crown such base ingratitude and unpardonable insult that his one desire was to wipe out the affront with blood; and his vengeance was only attainable by means of submission to, and forgiveness from, the woman whom he had opposed and calumniated for years, and whom he detested with a strength and energy matching her own. To be obliged to exculpate himself and excuse his actions to *her* must have been as bitter a draught to the proud Earl as aught the fates could have prepared. Both sovereign and noble

* Strickland.

† Harleian MS.

were cast in no common mould ; both were strong-souled and utterly dauntless, with indomitable pride and wills of adamant ; and had not the guiding principles of both—the passionate mother-love of the woman, and the passionate vengeance-thirst of the man—led them to one goal, nothing but death would have stilled the enmity that lived in every throb of the heart of each. “It was by his means,” admitted Warwick, humbly, “that the Queen was dethroned, but that, before he had done or thought of doing her any harm, her false counsellors had plotted his destruction, body and goods, and that no nobleman, outraged and despaired [driven to desperation] could have done otherwise.”* Margaret was not easily mollified ; but the Earl, having resolved on his rôle, acted it out thoroughly. “He told her ‘he had been the means of upsetting King Edward and unsettling his realm, and that he would, for the time to come, be as much his foe as he had formerly been his friend and maker.’ He besought the Queen and Prince, ‘that so they would take him, and repute him, and forgive him all he had done against them, offering himself to be bounden by all manner of ways to be their true and faithful subject for the time to come ; and that he would set for his surety, the King of France.’ King Louis, being then present, agreed to be surety, praying the Queen Margaret, ‘that at his request she would pardon the Earl of Warwick, showing the great love he had to the said Earl, for whom he would do more than any man living.’ And so Queen Margaret, being likewise urged by the agents of King René, her father, after many treaties and messages, pardoned the Earl of Warwick, and so did her son also.”† Whether

* Harleian MS.

† Harleian MS.

the forgiveness was most bitter to pardon or pardoned it would be hard to say.

There was another suppliant for the Queen's grace in the Earl of Oxford who had come with Warwick to declare his allegiance to the Red Rose. He had always been a half-hearted partizan of the Yorkist side, ever since he had joined it; and Margaret extended her forgiveness to him in a widely different manner to that in which she had suffered rather than received the repentance of the king-maker. "Your pardon," she told him, "is right easy to purchase, for well I know you and your friends have suffered much things for King Henry's quarrels." On the 15th July, Margaret first beheld the Lady Anne, who, with the Countess her mother, was presented to the reconciled sovereign; and Louis XI. undertook the task of negotiating a marriage between the young coheirress of the Nevilles and Beauchamps and the Prince of Wales. Crafty, cool, and impervious to winged words as he was, the King must have needed all his moral courage, or whatever equivalent he possessed for it, to broach such a subject to the Lancastrian Queen. Her contempt at the notion of such an alliance was measureless. She had indeed consented to pardon her rebel subject; but the union of her son and that rebel's daughter was not to be thought of. The bare idea was intolerable. She had bent to expediency, and to the will of her counsellors once, but this was more than she could brook. "She would not in any wise consent, or yield to any request the King of France might make her. Sometimes she said, that 'she saw neither honour nor profit, ne for her, ne for her son the Prince.' Another time she alleged that she would and she should find a more profitable party, and of more advantage with the

King of England [Edward IV.]. Indeed she showed to the King of France a letter which she said was sent to her out of England that last week, by the which was offered to her son my lady Princess [Elizabeth, afterwards wife of Henry VII.].”* For fifteen days she resolutely declined to discuss the projected match; but at last, surrounded by the entreaties of her father, of Louis XI., and of the friends of Warwick, and, it may be, influenced by the young Prince himself, who was no unwilling party to the scheme, she yielded her consent, and the following articles were solemnly agreed to by the reluctant Queen and her elated noble:—

“First, the Earl of Warwick swore upon the true cross at Angers, in St. Mary’s Church, that without change he shall always hold the party of King Henry, and serve him, the Queen, and Prince, as a true and faithful subject oweth to serve his sovereign lord.

“The King of France and his brother [Charles, Duke of Guienne] then clothed in canvass robes, in the said Church of St. Mary, swore they would help and sustain to the utmost of their powers the Earl of Warwick in the quarrel of King Henry. Queen Margaret then swore to treat the Earl as true and faithful to King Henry and the Prince, and for his past deeds never to make him any reproach.

“After the recovery of the kingdom, the Prince was to be Regent of all the realm, and the Duke of Clarence to have all his own lands and those of the Duke of York. Item,—From that time forth the daughter of the Earl of Warwick shall be put and remain in the hands and the keeping of the Queen Margaret; but the said marriage not to be perfected till the Earl of Warwick had been with

* Harleian MS.

an army over into England, and recovered the realm in the most part thereof for King Henry. The Earl of Warwick affirmed, at the same time, that if he were once over the sea, he should have more than fifty thousand fighters at his commandment; but if the King of France would help him with a few folk, he would pass the sea without delay. Louis gave a subsidy of forty-six thousand crowns, besides two thousand French archers."

While the preparations for the wedding were proceeding, the Queen of France gave birth at Amboise to a son, afterwards Charles VIII., that self-distrustful, undersized, irresolute, but not altogether unchivalrous King, who never ceased to regret the want of education caused by the carrying out of his father's cynical motto, "*Qui scit dissimulare scit regnare*," and who, in spite of his reputed indecision and lack of energy, carried off "*la petite Brette*," from all her suitors, and made the Duchess-Queen a better husband than she would have found in any of the brilliant pretenders who wooed her. The christening of this child was solemnized with great splendour, and the young Prince of Wales was asked to be his godfather; and almost immediately afterwards the wedding of Edward and Anne took place, either at the end of July or the beginning of August, 1470, and was celebrated with much rejoicing and feasting. A strange assembly was congregated to see the ceremony—Margaret, the haughty Queen; Warwick, the no less haughty noble; the gentle Countess, his wife; René, the poet-king, with his second consort, Jeanne de Laval, a lady who, says Villeneuve, "was of so grave a character, that she was never known to laugh but once, at a pageant devised by her royal husband—namely, a boat filled with water

pipes, which played on every side, and completely drenched those spectators who did not use some agility in getting out of the way;" Sir John Fortescue, that faithful follower of the Red Rose; "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," come to behold the marriage that was to be the keystone of his brother's destruction; the lovely Isabel his wife, sister of the bride-princess of Wales; and, hovering by them, with sneering eye and sinister smile, like the evil genius of a fairy tale, the dark form of the French King, who viewed the troth-plight of the fair young couple in a strictly practical light, as the means of advancing some of his own deep-laid schemes. Anne might well be proud of her young bridegroom; for, apart from his rank and state, Edward of Lancaster was noted by all the chroniclers of his time for his grace, manly beauty, and mental cultivation. The scene looked fair enough; and few guessed what misfortune was to descend on so many of the brilliant throng, or dreamed of the misery in store for bridegroom and bride—of the tragic death in his youth in store for him, and the still more sorrowful life she was to endure on the dreary splendour of her throne.

On the 4th of August the Earl of Warwick departed, according to agreement, on his way to England, leaving his wife and newly-wedded daughter with the Queen. There was a warm welcome awaiting him in England. The lower classes had made him one of their heroes, and were wearying for his presence.

"The absence of the Earle of Warwick," says Hall, "made the common people daily more and more to long, and bee desirous to have the sight of him, and presently to behold his personage. For they judged that the sunne was clerely taken

from the world when he was absent. In such high estimation, amongst the people was his name, they had in so much honour neither no one persone they so much praised, or to the clouds so highly extolled. What shall I say? His only name sounded in every song in the mouth of the common people, and his persone [effigy] was represented with great reverence when publique plaies or open triumphes should be showed or set furthe abrode in the stretes." "When the earle had taken land," says the same chronicler, "he made a proclamation, in the name of King Henry VI., upon high paynes, commanding and charging all men apt or able to bear armour, to prepare themselves to fight against Edward, Duke of York, who had untruly usurped the crowne and dignity of this realm." All indeed seemed hopeful for the Red Rose. The troops revolted against King Edward, who fled to Lynn, whence he took ship for the continent; and Warwick and Clarence marched to London, the king-maker being received enthusiastically at every town on the road, with shouts of "A Warwick! a Warwick! King Harry! King Harry!" In the metropolis itself matters were in a strange state. In one part of the Tower dwelt the deposed King, all unconscious of the efforts that were being made for his restoration to liberty and royalty; in another portion of the same pile, Edward's Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, with her mother, Jaquetta, Duchess of Bedford, and her three little daughters, had been placed in safety by her husband. The fair Queen's nerves, however, were not of the strongest; and the day that the Earl of Warwick entered London she fled up the river to Westminster, where she took refuge in the Sanctuary, near to St. Margaret's churchyard, "a massive

structure, of strength sufficient to stand a siege. It had a church built over it in the form of a cross. Such is the description given by Dr. Stukely, who had seen it standing. It was a pile of such vast strength, built by Edward the Confessor, that the workmen employed in its demolition, in the last century, almost despaired of ever being able to level it. To the west of the Sanctuary stood the Almonry, where the alms of the Abbey were distributed; and on this spot was erected the first printing-press, when Caxton published the first printed book known in England, called 'The Game of Chess,' under the patronage of Elizabeth's brother and Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester."* Here the Queen registered herself, her mother, her children, and her attendant, Lady Scrope, as sanctuary-women; and here, on the 1st of November, amid sadness and gloom and peril, was born that Prince of Wales who, taking his rival's name, seemed to take with it the doom of misfortune and early death they were both to endure. While the babe and his mother were being tended in the Sanctuary by a few faithful friends, far different scenes were being enacted close around them. The Earl of Warwick had ridden straight to the Tower, and brought out King Henry, astonished, confused, and half unwilling to be restored to his ancient state. On the 25th of October he had been taken—all Henry's life is told in the passive voice—to St. Paul's, to return thanks for his liberation, the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence attending him. Crowned and attired in a blue velvet robe, he submissively did his partizan's bidding; returned thanks, gave alms, and passed back to the Bishop of London's palace,

* Strickland.

meekly acquiescent. "Was it," says a chronicler, "a ghost who was seated in the royal litter, or a calf crowned and adorned for the sacrifice?" Among those who came to pay him homage was Henry, Earl of Richmond, then a boy of ten years old. The King looked on him as he knelt, and then observed to his attendants, "Lo, surely this is he to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give room and place"—a prediction curiously fulfilled in after years.

While the Red Rose was thus triumphing in England, and all things looked bright for the Lancastrian party, the young Princess of Wales and her mother, who had been kept by Warwick as pledges of his good faith with Margaret and her son, were royally entertained by Louis XI.; and, late in the autumn, the whole party—the Queen, the Prince and Princess, and the Countess of Warwick—set out for Paris, escorted by a guard of honour, and arrived there in November. "The streets," says Maître Nicolle Gilles, "were gaily dressed to welcome them; and they were lodged in the palace, where they received the news of the landing of the Earl of Warwick, and that King Henry was freed, and in possession of his kingdom; upon which Queen Margaret with all her company resolved to return to England." The King's orders had been that she should be received in the capital with all the honours accorded to a Queen of France, and the edict, grateful to the chivalrous feelings of the citizens, was loyally obeyed. "The Archbishop of Paris, the University, the Parliament, the officers of the Châtelet, the provost of the merchants, all in their habits of ceremony, both received her and conducted her out of the city. All the streets

through which she passed, from the gate of St. Jacques to the palace of St. Paul, were hung with rich tapestry, and nothing was omitted that could add to the solemnity of her reception.”*

Passionately eager as she had now become to return to England, the ill-luck of her whole life seemed to be still following Queen Margaret. Her father, at great personal sacrifice, had assisted her in her preparations, and by February, 1471, all was ready; but the wind was obstinately against her setting out. Three times she put to sea from Harfleur, and three times was driven, not without peril, back to the coast; and it was not until the 24th of March, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales, that she was enabled to start in safety for England. The Countess of Warwick embarked at the same time, in another vessel, intending to rejoin the royal party on their arrival in England.

But the brief gleam of prosperity enjoyed by the Red Rose was rapidly fading. The people had no love for the apathetic King whom they were now called on to revere, and longed for the return of the handsome young monarch whose gracious joviality and frank grace had taken their hearts by storm; Clarence had deserted the cause of his father-in-law, and returned to his brother's support; and the tide of popular opinion was setting strongly in favour of the Yorkist party. Early in March Edward landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire with a body of foreign troops; and, joined daily by adherents, marched to London. Here he guessed rightly he would be gladly welcomed. The Archbishop of York indeed tried to excite popular sympathy for the Lancastrian King by

* Strickland.

leading Henry, dressed in regal attire, through the principal streets, and calling on the people to take arms for the defence of their pious sovereign ; but the "meek usurper" was not the character likely to excite enthusiasm as a leader, though he was by many revered almost as a saint for his monastic virtues ; and all eyes and hearts were fixed on the return of Edward. The latter, now very near the capital, sent, according to Fleetwood's Chronicle, "on the 9th of April, very comfortable messages to his queen, and to his true lords, servants, and lovers, who advised and practised secretly how he might be received and welcomed in his city of London." The "advising and practising" was eminently successful ; for, arriving at the city gates on the 11th, they were thrown open to him, and he entered at the head of his troops, greeted with enthusiasm by the citizens. He first visited St. Paul's, and then repaired to the Bishop's Palace, where Henry was meekly waiting to welcome his conqueror.

"Cousin," said the deposed King, meekly, "I bid you welcome ; my life I ween will be safe in your hands ?"

Such utter and unnecessary weakness generally meets with more contempt than admiration ; and Edward may be excused for answering with something of scorn that he need not be afraid, but might make himself comfortable. The victorious King had more interesting interviews to look forward to than that with his overthrown rival. He hurried to that Westminster Sanctuary where his wife and children were awaiting him, and was met by Elizabeth, carrying his unknown heir in her arms—the child whose coming had been so eagerly anticipated, and whose birth had occurred at so

unfortunate and ill-omened a moment. His mother had not behaved in a particularly heroic manner, and had not indeed much stamina of any sort about her; but now that the wheel had turned courtly panegyrists were not wanting to eulogize her involuntary seclusion. The young King himself, passionately fond of "his Elizabeth," was not backward in consoling her for all she had undergone. "He comforted the Queen," says Fleetwood, "that had a long time abided there, the security of her person resting solely on the great franchises of that holy place; sojourning in deep trouble, sorrow, and heaviness, which she sustained with all manner of patience belonging to any creature, and as constantly as ever was seen by any person of such high estate to endure, natheless, she had brought into the world, to the King's greatest joy, a fair son, a prince, wherewith she presented her husband at his coming, to his heart's singular comfort and gladness, and to all them that him truly loved." On the day of their meeting Edward removed Elizabeth and her children to Castle Baynard, where they kept the following day—Good Friday—with all due solemnity. A very few more days were now to suffice for the final extinction of the Lancastrian hopes. The Red Rose, which had hitherto stood the storm so gallantly, and which reverses seemed powerless to destroy, was now to be finally uprooted, and its white rival for a few brief years to flourish in its stead, until

The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallowed beneath the thorny shade.

Retribution would come to the murderer in his turn; and the last throes of unrest that owed

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their being to the warring of the rival roses were not to be finally stilled till that August evening on Bosworth Plain, when Richard Plantagenet lay dead in the twilight, and the crown was raised from its hiding place amid the hawthorn to be placed on the brow of Henry Tudor.

CHAPTER II.

Arrival of Queen Margaret, Edward, and Anne—Battle of Barnet
Heath—Queen's despair—Margaret and Anne go to Beaulieu
—Queen's wavering—Her ill luck—Battle of Tewkesbury—
—Murder of Edward Prince of Wales—His burial—
Margaret and Anne captives—Death of Henry VI.—His
funeral—His character—The Queen's captivity—Her return
to France—Anne's desolation—Her aversion to Richard—
Her disguise—Richard's appearance—His character—The
Countess of Warwick—Marriage of Richard and Anne—An
unlucky title—Anne gives birth to a son—Her love for him—
Death of the Duchess of Clarence—Her husband's grief
—His fickleness—His arrest—His imprisonment—His
mysterious death—Exclamation of Edward IV.

ON Easter Eve, April 13th, after a tedious and perilous voyage of sixteen days, Queen Margaret, with her son Edward, and his wife, the bride Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Prior of St. John's, Sir John Fortescue, Sir Henry Rous, and many other loyal adherents, landed at Weymouth, and went at once to Cearne, a small religious house near the port, where they kept the festival of Easter Day. While they were thus resting from their journey, and, may be, looking forward hopefully to the brighter days they believed in store for them—for alliance with the all-powerful king-maker was looked on as equivalent to success—the rival sovereign was marching to Barnet, where the two armies lay opposite to one another all through the night of Easter Eve, waiting for the dawn to commence what each side felt was to be a *combat à l'outrance*. "Easter Day," says Miss Yonge, "dawned in heavy mist; but long before light, by four or five in the morning, King Edward was in the field arraying his forces. Each army was in three divi-

sions—Edward, his brother Richard, who was only nineteen, and Lord Hastings, being severally opposed to Somerset, Warwick, and Montagu. Oxford, who was in Montagu's division, completely gained the advantage over Hastings, and pursued him into the town of Barnet; but marching back to the assistance of Warwick, who was hardly bested by the Duke of Gloucester, the radiant star of the De Veres was mistaken for the resplendent sun of King Edward, and the succour was received with a discharge of arrows. In that period of doubly-dyed treacheries, when no man durst trust in friend or brother, the mistake was fatal to Warwick's division; and as Somerset was already giving way before the King, the rout of the Lancastrians was complete, and the slaughter terrific. Warwick and Montagu fell on the field, Exeter was left for dead, Somerset and Oxford escaped to Wales, and full seven thousand were butchered."

The morn of Easter Monday brought the fearful news of her champion's death, and the utter defeat of her forces, to the hapless Queen at Cearne. She swooned on hearing it, and only recovered consciousness to bewail the load of misfortune laid upon her. "In her agony, she reviled the calamitous temper of the times in which she lived, and reproached herself for all her painful labours, now turned to her own misery, and declared 'she desired rather to die than live longer in this state of infelicity.'"^{*} But her spirit was too brave to suffer her to indulge long in weak lamenting; and she started at once for Beaulieu Abbey, "which has as great privileges as that of Westminster, or of St. Martin's, at London,"[†] with all her suite, and there found the

^{*} Hall.

[†] Fleetwood.

Countess of Warwick, who, having crossed in a more swiftly-sailing ship, had landed before Margaret at Portsmouth, and had proceeded as far as Southampton, intending to join the Queen and Princess of Wales at Weymouth, when the fatal news from Barnet reached her, and she fled across the New Forest to seek sanctuary at Beaulieu. "A melancholy meeting it must have been," says Miss Strickland, "between the despairing Queen, the widowed Countess, and the Princess of Wales, now so sorrowfully linked in fellowship of woe."

As soon as it was known whither the Queen had repaired, the Duke of Somerset, son of the former prime minister, and Jasper Tudor, both ardent partizans of the Lancastrian cause, visited her, and, finding her almost overwhelmed with sorrow and anxiety, cheered her by telling her "they had already a good puissance in the field, and trusted, with the encouragement of her presence and that of the Prince, soon to draw all the northern and western counties to the banner of the Red Rose;" and Somerset added further, speaking of Warwick's death, that, had he survived, he would only have remained loyal, while he was allowed to domineer, and that there were many who would fight far more willingly in her cause when her old foe was no longer her principal champion. But Margaret, with what seems almost a presentiment of the rapidly approaching fate of her son, appeared more occupied in thinking of his safety than his success; and told them it was for his sake she had claimed the protection of sanctuary, and for his well-being "she passionately implored them to provide;"* adding, "that it was her opinion no good would be done in the

* Hall.

field this time, and therefore it would be best for her and the Prince, with such as chose to share their fortunes, to return to France, and there to tarry till it pleased God to send her better luck."

Such a speech, from one of such leonine energy and dauntless courage, shows how her hopes must have been shattered by perpetual reverses, and how the mother-love that made her spend her whole being in defence of her boy's rights, rendered her fearful for him where she would have been fearless for herself; but such caution was not likely to suit the inclinations of her two fiery adherents, or indeed of her son himself, who inherited with the "aspiring blood of Lancaster" all the fire and tamelessness of the Plantagenet race. Somerset impetuously told the Queen "that there was no occasion to waste any more words, for they were all determined, while their lives lasted, still to keep war against their enemies;" and the gallant young Prince of Wales refused to return to France while he could strike a blow for the liberation of his father and the restoration of his own inheritance. "Well, be it so," said the Queen, when she found her demurs overborne by their vehemence; and the Lancastrians agreed to disperse, and collect forces in the western counties, which were strongly attached to the Red Rose. So secret did Margaret keep her proceedings that she had collected a large number of troops before King Edward knew of her whereabouts; but when her locality became known, he marched to Marlborough, where he was within a short distance of her; but, her army not being as yet sufficiently powerful to contend with him, she retreated from Bath to Bristol, intending to join Jasper Tudor's forces in Wales. While at "Bristow" she "sent out certain horsemen to espie whether she might

safely pass over the river Seuerne, by Gloucester, into Wales, whither she determined first to go to augment her armie; and then without any delay, with speere and shielde, to set on her enemyes wheresoever they would abyde.”* Could the Queen have carried out her purpose of crossing into Wales, where the two armies could have united, the course of her history might have been very different; but, though she had many friends in Gloucester, through whom she offered enormous bribes to the authorities, the city had been intimidated by its Duke, and the answer given was “that they were under the obeisance of the Duke of Gloucester, and bound to oppose her passage.” To besiege the town, with Edward’s army behind her, would have been too full of peril, and she passed over towards “a propre town on Seuerne-syde called Tewkesbury,”† marching thirty-seven miles without food along perplexing cross-roads, harassed by perpetual skirmishes with the enemy. This was on the evening of the 3rd of May; and Margaret, hearing that the Yorkist army was at Cheltenham, would have retreated, to avoid giving battle till she was better prepared. “She was sore abashed, and wonderfully amazed,” says Grafton, “and determined in herselfe to flie into Wales, to Jasper, Earle of Pembroke. But the Duke willyng in no wise to flie backward, for doubts that he casted might chance by the way, determined there to tarrye to take such fortune as God would sende.” The house of this hot-headed young nobleman had, as Miss Yonge said, “always been the bane of Lancaster;” and it is to his obstinacy that the fatal battle which was the death-blow of the Red Rose must be attributed; but it was impossible to move him from his

* Grafton.

† *Ibid.*

determination, and, "taking his will for reason, he pitched his camp in the fair park, and there entrenched himself, sorely against the opinion, not only of the Queen, but of all experienced captains of the army."*

Edward, hearing at Cheltenham of Somerset's movements, though his army was exhausted by a march of thirty miles across the Coltswood Hills, without "horse meat or man's meat," barely gave his men time to eat the provisions brought with them, and led them to within three miles of the rival forces that very night. The army of the Red Rose was encamped on the spot now significantly known as the "Bloody Meadow," where "the Duke of Somerset, like a pollitike warriour, trenched hys campe round about of such an attitude, and so strongly, that hys enemyes by no means easily could make any entry; and further, perceivying that his part could never escape without battaile, determined there to see the ende of hys good or yll chaunce; wherefore he marshalled his hoste after this maner; he and the Lord John of Somerset, his brother, led the forewarde; the middle warde was governed by the Prince, under the conduyte of the Lord of Saint John's and Lorde Wenlocke, whome King Edward had highly before preferred, and promoted to the degree of a baron. The rear warde was put in the rule of the Earle of Devonshire. When all these battayles were thus ordered and placed, the Queene and her sonne, Prince Edward, rode about the felde encouraging their souldiors, promisyng to them, if they did shew themselves valiaunt against their enemyes, great rewardes, and high promotions, innumerable gaine of the spoyle and

* Hall.

bootye of their adversaries, and above all other, fame and renoun through the whole realme.”*

Lovers of Shakespeare will remember, as they read this passage, the stirring words the Bard of Avon puts in the mouth of the Angevin Queen :—

Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say,
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this :—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil,
You fight in justice; then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

Edward of York had likewise placed his army in battle array. He put the vanguard under the care of the Duke of Gloucester, gave the rear to his brother-in-law, Anthony Woodville, Lord Rivers, and took the centre himself. At early dawn on the morning of the 4th of May the fight began. The King, who was no mean judge in military matters, had placed two hundred of his spearmen near a small wood, where he had expected the enemy would plant an ambush; but Somerset had been either too hurried or too unobservant to think of such a measure. The struggle was begun by the Duke of Gloucester, who, says Grafton, “lacking no policy, valiantly with his battayle, assaulted the trenche of the Queene's campe, whome the Duke of Somerset, with no lesse courage defended. Then the Duke of Gloucester, for a very pollitike purpose, with all his men reculed backe, the which Somerset perceivng, like a Knight more couragious than circumspect, came out of his trenche with his whole battayle and followed the chase, not doubt-

* Grafton.

ing but the Prince and the Lorde Wenlocke, with the middlewarde, had followed just at his backe." The two hundred men, finding themselves unneeded at the wood, rushed down to Gloucester's assistance, and helped him to repulse Somerset and his troops, and to press them so sorely that they retreated from the park into the town. Here Somerset found Lord Wenlock, who should have been closely following him, sitting inactive on his horse in the market-place, with his men around him. Whether his conduct were caused by treachery, or by unfortunate misinterpretation of orders, is one of those historical problems which will never be solved; for Somerset, smarting under defeat, and infuriated by the non-interference of his brother-leader, "revyled and called him traitor, and with hys axe strake the braynes out of his heade."* Wenlock's retainers fled in dismay; the general confusion increased; and it was plain that the battle was lost to the Lancastrians, in spite of the hopeless bravery of the Prince of Wales, who, inexperienced in generalship, could do nothing to avert the utter ruin of his cause. Margaret, who had watched the struggle from its commencement, was carried by her attendants, "almost dead for sorrow," to a small religious house near the field, where the Princess of Wales, with her mother, the Countess of Warwick, and Lady Katherine Vaux, had already sought refuge. The Yorkists, ever merciless, gave no quarter in the flush of victory; and Somerset and some other knights and nobles only saved their lives by seeking sanctuary in a church. A proclamation was, however, issued that "who-soever should bring Edward (called Prince) to the King, should receive one hundred pounds a year

* Grafton.

for life, and the Prince's life be spared." The young Prince of Wales, when the strife had grown hopeless, had surrendered to Sir Richard Crofts, who, says Hall, "nothing mistrusting the King's promise, brought forth his prisoner, being a goodly well-featured young gentleman of almost feminine beauty." Dragged into the Royal tent, the Lancastrian Prince faced his rival, who, with his brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, was awaiting him.

"How durst he," the King asked, "so presumptuously enter into his realms with banners displayed against him?"

"To recover my father's crown and mine own inheritance," answered Edward of Lancaster, with all the fire of his dauntless race in his eyes.

The royal defiance of his look maddened the King, who had something of a tiger's blood-thirstiness about him. He thrust him roughly away, or, as some say, struck him with his gauntlet; Clarence and Gloucester turned on him with their swords, the retainers closed in, and the last of the Lancastrian line lay dead, foully murdered by his kinsmen's hands.

Some dispute the account of the murder, and believe him simply slain in the battle; and one would fain hope that so foul a deed was but a legend unworthy of belief; but there is little doubt that, in all its main details, the horrible story is true, and that the King himself, awakened to tardy remorse, may have been anxious that the brief record of his young kinsman's death at Tewkesbury should be handed down to posterity, rather than the black record of his crime. Some accounts throw all the obloquy on the King, exonerating Clarence and Gloucester; another version declares the mother was present and

beheld the butchery of her son—an assertion, happily, exceedingly unlikely; and George Bucke, quoting from a contemporary Flemish chronicler, declares that the unhappy young Princess of Wales “was with her husband, Edward of Lancaster, when that unfortunate Prince was hurried before Edward IV., after the battle of Tewkesbury, and that it was observed Richard Duke of Gloucester was the only person present who did not draw his sword on the royal captive, out of respect to the presence of Anne, as she was the near relative of his mother, and a person whose affections he had always desired to possess.” Almost all English chroniclers, however, agree in affirming that the poor young widow was then with her mother and the Queen in the religious house to which they had fled for refuge; and it should also be noticed that George Bucke was a vehement partizan of the Duke of Gloucester, and would be certain to represent his conduct in the most favourable light.

There was no pomp of circumstance attending the funeral of the brave young Lancastrian Prince. “His bodye,” says Grafton, “was homelye interred with the other simple corsees in the church of the Monasterye of Blacke Monkes, in Tewkesbury.” A brass plate, with an inscription to his memory, is to be seen in the Abbey, immediately under the tower, but the precise place of his burial is unknown. So, in an unmarked and an unhonoured grave was laid to rest the victim of that cowardly crime, of which Holinshed writes, “the more part of the doers in their latter days drank of the like cup by the righteous judgment and due punishment of God.”

On Tuesday, May 7th, according to the best authorities, Margaret, her high spirit broken at last, was captured by the Yorkists, her daughter-

in-law being probably taken prisoner with her; while the Countess of Warwick, apparently, was either unmolested, or effected her escape, for she fled to her whilom sanctuary at Beaulieu. When or how the mother and wife first heard of their beloved's death is not known with certainty; but one account records that the Queen's ancient foe, Sir William Stanley, first harshly revealed to her the extent of her woe—and it is probable that Anne would be informed at the same time. It is hard to say which of the two unhappy ladies deserves the most pity. Margaret, like that imperial lady of our own days, for whom we have all such tender pity, had lost her all, and stood desolate and alone amid the ruins of everything that made life happy. Anne, who, not a year ago, had been dreaming love-dreams, and smiling over bridal bliss to be, was in one brief fortnight suddenly bereft of both father and husband. That she lost her rank as Princess of Wales, and was a captive in the hands of her husband's murderers, would, in the overwhelming greatness of her grief, be but of little moment to her. At seventeen she had at one blow been deprived of all that made life sweet to her; and the loss of her dignity when he was gone who had given it her, would be an inappreciable drop in the bitter cup of her sorrow.

On the 11th of May, Margaret, and probably her daughter-in-law, were brought by Stanley to King Edward at Coventry. A cruel journey it must have been for the Queen to meet the triumphant foe of her race. She had, says Miss Strickland, "in the first transports of maternal agony, invoked the most terrible maledictions on the head of the ruthless Edward and his posterity, which Stanley was inhuman enough to repeat to his royal master, together with all the frantic

expressions she had used against him during their journey. Edward was at first so much exasperated that he thought of putting her to death, but no Plantagenet ever shed the blood of a woman, and he contented himself by forcing her to grace his triumphant progress towards the metropolis." According to many chroniclers, Anne was likewise forced to be present at this triumph, and when the victorious procession reached London on May 22nd, the eve of the Ascension, Provost affirms that the captive Queen and the widowed Princess of Wales were seated in the same chariot. "Even if it were so, they were separated immediately on their arrival, and Margaret was incarcerated in one of the most dismal of the prison lodgings, in that gloomy fortress where her royal husband was already immured—that husband to whom she was now so near, after long years of separation, and yet was to behold no more."*

That night the last sorrow that could come upon Margaret came, and the bereaved mother and captive Queen was invested with the crowning grief of widowhood. Within twenty-four hours of her arrival in the Tower her husband—died.

Henry, thou of holy birth,
Thou to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity and name and grave!
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek and pure and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resigned;
Blessing, as he kissed the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.

The cause of his death is a mystery that has never been solved. In the "Arrivall of Edward IV.," we are given the Yorkist version. "In

* Strickland.

every party of England, where any commotion was begonne for Kynge Henry's party, anone they were rebuked, so that it appeared to every mann at eye the sayde partie was extincte and repressed for evar, without any manner of hope of agayne quikkening: utterly despaired of any maner of hoope or releve. The certaintie of all whiche came to the knowledge of the sayd Henry, late called Kyng, being in the Tower of London; not havynge, afore that, knowledge of the saide matars, he toke it to so great dispite, ire, and indingnation, that, of pure displeasure and melancholy, he dyed the xxij day of the monithe of May." But that so meek and unworldly a person as Henry should display such "indingnation" and grief is so unlikely that the story disproves itself. Other chroniclers give a darker, and, unhappily, far more probable account. "The same nyghte," says Dr. Warkworth, "that Kynge Edward came to London, Kynge Henry, beyng inwarde in persone in the Toure of Londone, was put to dethe, the xxj day of May, on a tywesdy nyght betwyxt xj and xij of the cloke, *beyng thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre*, brothere to Kynge Edward, and many other." Another chronicler, Fabyan, is still more explicit. "Of the death of this Prynce dyverse tales were tolde; but the most common fame wente, that he was stykked with a dagger by the hands of the Duke of Gloucester."

As Miss Yonge says, "it is hardly credible that a youth of nineteen would have brought himself thus to murder an unoffending old captive, without necessity; unless, indeed, any awe of Henry's anointed majesty, and exceeding holiness, made it difficult to find any person willing to act as murderer, in which case he might have under-

taken the deed." It is only too likely that this interpretation is the right one. Richard, though young in years, had already tasted blood, and united all the cruelty of the House of York with a determination deeper and more deadly than was known to his brothers; and when his way was barred had little scruple in clearing it unflinchingly, heedless of the blood that must be shed by so doing. There can be but little doubt that it was Richard of Gloucester who needed the merciful aspiration with which the continuator of the "Croyland Chronicle" concludes his account of the murder. "May God give him time for repentance, whoever he was, who laid his sacrilegious hands on the Lord's anointed." It is a striking fulfilment of the Divine decree that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children," that Henry of Windsor should perish mysteriously in the Tower of London while his rival and kinsman occupied his throne, just as Richard of Bordeaux perished mysteriously in *his* prison at Pontefract, while *his* kinsman usurped his crown. "Tradition," says Miss Strickland, "points out an octagonal room in the Wakefield Tower as the scene of the midnight murder of Henry VI. It was there that he had, for five years, eaten the bread of affliction during his lonely captivity, from 1465. A few learned manuscripts and devotional books, a bird that was the companion of his solitude, and the occasional visits of one or two learned monks, who were permitted to administer to his spiritual wants, were all the solace he received in his captivity."

The day following his death, the dead King was "chestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne that every manne myghte see hyme; and in his lyinge he bledde one the pament ther;

and afterward at the Blacke Fryres was broughte, and then he blede new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchsey abbey in a bote, and buryed there in oure Lady chapelle."*

Though, from the very saintliness of his character, Henry VI. was never popular with the nation at large, who, like Queen Elizabeth in after days, "loved to look upon a *man*!" his meek virtues won him posthumous sanctity, and a deep veneration arose for the innocent King, so that miracles were said to be performed at his tomb. The spirit in which he was regarded is well indicated in a Latin hymn written in his honour by a monk of Windsor about thirty years after his death, of which Miss Strickland gives the following translation:—

SALVE, MILES PRECIOSE!

I.

Hail, Henry, soldier of the Lord!
In whom all precious gifts accord,
Branch of the heavenly vine;
Rooted in charity and love,
Serenely blooming as above,
The saints angelic shine.

II.

Hail, flower of true nobility!
Honour, and praise, and dignity,
Adorn thy diadem;
Meek father of the fatherless,
Thy people's succour in distress;
The Church's strength and gem.

III.

Hail, pious King, in whom we see
The graces of humility
With spotless goodness crown'd!
By sorrow stricken and oppress'd;
To those who vainly sigh for rest,
Mirror of patience found.

* Warkworth's "Chronicle."

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IV.

Hail, bearer of celestial light,
Whose beams may guide our steps aright,
Thy blessed course to trace!
In virtue's paths for ever seen,
Mild, and ineffably serene,
Radiant with every grace.

V.

Hail, whom the King of endless time
Hath called to angel choirs sublime,
In realms for ever bless'd!
May we, who now admiring raise
These all unworthy notes of praise,
Share in thy glorious rest!

He was one of the best examples of the feeble type of his race. As Miss Yonge says, "The Plantagenista may be viewed in two lights. It is one of the hardiest, firmest plants of the heath; yet its brilliant blossom is so frail and fleeting that a rough blast shakes it from the stem, and leaves no remnant behind. The family who bore the broom flower as their badge, and latterly called themselves after its name, partook of both characteristics, and widely, as individuals, differed; but they always followed one or the other type. The firm, daring nature appeared in Edward I. and his grandson of Windsor, and in the two Harrys—the Fourth and Fifth; the feeble, frail brightness in Henry of Winchester, Edward of Carnarvon, Richard of Bordeaux, and Henry of Windsor; and around these recurring royal characters there are branches of the same stem, still showing the same repeated resemblances."

Henry VII., when he came to the throne, solicited the Pope, Julius II., to canonize his namesake King; but the high-spirited Della Rovere, himself far more warrior than priest, would accord no honours to one who had all the passive virtues, and none of the active; fearing,

says Bacon, "that as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but as a simple man, the estimation of that kind of honour might be diminished if there were not a distance kept between *innocents* and saints;" and so the holy King, who "lost all," was denied even the posthumous compensation of saintship.

Queen Margaret, bereaved in less than a month of son and husband, was already tasting the captivity she was to endure for five years. At first her place of imprisonment was the Tower, where she was treated with great rigour; but, as time rolled on, greater leniency was shown her, probably through the influence of her former maid of honour, Elizabeth Woodville, now in the hey-day of her prosperity. She was removed to Windsor, and from thence to Wallingford, where she was, apparently, placed with her old friend Alice Chaucer, Duchess Dowager of Suffolk, and grand-daughter of the father of English poetry, to whom five marks a day were paid for the maintenance of the royal captive. Her father, René, the troubadour King, who loved her passionately, made unwearied efforts for her release. He had himself suffered much sorrow, having lost his daughter, son, and grandson, while Margaret was enduring like woes in England, and he had written her a touching letter on hearing of her affliction. "My child, may God help thee with His counsels, for rarely is the aid of man tendered in such reverse of fortune. When you can spare a thought from your own sufferings, think of mine; they are great, my daughter, yet would I console thee." On the cession of Provence to Louis XI., René was enabled to pay the 50,000 crowns of his daughter's ransom; and Margaret was allowed to retire to that France she had quitted a few years previously,

her son by her side, and the apparently well-founded hope of regaining his inheritance glowing at her heart. Sorrowfully different was her return. "The feelings may be imagined with which she took a last farewell of the English shores, where, thirty years before, she had landed in the pride and flush of youthful beauty, as its monarch's bride, and all the chivalry of the land thronged to meet and do her honour. Now it was treason even to shed a tear of pity for her sore afflictions, or to speak a word of comfort to her. Truly might she have said, 'See if any sorrow be like unto my sorrow!'" *

Meanwhile Anne, the helpless and desolate young widow who so short a time before had been a happy bride, was left at the mercy of her selfish brother-in-law, Clarence, from whom she could hardly, in any case, have looked to receive much protection, even if he had not been an accessory to her husband's murder. It is difficult to conceive any more miserable and friendless position than that in which the daughter of the all-powerful king-maker, and whilom the wife of the heir-apparent, now found herself. Her rightful protector, her own well-loved husband, had been foully done to death; her father had died a warrior's death on Barnet Heath; her mother was in sanctuary at Beaulieu, not daring to venture forth, and, perhaps, ignorant of her daughter's desolation; her husband's father was dead, his mother a close prisoner; all their adherents were either fled or captive; her sister, the haughty Isabel, could have been, even if she would, but a feeble defence; her weak, shallow brother-in-law, Clarence, was no champion for the poor young widow; and, worse than all, Richard of Gloucester,

* Strickland.

his hands dyed in her husband's blood, was intent on winning her for his wife. The knowledge of this last fact seemed to render the unhappy Anne almost frantic in her passionate desire to escape him. She was willing to endure anything rather than become his wife, and she found that in this resolve she was supported by Clarence—from purely selfish motives indeed; but that mattered little to her, so long as he would assist her. Cruel injustice has been done to her memory regarding her actions at this juncture. Baker, in writing of her, remarks, most cruelly and undeservedly, "that she married the Duke of Gloucester, though she could not be ignorant that he had been the author both of her husband's and father's death. But women's affections are eccentric to common apprehension: whereof the two poles are Passion and Inconstancy." And Shakespeare represents her as yielding to his flattery even while acting as chief mourner to her husband's father.

Her woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words.

Our great dramatist is generally so tender and appreciative a painter of women that it is strange to find him acting with such unfairness to one so miserable and defenceless. Her real conduct was widely different to what Shakespeare describes. "Instead of acting as chief mourner to the hearse of her husband's murdered father, she was sedulously concealing herself from her abhorred cousin; enduring every privation to avoid his notice, and concurring with all the schemes of her self-interested brother-in-law, Clarence, so completely, as to descend from the rank of Princess of Wales to the disguise of a servant, in a mean house

in London.”* This fact is affirmed by the continuator of the “Croyland Chronicle,” one of the most trustworthy of the historians of the time. “Richard, Duke of Gloucester, wished to discover Anne, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, in order to marry her; this was much disapproved by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who did not wish to divide his wife’s inheritance. He, therefore, hid the young lady. But the cunning of the Duke of Gloucester discovered her, in the disguise of a cookmaid in the City of London, and he immediately transferred her to the sanctuary of St. Martin’s le Grand,” a refuge needed by reason of the attainder in which both she and Queen Margaret were included.

Clarence’s selfish wish not to “part the livelihood,” as he said, continued, and he certainly had the will, though not the power, to oppose the marriage; but Richard’s inflexible determination always carried his point, and Clarence had not sufficient power at Court, or determination of his own, to place any serious hindrance in the way. Indeed, to a man of Clarence’s weak temperament, there must have been something hopeless from the first in struggling with Richard. He was so quiet, so determined, and so deadly in his hate that it must have been like contending with a wall of steel. Pity he seems to have had absolutely none; and he acted his belief in the proverb, “*Tout vient à qui sait attendre*,” occasionally, however, relaxing his waiting attitude to expedite matters by a judicious murder which left clearer the way he had marked out for himself. He did not at once force Anne into the hated union on which he had resolved. She was removed from St. Martin’s, and given into the care of her uncle,

* Strickland.

George Neville, the Archbishop of York; and was allowed to pay one or two visits to Margaret of Anjou, in her prison in the Tower; but her hatred of the marriage was still so strong, and her refusal to entertain any thought of it so vehement, that she was taken from her uncle's protection, and was left utterly defenceless.

Apart from his many crimes, it would have been wonderful indeed if Anne could have looked with favour on Gloucester, while memory retained the image of her "angel husband," as Shakespeare makes her call him, the Prince of Wales—young, brave, chivalrous, learned in all noble and courtly attainments, beautiful with the clear-featured beauty that was the Plantagenet heritage.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—
The spacious world cannot again afford.

Of Richard, Sir Thomas More gives the following picture, which might well have excused a lady's repugnance, even if she had not known and suffered from his cruelty. "He of whom we now entreate was in witte and courage egall with either of his brothers, in bodye and prowesse under them both, little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, croke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as in states [nobles] called warlye, in other menne otherwise; he was malicious, wrathfull, and from afore his birth ever frowarde. . . None evill captaine was he in the warre, as to whiche, his disposicion was more metely than for peace. Sundrye victories hadde he, and sometime overthrowes, but never in defaulte as for his owne persone, either of hardinesse or polytike order.

Free was he called of dispence, and sommewhat above his power liberall, with large giftes he get hym unsteadfaste frendeshippe, for whiche hee was faine to pil and spoyle in other places, and get hym steadfast hatred. He was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardely coumpinable where he inwardely hated, not letting to kisse whom he thoughte to kyl, dispitious and cruell, not for evill will alway, but often for ambicion and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foe was muche what indifferent, where his advantage grewe, he spared no mannes. deathe whose life withstode his purpose."

Not more complimentary to his personal appearance is the account given of him by a contemporary rhyming chronicler :—

The King's own brother, he, I mean,
Who was deformed by nature :
Crook-backed and ill-conditioned ;
Worse-faced—an ugly creature ;
Yet a great peer, for princes—peers—
Are not always beauteous.

Still, in spite of physical deficiencies, Richard had, like Wilkes—the ugliest man in London, who was wont to boast that the handsomest had but half an hour's start of him—a certain personal fascination strongly experienced by those with whom he came in contact. "Those who listened to his sweet voice and winning speech, and watched his play of countenance, were apt to rate even his personal graces very high ; witness the old Countess of Desmond, who lived a hundred years later, to aver that the Duke of Gloucester was the handsomest of men. Scholars found him scholarly too, in spite of an education amid civil wars ; knights found him proficient in martial

exercises, in spite of his puny stature; and statesmen saw that, with all the King's marvellous readiness and cleverness, he had none of the indolence that obscured Edward's gifts." *

Anne's mother remained in Sanctuary at Beaulieu until 1473, when we read in one of the Paston letters that "the Countess of Warwick is out of Beaulieu Sanctuary, and that Sir James Tyrrel conveyeth her northwards; but the Duke of Clarence liketh it not." In another of the letters, dated April 2nd, in the same year, it is noticed that "the world seemeth queasy, for all the persons about the King's person have sent for their armour, on account of the quarrel regarding the inheritance of Anne." The question was debated in Parliament, and the property was divided by the King, who gave certain lands to Gloucester, and allowed Clarence to retain the rest, the Act of Parliament specifying, "that the Countess of Warwick was no more to be considered, in the award of her inheritance, than if she were dead." According to Rous, this was not all the ill-fortune that came on the unlucky lady; for when, after Richard's marriage to her daughter, she fled to him for protection, the chronicler accuses him of imprisoning her during his life.

This marriage, so detested by the unhappy bride, took place at Westminster in 1473. The two years that had elapsed since the tragedy at Tewkesbury had not lessened Anne's aversion and horror. "Prevost affirms she was compelled by violence to marry Richard. Some illegalities were connected with this ceremony, assuredly arising from the reluctance of the bride, since the Parliamentary Rolls of the next year contain a curious

* C. M. Yonge.

act, empowering the Duke of Gloucester 'to continue the full possession and enjoyment of Anne's property, even if she were to divorce him, provided he did his best to be reconciled and remarried to her;' onimous clauses relating to a wedlock of a few months! but which prove that Anne meditated availing herself of some informality in her abhorred marriage; but if she had done so, her husband would have remained in possession of her property. The informalities most likely arose from the want of the proper bulls to dispense with relationship; and as the free consent of both bride and bridegroom was an indispensable preliminary to such dispensation, the absence of these legal instruments negatively prove that the unfortunate Anne Neville never consented to her second marriage. That her marriage was never legalised may be guessed by the rumours of a subsequent period, when the venomous hunchback, her cousin-husband, meditated in his turn divorcing her."*

"Gloster's dukedom is too ominous," might well have been the cry of the miserable bride, when first greeted by her new and hated title. It was a name of no good portent to its possessor. "It seemeth to many men," saith Hall, "that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have been erected by creations of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to Kynge Edward the third, and duke Humphrey, whiche three persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them King Richard the iii., also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is

* Strickland.

taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanus horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." To none of its owners did the inauspicious title bring more utter woe than to the sorrowful young wife of the last Plantagenet. Perhaps the utter desolation and grief of her life would soon have killed her; her one endeavour was to free herself in some way from her detested bond, and her horror and hatred of Richard were unweakened; but, a year after her marriage, a son was born to her, who was called Edward—a name that must have awakened many yearning memories in her—and the child effected what all other had been powerless to accomplish, and reconciled her to her fate. He was the only thing left her to love, and her whole being was absorbed in her devotion to him. In him "all her affections were centred, and the very springs of her life were wound up in his welfare."* The boy was born at Middleham, which, with Pontefract, was the principal abode of his parents, such a residence being most convenient for Richard's duties as governor of the northern marches. Though rarely appearing at Court, the Duke of Gloucester was but little at home; a war was waging with Scotland in which he took an active part, winning several battles, and taking Edinburgh; and he accompanied the King his brother to France in 1475, when, at the bridge of Pequigny, the ridiculous and disgraceful farce was played out that represented the last invasion of France. He was—perhaps on politic grounds—so much ashamed of the whole affair that he refused to be present; and the nation, revolting under its sense of shame, applauded his

* Strickland.

disapprobation; but, in spite of such patriotic disapproval, his share of the "tribute" was not refused. While he was away on these frequent absences, Anne, left alone with her child, was almost happy.

On December the 12th, 1476, Isabel, Duchess of Clarence, the sister of Anne, died at Warwick Castle, two months after the birth of her third child, Richard, who, says Miss Yonge, "escaped the inevitable doom of the White Rose by dying in infancy." "Her remains were conveyed to the Abbey of Tewkesbury, where her obsequies were performed with great solemnity. Lord John Strensham, Abbot of Tewkesbury, with several other Abbots, in the ecclesiastical habits of their order, and all the brethren of the convent, received her body in the middle of the choir. The funeral office was first performed by the Lord Abbot and his brother Abbots then present, with the whole of the convent, in nine lessons; then by the suffragans of the Bishops of Worcester and Llandaff; and lastly by the dean and chaplains of the Duke of Clarence. The vigils were observed by the duke's own family till the following day, which was the vigil of the Epiphany. The suffragan of the Bishop of Lincoln celebrated the first mass of St. Mary in the Chapel of the Virgin; the second mass of the Trinity was celebrated by the Lord Abbot at the high altar; the suffragan of the Bishop of Worcester said the third mass of 'Eternal Rest,' at which Dr. Veld, of the Gray Friars of Worcester, preached a sermon in the choir before the prelates and monks there assembled. Mass being ended, the body was left under the hearse, a fabric erected for that purpose in the middle of the choir, for the space of thirty-five days, on every one of

which the same solemn obsequies were repeated. The body of this lady was then buried in a vault behind the high altar, before the door of the Lady Chapel, opposite that of St. Edward the Martyr.*

At once rash and violent, and with little of firmness or self-control, Clarence mourned his wife so vehemently and passionately as almost to unsettle his reason. Though her death had unmistakably been the effect of natural causes, he persisted in believing her to have been poisoned; and three months after her decease he had a lady named Ankaret Twynhyo, who had been in the Duchess's household, arrested in her own home, and brought to Warwick Castle, where she was accused of having given her mistress "a venomous drink of ale mixed with poison, of which she died ten weeks later." There was the mockery of a trial, and the helpless lady was hanged three hours after—a proceeding that gives us some little insight into the degree of power wielded by princes and nobles in the fifteenth century. The restless and unstable nature of Clarence is shown by the fact that, while still sorrowing wildly over Isabel's death, he was striving to secure the hand of Marie of Burgundy—the "gentle Mary" whom the Last of the Knights idealized as Ehrenreich, and who was the love-dream of his life. The Queen opposed Clarence's schemes, hoping to secure the prize for her own brother, Anthony, Lord Rivers, and the King was likewise unfavourable; and the Duke, bitterly angered at this disapproval, was forced to fall back, muttering dark accusations of sorcery against his hated sister-in-law, Elizabeth, and her witch-mother, Duchess Jaquetta; while Edward, who had, not unnaturally,

* "Castles and Abbeys of England."

never fully trusted his brother since the time of his traitorous alliance with the king-maker, was fierce and vindictive in his displeasure. Indeed it is difficult wholly to account for the enmity rapidly ripening between the brothers. "It is a matter of doubt," says Miss Yonge, "what was the real cause of the strange and fatal quarrels that prevailed in Court. Some lay all the machinations of the Duke of Gloucester, whom Shakespeare has portrayed all along as the fiendish and subtle piece of deformity appointed by Providence to act as the Nemesis of his bloodthirsty house, poisoning the mind of Edward against George, and inflaming George against Edward and the Queen's relations. But if this be true, his part must have been played with most masterly secrecy, for, strong as the tradition is, authentic history bears no trace of his intermeddling, and he apparently remained quietly at home at Middleham Castle, and let things take their course. It is more likely that there was no formed design on either side; but that dislike and suspicion caused provocations and revenges, which, in characters of such slumbering ferocity as distinguished the House of York, led to far more frightful results than any malice could have devised."

The storm, when it finally burst, came in the shape of the old miserable accusations of sorcery and witchcraft, which were always only too readily to be laid hold of in the old days of "Merrie England." Adherents of Clarence were declared to have strived to bewitch the King, and, after torture and a brief trial, were executed; and Clarence, furious at the injustice, burst into the council chamber, inveighing fiercely against the Queen, and, in his passion, repeating the old scandal that named Edward the son of an archer.

The King, then at Windsor, was quickly made aware of his brother's wild speeches; and, muttering his accustomed deadly threat, "He shall repent it in every vein of his heart," hurried to London. Clarence was brought to trial, found guilty of a strange variety of charges—inciting the people to revolt against their sovereign, defaming Edward's name, and trying to pass off a strange child as his own—and condemned to death; and he was imprisoned in the Bowyer Tower the 4th of February, 1478.

As the gloomy portals closed on him that day, he passed from the world never to return. How he lived through the next few days none know. Shakespeare has given us a marvellous scene, in which he shows us the Duke, weak and irresolute still, but with dawnings of something higher, that makes him pray to pay the penalty of his sins alone, and not transmit it to his children; and thrills us with the dream told with all the graphic power of description, born of the victim's terror:—

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd; then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
*Clarence is come—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stab'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;—
Such terrible impression made the dream.

Poor Clarence ! if such were really his dreams, he was not to be tormented with them long. On the 16th of February he had been in the chapel, and had offered his mass-penny. The following morning he was found dead, his head hanging over a butt of Malmsey wine. Tradition declared he had been allowed to choose his own death, and had preferred to be drowned in his favourite beverage; the enemies of the Duke of Gloucester accused him of murdering his brother; and those unfriendly to the Queen and her relations declared the deed was theirs. The real cause of his death was never proved. "Probably," says Miss Strickland, "Clarence was the victim of his own frailty. He was beset with temptation; despair, loneliness, a vexed conscience, a habit of drinking, and a flowing butt of his favourite nectar at his elbow, left little trouble, either to assassins or executioners." He was buried at Tewkesbury, by his wife; and the wretched, wasted life seemed quickly forgotten, save for an exclamation of King Edward, when someone presented a petition for his brother—"Alas, my poor brother; none pleaded to me for him!"

CHAPTER III.

Anne's son created Earl of Salisbury—Death of Edward IV.—Journey of Edward V.—Letter of Richard to the Queen—Meeting of Richard and Edward V.—Depression of the Queen—Arrival of the young King—The Queen in Sanctuary—Richard declared Protector—Wishes to remove the Duke of York to the Tower—Opposition of the Queen—Her weakness in yielding—Richard's assumption of the crown—Life of Anne's son at Middleham—Anne goes to London—Is conducted to the Tower—Richard creates his son Prince of Wales—Coronation of Richard and Anne—Murder of the Princes—Anne at Windsor—Her royal progress—Richard and Anne crowned again at York—Buckingham's rebellion—Queen Elizabeth's grief for her sons—Death of the Prince of Wales—Anne's desolation—Richard's matrimonial schemes—His ominous speeches—Anne's appeal—Her death—Burial—Influence over the King—Her tombstone—Baker's opinion of Richard III.

FOR some years Anne's life flowed on uneventfully—one could almost say peacefully—marked only by the growth and well-being of her passionately-loved child, who, at four years old, had been created Earl of Salisbury by his uncle, Edward IV. But on the 9th of April, 1483, the King died somewhat unexpectedly at Westminster. He had made no fresh will since his attempted invasion of France, eight years since, and probably believed that his son would be as faithfully served and guarded by his uncle of Gloucester as his predecessor, the helpless baby King, had been by *his* father's brother, John of Bedford. All power was for the time in the hands of the Council left by the late sovereign. In this Council Elizabeth's eldest son, the Marquis of Dorset, was the one of highest rank; and it was speedily assembled to discuss the manner of the young King's return journey from Ludlow, whither he

had been sent to be educated under the care of his uncle Rivers, the Queen's brother. Elizabeth herself appeared by Dorset's side, and formally proposed that the young King should be escorted home by a strong army. These words were the match that was to set all the inflammable materials around her ablaze. She had, probably, never understood the extent of the general enmity existing against her and her relations. Despite her beauty and grace, there was, as Miss Strickland testifies, "never a woman who contrived to make more personal enemies;" and the greed, rapacity, and thirst for advancement shown by herself and all the members of her family, had made them doubly hated by the proud nobility, who were bitterly incensed at the elevation of a simple squire's daughter to the throne. All the dislike and jealousy which had been but indifferently held in check even during her husband's lifetime, now burst forth. A scheme was detected in the Queen's words to keep all power in the hands of the Woodvilles and the Greys; and Lord Hastings, starting up passionately, asked, "Against whom the young sovereign was to be defended? Who were his foes? Not his valiant uncle Gloucester? Not Stanley, or himself? Was not this proposed force rather destined to confirm the power of her kindred, and enable them to violate the oaths of amity they had so lately sworn by the death-bed of their royal master? If the young King were brought to London surrounded by soldiers, he would retire from Court." Meeting with so much opposition, the Queen and her friends reduced their demands to two thousand men; and the Council sent an order to Lord Rivers to bring his charge to London. But the Duke of Buckingham, who, although he had

married the Queen's sister, agreed with Lord Hastings that the pretensions of the Greys and Woodvilles must be decisively put down, having no liking for their arrogance and self-importance, aided his colleague in forthwith sending intelligence of what had occurred to the Duke of Gloucester, who was then on the borders, returning from Scottish warfare. Richard assured his correspondents of his resolve to suppress the claims of the Queen's kindred; but, with infinitely more heinous designs, he was too crafty to proceed with their outspoken fierceness. Arriving at York, he caused his nephew to be proclaimed King, and wrote "a letter of condolence to the Queen, so full of deference, kindliness, and submission, that Elizabeth thought she should have a most complying friend in the first prince of the blood."* Having so far complied with the demands of affection and loyalty, Richard set forth with his troops, and came up with the young King on his homeward journey at Stony Stratford, on the 29th of April, and, joined by his ally, the Duke of Buckingham, arrested Lord Rivers, Richard Grey, Edward's half-brother, and Lord Vaughan, his chamberlain, who were straightway sent with a guard to Pontefract Castle. Edward himself, "gently nurtured by his mother's kindred, and unused to the sight of his peremptory, half-deformed uncle, burst into tears, and besought that his other uncle and his brother should be restored; but he met with no sympathy, his affection for the Woodvilles was only an offence; he was told that his father's brother was his only fit protector, and was taken back to Northampton."†

News of Gloucester's proceedings reached Elizabeth on the 3rd of May, "hastily before

* Strickland.

† C. M. Yonge.

mydnyghte;”* and, never courageous, she at once took fright, and prophesied the worst. She “bewayled her chyldes ruynes, her frendes mischaunce, and her owne infortune, curssying the tyme that ever she was persuaded to leave the gatherynge of people to brynge up the Kynge with a great powre.”† As in bygone days, her one idea was the sanctuary, and she fled there at once with her five daughters, and her youngest son, Richard, the little Duke of York, perceiving that, so long as he was in safety, his brother’s life would not be attempted. Her alarm, and that of her son Dorset, who threw up his command in the Tower to join her, seemed to the Londoners foolish and unreasonable; and the citizens, headed by the Lord Mayor in his scarlet robes, turned out on the morrow, May the 4th, to greet the entry of their young King, who was attired in a velvet mantle of royal purple, and followed by the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham and their suites, all clad in mourning.

The Queen, his mother, was not there to meet him. She remained, desolate and terrified, within the walls of the sanctuary with her children. Early that morning a reassuring message had been sent concerning Gloucester’s conduct to his nephew by Lord Hastings to the Archbishop of York, who also held the office of Lord Chancellor; and the latter set off at once to convey it to the Queen. He found her in the midst of “much hevynesse rumble, haste, busynesse, conveyhaunce, and cariage of her stuffe into sancturye, every man was busy to carye, beare, and convey stuffe, cheste, and fardelles, no man was unoccupied, and some caryed more than they were commaunded to another place. The Quene sat alone belowe on

* Hall.

† *Ibid.*

the rushes all desolate and dismayde, whom the Archbishoppe comforted in the best maner that he coulde, shewyng her that the matter was nothyng so sore as she tooke it for, and that he was putte in good hope and out of feare by the message sent to hym from the Lord Hastynges. ‘Ah, wo worth hym,’ quod the Quene, ‘for it is he that goeth about to destroy me and my blodde.’ ‘Madame,’ quod he, ‘be of good comforte and I assure you, yf they croune any other Kynge than your sonne whom they now have, we shal on the morow croune his brother whom you have here with you. And here is the greate seale, which is likewyse as your noble husband delivered it to me, so I deliver it to you to the use of your sonne,’ and therewith delivered her the greate seale and departed home in the dawning of the day. And when he opened his wyndowes and loked on the Temys, he might see the river full of boates, of the Duke of Gloucester, his servauntes watchyng, that no person should go to sanctuary, nor none should passe unserched.”*

The boy King was taken to the palace of the Bishop of Ely, and there received the oaths of fealty from the Council, and other eminent personages; but the space was said to be too confined, and in a few days he was removed to the Tower, the Duke of Gloucester being formally declared Protector of the Realm. Whether Richard at this time had really any fixed design of supplanting his nephews, or whether, perceiving Edward’s strong predilection for his mother’s kindred, he felt that his tenure of office would be as brief as his nephew could make it, and pondered how he could best retain authority, is a doubtful question.

* Hall.

“Old historical tradition,” said Miss Yonge, “and its noblest mouthpiece, Shakespeare represent him as having conceived this design long before, and having secretly removed his brother George from his path with a view thereto; but it is much more probable that the plot was only suggested to him by the circumstances in which he found himself in London, in the spring of 1483, passionately loved by the people, and upheld by them in opposition to the ‘new men,’ whom the young King was longing to recall to his side, as he would have the power to do, perhaps in one year, certainly in four or five.” Be this as it may, as soon as Edward was safely in the Tower, and preparations were commenced for his coming coronation, Gloucester’s first move was an attempt to possess himself of the little Duke of York, then in sanctuary with his mother, and next heir to the crown. Weak and womanish as Elizabeth was, she had yet enough intuition to perceive that while her youngest boy was safe with her, no harm could happen to the elder; and she had vehemently declined all invitations from her brother-in-law to leave sanctuary and resume her queenly state. But Richard summoned a council, to whom he represented the necessity of the young Duke being present at the coronation, the King’s need of his companionship, and the folly of the Queen in secluding him at Westminster. Sanctuary had hitherto, with one or two rare exceptions, been considered inviolable; and several nobles present spoke in defence of its sacredness; but the Duke of Buckingham, who had no knowledge of any darker scheme of the Protector, and was only scornfully angered at Elizabeth’s foolishness, quashed all debate by peremptorily declaring that “there might be sanctuary men and women, but

as children could commit no crime for which an asylum was needed, the privilege of sanctuary could not extend to them; therefore the Duke of Gloucester, who was now recognized as Lord Protector, could possess himself of his nephew by force, if he pleased." But this Richard was too politic to do if other means would serve; and Archbishop Bourchier was despatched to fetch the little Duke to rejoin his brother. He came to the Queen in the Jerusalem Chamber, and there, in all good faith, represented to her that "the young King required the company of his brother, being melancholy without a playfellow." She answered that the child was ill, and needed a mother's care; and when told that she herself would be welcome to accompany him, and take up her residence in the royal lodgings at the Tower, she declared that nothing should induce her to quit her sanctuary, or let her boy go. The Archbishop, rather perplexed perhaps at her vehemence, retorted that she had made no objection to her elder son going to Ludlow for his education, many miles away.

"True," she said, "but the one Prince was in health, the other sick. Troweth the Protector (ah, pray God he may prove a protector!) that the King doth lack a playfellow? Can none be found to play with the King, but only his brother, which hath no wish to play because of sickness? as though princes, so young as they be, could not play without their peers—or children could not play without their kindred, with whom (for the most part) they agree worse than with strangers!"

"The more suspicious you are, Madam," returned the Archbishop, "the more jealous are others of you, lest under a pretence of danger you cause him to be conveyed out of the country."

But Elizabeth had never been amenable to argument; and just now her motherly fears had driven her almost wild; and she reiterated so vehemently her resolve never to give her child up, that the prelate, after telling her that, if she persisted, the boy would be taken by force, and that he would pawn body and soul for his safety, turned to leave her. But, as if feeling that even he would be better than the armed men she might expect, and with her resolution exhausted by its own violence, the Queen broke down at the last moment, and taking her child by the hand, brought him to the Archbishop, to whom she spoke with a certain queenly dignity which she had not hitherto shown.

"Lo, here is this gentleman, whom I doubt not would be safely kept by me, if I were permitted; and well do I know there be some such deadly enemies to my blood, that, if they wist where any lay in their own bodies, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred; brothers have been brothers' bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children are safe while they be asunder. Notwithstanding, I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful ye be I wot well, and power ye have, if ye list, to keep them safe; but if ye think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little!" Then turning to the child, she said, "Farewell, mine own sweet son! God send you good keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again!"

It is very touching, very sorrowful, that little drama enacted under the gloomy sanctuary walls—the fair-haired mother sobbing her last blessing

over the pretty child, himself weeping as fast as she; and we are apt to see it through the same tender mist of sympathy and pity with which we view Theresa's Daughter bidding adieu to the innocent King, the fair child-martyr of France; but let it be remembered, that whereas Marie Antoinette was herself a captive, and was helpless to follow or aid her child, Elizabeth voluntarily let her boy go alone, when she might, if she would, have gone with him. When we think of what other mothers have done—of the woman who climbed to the cyrie, when none else dare venture, and brought back her baby safe—of that Highland mother who, lost in the snow, wrapped her little one in her own garments, and, laying it warm in a sheltered cleft, died contentedly in the cold herself—of that other mother on board the sinking ship, who, told she might be saved if she would leave her child, only answered by clasping it more closely, and going down to death with it—one is inclined to think that the "womanishness" had crushed the womanliness out of Elizabeth Woodville.

"Now welcome, my lord, from my very heart!" was Gloucester's greeting, when his nephew was brought to him; and he was taken straightway to the Tower. Outside the walls of that grim fortress the two little brothers were never seen again.

Thenceforth matters went on rapidly. A previous contract between the late King and Lady Eleanor Butler was alleged, which illegitimated the two Princes; some, in their zeal for Richard, even hinted that Edward IV. was not the son of the Duke of York; and a party of noblemen and citizens, headed by Buckingham, went on June 26th to Baynard's Castle, where Gloucester was

living with his mother, who, in spite of Shakespeare, approved her son's usurpation. He was offered the crown; but, hypocritical to the last, declared that he would his nephew should be King. "Sir," cried Buckingham, "the men of England will never crouch to a bastard." Then, with a simulated reluctance that would have done credit to a Tartuffe, Richard answered that he was in duty bound to obey the people's voice, and that he took on himself the two realms of France and England, the first to subdue, the second to rule. With that declaration ended the brief kingship of the ill-fated young Edward.

Meanwhile the other Edward, Richard's son, had been living quietly with his sad young mother at Middleham Castle, while these scenes were being played out. The Duke of Gloucester's household book gives some curious details of the small expenses of the child, for whom, curiously enough, he had an overwhelming fondness, during his absence. Twenty-two shillings and ninepence was paid to Geoffrey Frank for green cloth for "my lord Prince" and Mr. Neville, and one and eightpence for making it up. "For choosing a King of West Wilton," in some rushbearing play, five shillings was given; and another five shillings was disbursed for a feather for his cap. His nurse, Jane Collins, was paid a hundred shillings for her year's wages; and Dirick, a shoemaker, was paid a bill of thirteen shillings and a penny. Alone with her child, and ignorant of the dark doings in London, Anne must have been almost happy; but the peace of her surroundings was suddenly disturbed by a summons to join the Duke in London. Whether she knew of the new and guiltily won dignity awaiting her, we cannot tell; if she did, she was perforce passive in the

hands of her tyrant, and she and her boy set forth, the little Prince, according to the household book, making offerings on the way at Fountain's Abbey and other churches and convents, and having six and eightpence paid to two men, Redcalf and Racok, for running by his carriage, and twopence for the mending of his whip. Probably mother and son arrived in London but just before the coronation; for an order was sent on July 3rd to Piers Curteys to deliver for the *Queen's* use four and a half yards of purple cloth of gold upon damask; and the coronation itself took place on Monday, July 5th. It must have been startling to Anne to find what title was bestowed on her—a title she might once have hoped to wear as the wife of her dead love, Edward of Lancaster, and which was now given her by one, who, although her husband, and the father of her child, she regarded with shuddering aversion. On Sunday, the 4th, she and her son were conducted in great state from Baynard's Castle by water to the Tower, and were installed in the royal apartments, from which the two little Princes had been removed to the Garden Tower, afterwards to be known by the significant name of the Bloody Tower. On the same day Richard bestowed the title of Prince of Wales on his little son, "whose singular wit," says the King, in the patent for his creation, "and endowments of nature wherewith (his young age considered), he is remarkably furnished, do portend, by the favour of God, that he will make an honest man"—about the very last thing an unprejudicial observer would have thought the Crookback's son likely to become.

The following day, Monday, the 5th, Richard and Anne were crowned. They were guarded on

their progress towards Westminster by four thousand men of the North, trusty adherents of the King, who appeared to the gazing citizens as "evil apparelled, and worse harnessed, in rusty harness, neither defensible nor scoured to the sale,"* and who "mustered in Finsbury Field, to the great disdain of all the lookers on."† "The King and Queen," says Holinshed, "came down out of the white hall into the great hall of Westminster, and went directly to the King's Bench. And from thence, the King and the Queen going upon raye cloth barefooted, went into St. Edmund's shrine, and all his nobility going with him, every lord in his degree. And first went the trumpets, and then the heralds of arms in their rich coats, and next followed the Cross in a solemn procession, the priests having fine surplices and grey amices upon them. The Abbots and Bishops, mitred, and in rich copes, and every one of them carried their crosiers in their hands. The Bishop of Rochester bore the Cross before the Cardinal. Then followed the Earl of Huntingdon bearing a pair of gilt spurs, signifying knighthood. Then followed the Earl of Bedford bearing St. Edmund's staff for a relic. After them came the Earl of Northumberland bareheaded, with the pointless sword naked in his hand, which signified mercy. The Lord Stanley bare the mace of the Constablenesship. The Earl of Kent bare the second sword on the right hand of the King, naked, with a point, which signified justice to the temporality. The Lord Lovell bare the third sword on the left hand with a point, which figured justice to the clergy. The Duke of Suffolk followed with the sceptre in his hand, which signified peace. The Earl of Lincoln bare

* Holinshed.

† *Ibid.*

the ball and cross, which signified a monarchy. The Earl of Surrey bare the fourth sword before the King in a rich scabbard, and that is called the sword of estate. Then went three together, in the midst went Garter King-at-Arms in his rich coat; and on his left hand went the Mayor of London, bearing a mace; and on his right hand went the Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber. Then followed the Duke of Norfolk, bearing the King's crown between his hands. Then followed King Richard in his robes of purple velvet, and over his head a canopy borne by four barons of the five ports. And on every side of the King there went one Bishop, that is to say, the Bishop of Bath and the Bishop of Durham. Then followed the Duke of Buckingham bearing the King's train, with a white staff in his hand, signifying the office of the High Steward of England. Then there followed a great number of earls and barons before the Queen. And then came the Earl of Huntingdon, who bare the Queen's sceptre, and the Viscount Lisle bearing the rod with the dove. And the Earl of Wiltshire bare the Queen's crown." "Then," according to a Harleian MS., quoted by Miss Strickland, "came our Sovereign lady the Queen, over her head a canopy, and at every corner a bell of gold; and on her head a circlet of gold, with many precious stones set therein; and on every side of the Queen went a Bishop; and my lady of Richmond bare the Queen's train." "My lady of Richmond" was no other than Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII., who, says Dean Stanley, "with all her prescience, could hardly have foreseen that within three years her own son would be in the same place." Followed by the Duchesses of Norfolk and Suffolk, "with Countesses,

Baronesses, ladies, and many fair gentlewomen,"* the sovereigns made their way to their seats of estate; "and when the King and Queen were seated, there came forth their highness's priests and clerks, saying most delectably, Latin and pricksong, full royally." †

This ceremony ended, "the King and Queen came down from their seats of estate, and the King had great observance and service." ‡ Then they were brought to the High Altar, "and were shifted from their robes, and had divers places open from the middle upward, in which places they were anointed. Then both the King and the Queen changed them into cloth of gold, and ascended to their seats, where the Cardinal of Canterbury and other Bishops them crowned, according to the custom of the realm, giving him the sceptre in the left hand, and the ball with the cross in the right hand, and the Queen had the sceptre in her right hand, and the rod with the dove in the left hand." § Then the "Te Deum" was sung by the priests and clerks, and the homage was paid "at that part of the mass called the offertory, during which time the Queen sat with the Bishops and peeresses, while Richard received the kiss of fealty from his peers. The Bishop of Exeter and Norwich stood on each side the Queen; the Countess of Richmond was on her left hand, and the Duchess of Norfolk knelt behind the Queen with the other ladies. Then the King and Queen came down to the high altar and kneeled, and anon the Cardinal turned him about with the Holy Sacrament in his hand, and parted it between them both, and thus they received the good Lord." ||

* Holinshed. † Harleian MS. ‡ *Ibid.* § Holinshed.
|| Harleian MS.

"After mass finished," continues Holinshed, "they both offered at St. Edward's Shrine, and there the King left the crown of St. Edward, and put on his own crown. And so in order as they came, they departed to Westminster Hall, and so to their chambers for a season, during which time the Duke of Norfolk came into the Hall, his horse trapped to the ground in cloth of gold, as High Marshall, and voided [cleared] the Hall. About four of the clock, the King and Queen entered the Hall, and the King sat in the middle, and the Queen on the left hand of the table, and on every side of her stood a countess, holding a cloth of pleasaunce when she list to drink. And on the right hand of the King sat the Archbishop of Canterbury; the ladies sat all on one side, in the middle of the Hall. And at the table against them sat the Chancellor and all the lords. At the table next the cupboard sat the Mayor of London, and at the table behind the lords sat the barons of the ports. And at the other tables sat noble and worshipful personages. When all persons were set, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, the Earl of Surrey, Constable for that day, the Lord Stanley, Lord Steward, Sir William Hopton, Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Percy, Comptroller, came in, and served the King solemnly with one dish of gold, and another of silver, and the Queen all in gilt vessels, and the Bishop all in silver. At the second course came into the Hall Sir Robert Dymoke, the King's champion, making proclamation, 'that whosoever would say that King Richard was not lawful King, he would fight with him at the utterance,' and threw down his gauntlet; and then all the Hall cried, 'King Richard!' And so he did in three parts of the Hall, and then one brought him a cup of wine

covered, and when he had drunk, he cast out the drink, and departed with the cup. After that the heralds cried a largesse thrice in the Hall, and so went up to their stage "

At the end of the banquet, "the Lord Mayor served the King and Queen with ipocras, wafers, and sweet wine, and by that time it was dark night. Anon came into the Hall great lights of wax-torches and torchettes, and as soon as the lights came up the Hall, the lords and ladies went up to the King and made their obeisance; and anon the King and Queen rose up and went to their chambers, and every man and woman departed and went their ways, where it liked them best." *

The splendour of the coronation was a nine days' wonder; but when the first excitement was passed, men began to ask what had become of the little disinherited Princes whose claims had been so summarily disposed of. That question was never answered. Silently, mysteriously, the two pretty, fair-haired boys had vanished. With the clanging of the Tower gates behind them they had said good-bye for ever to mother and kindred; and neither the weeping Queen or wondering people ever beheld them more.

"The manner of their deaths," says Miss Yonge, "has remained a 'historic doubt.' Whether they were really murdered is sometimes questioned; but this seems certain, since their uncle would otherwise have produced them to silence the outcry against him. To have sent them abroad, as was sometimes alleged, would have been very unlike so able a man as Richard, who would thus only have raised enemies against himself and his son; for boys of thirteen and nine were not likely to forget their rank and right, and many

* Grafton.

a foreign sovereign would have delighted to avail himself of their quarrell, as Philippe Auguste had done of that of Arthur of Brittany. Perhaps popular belief inclined to the mysterious and dreary wanderings hand-in-hand in the forest, with lips stained with blackberries, and the final sleep beneath the pious redbreasts' leafy pile." But the sad tradition of the babes in the wood was pronounced to be inaccurate nine years later, when Henry VII. gave publicity to a confession which described in detail the dark deed by which Richard III. had, as he hoped, secured the crown to himself and his heir.

According to this account, when the two little Princes were domiciled in the Bloody Tower, Richard sent orders by a certain John Green to Sir Robert Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, to have the children privately murdered. These orders Brackenbury, horrified, refused to obey; and the King, audibly lamenting his disobedience, was advised by the page to give the commission to a Sir James Tyrrel. That worthy was only too willing to further his master's designs; and he was sent to London, with an order from Richard to Brackenbury to give up the keys of the Tower for one night to the bearer. The two boys had been deprived of all their attendants but one, a fellow known as Black Will, or Will Slaughter, and four keepers who guarded them. The elder at least of the two little brothers had dark forebodings as to his uncle's treatment of him, and was often heard to say, "I would mine uncle would let me have my life, though he taketh my crown." "After which time," says an old chronicle, "the Prince never tied his points, nor anything attended to himself, but with the young babe, his brother, lingered in thought and heavi-

ness till the traitorous deed delivered them from wretchedness."

Tyrrel resolved to murder them in their sleep ; and for this purpose called in two ruffians, " Miles Forest, one of their keepers, a fellow flesh-bred in murder ; and John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square knave. All their other attendants being removed from them, and the harmless children in bed, these men came into their chamber, and suddenly lapping them in the clothes, smothered and stifled them till thoroughly dead ; then laying out their bodies in the bed, they fetched Sir James to see them, who caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, deep in the ground, under a heap of stones. Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard, and showed him the manner of the murder, who gave him great thanks, but allowed not their burial in so vile a corner, but would have them buried in consecrated ground."* They were therefore removed by Sir Robert Brackenbury's priest, and buried secretly ; and their resting-place, though often searched for, was not discovered till the time of Charles II.

So ran the confessions of Tyrrel and Dighton, when the former lay under sentence of death for participation in some Yorkist plot in 1499, and which were published by Henry VII. " Some discredit was thrown on the story by the fact that it was his interest to establish the certainty of the children's death, and some of the circumstances were improbable. Richard was not the man to consult about murders with a chance page, nor was the exchange of keepers for one night probable. Indeed, these two particulars almost appear to have been foisted in to give circumstantiality to

* Hall.

a story which might be known to the King to be true in the main, but which he wanted to dress up for the ear of the public."*

Neither Richard, his wife, or son, were in London while this murder was committed. Immediately after the coronation they had all repaired to Windsor Castle, where the Queen and her child were left while the King undertook a progress which was to conclude at Tewkesbury. Perhaps he was not anxious that Anne should behold the spot where he helped to murder her first husband; perhaps the poor Queen herself shrank from beholding a place whose associations were stained with so much guilt and sorrow; but, at all events, she was spared the ordeal, and had also the relief of parting for a time with her unloved spouse. Queenly duties were, however, imperative, and she in her turn commenced a splendid royal progress with her suite, "in which they were attended by many prelates and peers, and the Spanish ambassador, who had come to propose an alliance between the eldest daughter of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the son of Richard III. The Queen took up her abode at Warwick Castle, the place of her birth, and the grand feudal seat of her father, which belonged to the young Earl of Warwick (the son of her sister Isabel and the Duke of Clarence), and it is especially noted that the Queen brought him with her. Richard III. joined his wife at Warwick Castle, where they kept court with great magnificence for a week. It must have been at this period that the portraits of Queen Anne, of Richard III., and their son, were added to the Rous Roll."† From Warwick they journeyed to Coventry, where a memorandum was dated August 15th, 1483, of an

* C. M. Yonge.

† Strickland.

account of £180 owed to Richard Gowles, mercer, London, for goods delivered for the Queen's use, as specified in bills held by John Kendal, the King's secretary. At Nottingham, their next resting-place, Richard decided on being crowned a second time at York, and sent orders for the preparations he wished made, and a marvellous list of the apparel—satin, velvet, and cloth of gold—required for the coronation robes of his Queen and himself. They arrived at York on the 29th of August, and were crowned with much magnificence by Archbishop Rotherham, the ceremony being succeeded by a splendid banquet, at which the Spanish ambassador was knighted, and the Queen walked in grand procession through the streets, holding by the right hand her little son, wearing the demi-crown of the heir of England. "Probably Richard's purpose was to make the Lancastrians north feel that he really was a King, as well as to win the people by gratifying their eyes with pomp or pageantry, but the effect was unfavourable. People imagined that he had slain his nephews since his first coronation, and that he had renewed it, as feeling his title more valid, as King John was reported to have done in a similar case. The citizens of York, indeed, were delighted at the sight of the velvet and satin, the golden lions and silver boars, the King and Queen in crown and sceptre, and the ten-years-old Prince of Wales with demi-crown and golden rod; but when the court moved on to Pontefract Castle, the little Prince studying his primer corded with black satin, as he travelled in his chariot with his tutor, Sir Richard Bernall, must have been the only one of the family not visited with anxious care."*

The expenses of moving "my lord prince's"—

* C. M. Yonge.

household in this journey were twenty-four shillings; and we read that five marks were paid to one Michell Wharton for bringing the young heir's jewels from York. He was left among his father's northern friends, so when Richard hurried to London to crush Buckingham's rebellion, the Queen accompanied, or rather was taken with him—for we may feel sure that, had she exercised her own choice, she would never have elected to leave her passionately-loved child to accompany her husband.

"It is a doubtful point," says Miss Strickland, "whether Anne approved of the crimes which thus advanced her son. Tradition declares she abhorred them, but Parliamentary documents proved she shared with Sir James Tyrrel the plunder of Richard's opponents, after the rebellion of Buckingham was crushed. She received one hundred marks, the King seven hundred marks, and Sir James Tyrrel two manors from Sir William Knyvet, being the purchase-money for his life. Anne's share of the plunder amounts to considerably more than her proportion of queen-gold."

This participation is, however, hardly a proof that Anne either approved of her husband's proceedings, or indeed, was cognizant of them, at least until after they had taken place. Up to a certain point, Richard seems to have been really fond of his wife, and may possibly have presented her with the hundred marks above-mentioned as a free gift; or he may have chosen that she should, in appearance at least, act in unity with him; in either of which cases resistance to his autocratic arrangements would have been useless, even if the unhappy Queen had had enough energy or courage left wherewith to combat them.

Meanwhile the King, perhaps fearing that while

his nephews were believed to be still living he would never be free from insurrections, and probably thinking that, by the mysterious deaths of Henry VI. and Clarence, the public would have become used to regard the unexplained deaths of royalty as an ordinary sequence of events, caused a report to be spread in London that the Princes were dead. But the mournful fate of the two little brothers was too sad a subject to be passed over with the equanimity he had anticipated. The suspicion of murder was at once fastened upon him ; and there was much sorrow and no little excitement among the good citizens, with whom Edward IV. had always been a favourite, and who could remember seeing the fair-haired heir, and the little Duke of York, his mother's special darling, at many a festival and tourney, beside the magnificent beauty of their Plantagenet father.

The news was not long in reaching the mother, still in her dreary sanctuary at Westminster. "It struck to her heart," says a chronicler, "like the sharp dart of death ; she was so suddenly amazed that she swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony, like to a dead corpse. And after she was revived and came to her memory again, she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tare and pulled in pieces, and called by name her sweet babes ; accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary for his uncle to put him to death. After long lamentation, she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance, 'Who,' she said, 'she nothing doubted would remember it ;' and when, in a few months Richard unexpectedly lost his only son, the child for whose advancement he had steeped his soul in crime, Englishmen declared

that the imprecations of the agonized mother had been heard."

It did indeed seem righteous retribution when, on the 9th of April, 1484, the very day year of the death of Edward IV. and the accession of Edward V., who had been murdered to make way for his innocent rival, the young Prince of Wales died at Middleham Castle, "an unhappy death," as the chronicler calls it, seeming to imply some peculiarly tragic end. What caused his demise is unknown; but his parents, who happened to be then at Nottingham Castle, were not able to reach him ere he died. Verily, the doom spoken thousands of years before upon the Mount had been fulfilled to the letter; and the father's sin had been heavily visited on the unconscious child for whom that sin was wrought.

The boy's death struck his mother's death-blow. Her whole being had been bound up in him, and when he died her heart broke. Life had been tragic enough before; but now nothing was left in all the world to live for. "She never again knew a moment's health or comfort; she seemed even to court death eagerly."* Even Richard, stained as he was with treachery and blood-guiltiness, felt his loss deeply. His boy had been the one human being for whom he passionately cared; and the blow struck deeper than one might have guessed. Three months after the child died, they brought his father some accounts of articles which had been procured for the little Prince's use. The King audited the amount with unmoved face, but added in his own hand at the bottom of the page, "Whom God pardon." Strange words from one whose own soul was dyed deep with the red stain of murder!

* Strickland.

Perhaps the throne to which he had waded through crime, the crown for which he had spared none who hindered his advance to it, lost some of their brilliancy in his eyes; and the conscience that, in his success, had slept, awoke now, and tortured him with ever-recurring terrors. "When he went abroad," says Sir Thomas More, "his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and dagger like one always ready to strike againe, he tooke ill rest a nightes, lay long wakyng and musing, sore weried with care and watch, rather slumbred than slept, troubled wyth fearful dreames, sodainly sommetyme sterte up, leape out of his bed and runne about the chamber, so was his restless herte continually tossed and tumbled."

But though his dearest hope had perished, and the son for whom he had wrought so much crime and misery lay dead, Richard's ambition was not yet quenched, and the stern resolve to retain his hold on the crown for which he had sacrificed his honour and faith was as strong within him as ever. There was little hope of his heart-broken wife ever becoming the mother of another son; he had no heir nearer than the young Earl of Warwick, the son of his hated brother Clarence; and this, together with the report that Queen Elizabeth Woodville and the Countess of Richmond were arranging a marriage between their children, the Princess Elizabeth, and Henry Tudor, made him decide upon a scheme thus quaintly detailed in the Chronicle of Holinshed:—

"Then came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man, but much more cruel and abominable to be put into execution. For when he resolved in his mind, how great a fountain of

mischief towards him should spring, if the Earl of Richmond married his niece, which thing he heard say by the rumour of the people, that no small number of wise persons wished to happen, he determined to reconcile to his favour Queen Elizabeth Woodville, either by fair words, or liberal promises, believing her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit (and lovingly credit) to him the governance of both her and her daughters, and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his niece should be utterly defriended. And if no ingenious remedy could be invented, to save the mischief which were at hand, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present life, then he himself would rather take to wife his niece Elizabeth, than for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin, as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity, the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the Queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messengers, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable, and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son, Lord Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, that they should bring her if it were possible into some vain hope, or as men say, into a fool's paradise. The messengers, being men of wit and gravity, so persuaded the Queen with pregnant reasons, with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent, and to give them no deaf ear, insomuch that she promised to yield herself fully to the King's will and pleasure. And so she, putting in oblivion the murder of her innocent children, the infamy and dishonour spoken of the King her

husband, the living in adultery laid to her charge, the bastarding of her daughters, forgetting also the faithful promise and open oath made to the Countess of Richmond, mother to the Earl Henry, blinded by avaricious affection, and seduced by flattering words, delivered into King Richard's hands her five daughter's, as lambs once again committed to the custody of the ravenous wolf." The "Lady Bessee" and her sisters were placed by Richard under the care of his wife, with whom they were present at great Christmas festivities held in Westminster Hall. All the five were treated kindly by Anne, "especially the Lady Elizabeth was ranked most familiarly in the Queen's favour, who treated her as a sister; but neither society that she loved, nor all the pomp and festivity of royalty, could cure the languor or heal the wound in the Queen's breast for the loss of her son."* She had, as yet, it appeared, no suspicion that her young niece was intended to be her successor; but the King began to lament to Rotherham, the Archbishop of York, that it was unlikely she would ever give him another son; and there were not wanting eager adherents to whisper hints of a divorce. Rotherham heard so much that he gave vent to his belief that "the Queen would suddenly depart from this world," a speech which, like all unlucky remarks, had exceeding vitality, and was repeated from mouth to mouth in the grand-chamber. Holinshed, who invariably paints Richard in the blackest tints, affirms that the King purposely caused a report of her death to be spread, "that she, bearing this grudge of her husband, and taking therefore an inward thought, would not long live in this world." At all events such rumours did reach

* Continuation of "Croyland Chronicle," quoted by Strickland.

poor Anne while she was sitting at her toilette, and caused her "to sore suspect and judge the world to be almost at an end with her."* With her hair unbound and falling on her shoulders, "with lamentable countenance and sorrowful cheer,"† she flew to Richard, and with tears and sobs asked him, "What she had done to deserve death?" The King soothed her with "fair words, smiling and flattering,"‡ and bade her "be of good cheer, for, in sooth, she had no other cause." If indeed her husband really desired her death, he had not long to wait; she had been in a slow decline since the loss of her child, and was surely fading when she made her appeal to him; and on the 16th of March, 1485, less than a year after she had parted with her boy, she too laid down the burden of a sorrow too heavy for her, and drew her last sigh in the old palace at Westminster, in the midst of the greatest eclipse of the sun that had been known for many years. She was buried with royal pomp and magnificence in Westminster Abbey, at the south side of the altar, and the King, as he stood by her coffin, shed tears which were perhaps not altogether hypocritical. If he were thinking of all the woe his hand had wrought on the dead wife now wrapped in eternal peace, he had cause enow for weeping. In his own fierce way he had, probably, loved her; and that she possessed some little influence over him may be gathered from the fact that the young Earl of Warwick, her sister's son, had, during her lifetime, been treated as the heir of England, and taken his place at the royal table—honours that were withdrawn when she was no longer alive to plead for them.

The stone placed above the grave of the unhappy

* Holinshed.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

Queen is now, it is believed, in the pavement of the South Transept of the Abbey,* and "no memorial marks the spot where the broken heart of the hapless Anne of Warwick found rest from as much sorrow as could possibly be crowded into the brief space of thirty-one years."† Her husband's dreams of re-marriage and future heirs were cut short by the battle on Bosworth Field; and after all the blood and misery through which he had waded to the throne on which he hoped to found a dynasty, he died lonely amid his foes, and left no child to inherit his guiltily-won crown; "and," says Baker, trenchantly, "it had been pity he should, at least in his own image; one such monster was enough for many ages."

* Dean Stanley.

† Strickland.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of the Infanta—Her christening—Ferdinand of Aragon—Isabel the Catholic—The Royal Family—Pilgrimage to Santiago—Conquest of Malaga—Projected alliance with England—The English Court—Arthur Prince of Wales—The Infanta's dower—The English envoys—Their reception of Isabel—Marriage of the Infanta Isabel—The siege of Granada—Beauty of the city—Catalina's education—Perkin Warbeck—Execution of the Earl of Warwick—Marriage of Don Juan—Of Doña Juana—Second Marriage of Doña Isabel—Her death—Marriage of Doña Maria—Death of Don Juan—Catalina leaves Spain—Her voyage—Arrival at Plymouth.

Or the noble lady whose history forms the subject of the following pages, it may well be said, in the words of the grand woman-poet of our day, that she rose to her sex's

Peculiar and best altitudes
Of doing good and of enduring ill,
Of comforting for ill and teaching good,
And reconciling all that ill and good
Unto the patience of a constant pain.

Among all the Princesses whose title she for a brief space bore, none can claim at once the lofty dignity, the unflinching endurance, and the undying faith and love which characterizes Katharine of Aragon, and which so marked her out amid her contemporaries that the greatest of our dramatists honours her by placing in her mouth some of the loftiest, tenderest, and most touching utterances which even he could frame. Her life, closing in tragedy, opened in romance; and the

eyes that were to close gladly on the sorrows of the world at Kimbolton, first saw the light amid the southern flush of luxuriant splendour in her mother's fair kingdom of Spain.

It was in the late autumn of 1485 that Isabel the Catholic, Queen of Spain, then anticipating the birth of her fifth child, took up her residence in the town of Alcala de Henares. It had been a troublous year for the Queen, and her keen and wily consort, Ferdinand. They had striven to establish the Inquisition in Zaragoza, only to meet with fierce resistance and fear-maddened opposition, culminating in the murder of Arbues, who had been placed there as representative of the Holy Office; an *émeute* in favour of the dispossessed Infanta Doña Juana, Isabel's niece, was to be feared; and Cordova, where she had been residing, was stricken by plague. The King had hastened back from his camp to carry his wife and little ones to a healthier air, and the Royal household set forth from the infected city to seek some untainted resting place—a task, in those stormy days, of no small difficulty—for the whole country was unquiet and disaffected, and among all their numerous cities, there was hardly one where the King and Queen could hope to find peace and shelter. But Ferdinand was too anxious to remove them from all danger of the plague to allow his Queen and her children to remain at Cordova until he could arrange a fitting residence for them; and they set forth in long procession, with their faces turned towards the mountain heights of Central Spain. "In front rode Don Fernando, King of Aragon and Sicily; Doña Isabel, his consort, Queen of Leon and Castile; Don Juan, Prince of the Asturias, their only son; the pale Infanta Isabel; the fair Juana and the child

Maria, with their several Abigails and knights. Behind the Queen, and prouder than the Queen, rode Pedro de Mendoza, Cardinal of Spain. Mendoza, from his pride of place, was called a King, the Cardinal-king of Spain. Not far behind the Cardinal came his kinsman, Diego de Mendoza, Archbishop of Seville; after whom, with no great pause and distance, came a crowd of prelates, friars, and chaplains; prelates like Alonzo de Fonseca, Archbishop of Santiago; friars like Tomas de Torquemada, Grand Inquisitor of Castile and Aragon; chaplains like Fernando de Talavera, prior of Santa Maria del Prado and confessor to the Queen. A tail of pages, cooks, and slaves, with many friars, black, white, and grey, were followed by the Royal guard; a band of knights in Moorish armour, riding Moorish horses, and commanded by that gallant Count de Cabra who had marked the recent summers by a great success and a severe reverse.”*

Finding that his royal master and mistress were undecided in their movements, and uncertain where to find a safe abiding-place for the Queen in her delicate state of health, Cardinal Mendoza offered them his palace at Alcala de Henares—one of the most stately and beautiful erections of the kind in Spain. The offer was accepted; and the *cortége* turned in the direction of the first-named town. “When seen afar off,” says Hepworth Dixon, “by the muletiers who trudge in dust and heat through Central Spain, this city has a look of age and strength becoming her renown. Yet her renown is old, is widely spread, and is of many kinds. She is the city of San Juste and San Pastor, and enjoys the special patronage of these infant saints. For centuries she was a

* “History of Two Queens,” by Hepworth Dixon.

citadel of Moslem pride, a centre of Arabian wealth and art. In later ages she was wrested from the infidel; became the scene of Don Bernardo's vision, and the prize of King Alonzo's arms. When captured by the Christians, she was consecrated to religion as a temporal holding of the Church. For ages she remained a home of cardinals and primates, who enlarged Bernardo's cell till it was vast enough to lodge a royal household. Consistorial and inquisitorial courts were held within her walls. She was the school and the retreat of Ximenes. A printing-press which rivalled that of Venice spread her fame abroad. Her college of San Ildefonso was a nursery of sacred learning, and the workshop out of which came forth the Complutensian Bible. For a century her doctors and professors held a rank in letters hardly less conspicuous than the doctors and professors of Salamanca held in law. Not often have so many glories met in one small city; yet the pride of Alcala is in a cradle and a grave. In Alcala Cervantes was born, and there Ximenes died."

Arrived in the city, the royal party were conducted to the Cardinal's palace, where a suite of rooms, comprising the Allelujah Hall, the Inquisition Hall, and the Banqueting Hall, were placed at their services. Here they remained, anxiously watching the progress of the struggle against the Moors, and issuing edicts for the punishment and suppression of all those concerned in the revolt against the establishment of the Inquisition. In the midst of this, two months before the event was looked for, the Queen fell ill, and her youngest daughter was born to her on the 16th of December, 1485. "This female child," says Hepworth Dixon, "was born beneath a troubled star. She

came into the world too soon; her sex was a surprise and a regret; and she was born, not only far from her imperial home, but in a fortalice of the Church. It was an open question with the judges whether she was not the Cardinal's subject; but the child was born as she would have to live and die—away from home, the sport of time and chance, the prey of rival priests and kings." She was baptized by Mendoza by the name of Catalina; and the Great Cardinal gave a splendid feast in her honour in the banquet room, which was attended by the King and Queen, the lords and ladies of their suite, Don Juan, and Fonseca, Archbishop of Santiago. The baptism did not, however, pass off without a contretemps. The Cardinal and the Royal Mayor disputed hotly concerning their rights in the certifying of the infant's birth. The Queen, despite her leaning towards the clergy, asserted the justice of her own officer's claims, holding that the dispute touched the authority of her crown; and the Cardinal maintained that in the city of the Church, all power paled beside his own. The disagreement grew so hot that the birth could not be certified in the ordinary manner; and it required all the smooth-tongued eloquence of Fonseca to arrange the matter.

While the Infanta Catalina is still an infant in her cradle, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the royal parents of whom she was the youngest born. Her father, keen, wily, and plotting, is a figure well-known and vividly distinct in the history of the time. Few who knew him could esteem him in his own day, and his name has come down to us ungilded by popular affection or traditional virtue. At the time of Catalina's birth he was "a small, brisk man, alive in every sense, alert in every move. A chubby cheek

thick lips, brown eyes and raven hair, were lighted by a cold metallic smile, like that which shimmers on a well-worn front of bronze. His skin was tawny gold. Though he was squat in frame, his thews and joints were steeled by frugal diet and by exercise in sport and war. A sleek and comely face led many into deeming him a man of careless mood, more likely to be hunting lovely eyes than poring day and night through plans for conquering rival kings and overturning native laws. In using men to serve his turn he had no rival. While he rode against the Moors, he made the Caliph of Granada trust him as a friend. When he attacked the Fundamental Pact of Aragon, he put his monks and priests in front, and threw the odium of his victory over law and justice on the Holy See. All causes were the same to him. The man was light of love, but never light of heart. His virtue was a clear and intellectual insight; his defect a want of sympathy and humour, and the moral insight which depends on sympathy and humour. In Fernando's eyes all men were rogues; some rich and royal rogues, some poor and lowly rogues; but in their several spheres they all were rogues. No living creature had his confidence. He kept a hundred secrets from the Queen. He named confessors by the dozen, but he told these monks no more than he allowed himself to tell his wife. A councillor had to guess his meaning from his looks. Yet nature had not given him the expression which deceives without an effort to deceive. His mouth was big; his left eye turned askant; his voice, which issued through a broken tooth, was an unpleasant hiss and snap. It was not hard to see that under the metallic dimple beat a heart of brass."*

* Hepworth Dixon.

Ferdinand's consort and fellow-sovereign, Isabel the Catholic, was a woman whose lot it has been to receive a meed of praise far beyond her deserts. Learned, sagacious, and wise in government she was; but records preserved in many stores till lately undisturbed, prove that the keen duplicity and unscrupulous double-dealing of her husband were rivalled by her own scheming and plotting. She had been brought up entirely under the rule of the monks, and had grown up a zealous daughter of Holy Church, ready to sacrifice all for its advancement, and the hope of canonization; distrustful of all secular learning, and fiercely intolerant of all liberal ideas; with a lack of honesty and sincerity that sadly marred the whole tone of her character, and destitute of all feminine gentleness and sweetness, though capable of strong and faithful attachment. Intensely ambitious, knowing well how to wield the sceptre, and devoted to the interests of her faith, holding that for its advancement all scruples of honour and sincerity might without blame be sacrificed, she stands forth among the notable figures of her age, a typical Spaniard, and a resolute and powerful ruler, almost masculine in thought and heart, save in the truly feminine jealousy with which—not causelessly—she regarded the King her husband, her junior by some years.

She claimed descent both through her father and mother from the regal line of Plantagenet, her mother, Isabel of Portugal, being the granddaughter of Joao I. of Portugal and Philippa of Lancaster, elder daughter of John of Gaunt; and her paternal grandmother being Catharine, also the daughter of the Duke of Lancaster. In appearance she resembled this latter ancestress, being

tall, fair, and well-developed, with auburn hair and grey eyes. She was now the mother of five children; Isabel, her first-born, delicate, reserved, and shrinking from public notice, born at Durías, October 1st, 1470; Don Juan, the heir of her own and her husband's united monarchies, a beautiful but weakly boy, born at Seville, June 30th, 1478; Juana, afterwards to be tragically celebrated as the woe-distraught widow of Philip the Fair, and playfully called by her mother in her childhood "Suegra" (mother-in-law), from her strong resemblance to Ferdinand's mother, Juana Henriquez, born at Toledo, November 6th, 1479; Maria, born at Cordova in 1482; and the infant Catalina. These children, with their mother, were taken by Ferdinand back to Cordova as soon as all fear of the pestilence had abated; and there the Queen ensconced herself and her family in the alcazar, while the King returned to the camp, to lead his army against the Moors. In the following year (1486), in gratitude for the success of their arms, Ferdinand and Isabel, accompanied by all their children, went on a pilgrimage to the great shrine at Santiago; and, ere Catalina was two years old, she was taken with her parents in their triumphal entry into Malaga, which is thus brilliantly described by Prescott in his history of "Los Reyes Catalicos."*

"The procession moved in solemn state up the principal streets, now deserted, and hushed in ominous silence, to the new Cathedral of St. Mary, where mass was performed; and, as the glorious anthem of the 'Te Deum' rose for the first time within its ancient walls, the sovereigns, together with the whole army, prostrated themselves in grateful adoration of the Lord of Hosts, who had

* "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," by W. H. Prescott.

thus re-instated them in the domains of their ancestors. The most affecting incident was afforded by the multitude of Christian captives, who were rescued from the Moorish dungeons. They were brought before the sovereigns, with their limbs heavily manacled, their beards descending to their waists, and their sallow visages emaciated by captivity and famine. Every eye was suffused with tears at the spectacle. Many recognized their ancient friends, of whose fate they had long been ignorant. Some had lingered in captivity ten or fifteen years; and among them were several belonging to the best families in Spain. On entering the presence, they would have testified their gratitude by throwing themselves at the feet of the sovereigns; but the latter, raising them up, and mingling their tears with those of the liberated captives, caused their fetters to be removed, and, after administering to their necessities, dismissed them with liberal presents."

From Malaga the royal family passed to Zaragoza, where the Cortes was to meet. It was such an infancy as rarely falls to the lot of a baby Princess—this restless, rapid journeying from place to place, and visiting of holy shrines, and entering conquered cities—all the turmoil, the confusion, the excitement of war; and it might be taken as no inapt foreshadowing of the stormy and chequered story of the Spanish lady's sorrowful life, as it was to be written in the future pages of history.

When the Infanta was only two years old, her father, anxious to gain the alliance of England, as a protection against the power of France, sent a secret agent, Rodrigo de Puebla to London, to propose to Henry VII. a match between his youngest daughter and the little Prince of Wales.

The King of England listened favourably to the proposals, being willing to gain such a powerful ally as Ferdinand, and also fully aware of the benefit a treaty between them would be to the trading interests. He had now been but two years on the throne, and his young heir, born September 20th, 1486, was consequently ten months younger than Catalina. His wife, Elizabeth of York, whose wondrous beauty and gentle goodness are still remembered, fully lived up to her chosen motto, "Humble and Reverent;" his mother, the Lady Margaret, only thirteen years older than her son, was a learned and pious lady, passionately attached to her only child, and warmly appreciative of her lovely daughter-in-law; and his Court was pure as that of Edward IV. had never been. Celt by birth and blood, and intensely Celtic in nature, Henry's imagination had ever been filled with those old Arthurian legends of stainless King and Table Round which were rife in his fatherland. "To him," says Hepworth Dixon, "Arthur was a light, a beacon, and a guiding star. If not an actual saint, he was a pattern Prince and perfect knight. The King regarded Arthur as the glory of a line of princes older than the Saxon times. Even more than what St. Louis was to Charles, and San Fernando was to Isabel, King Arthur seemed to Henry. In his mythic ancestor he saw a Christian knight and national hero, who had spent his life in fighting with a foreign and idolatrous foe. To him, this warrior was the noblest hero of the British soil."

When the arrival of the expected heir was near, the Queen was removed by her husband from the Tower of London, where hitherto it had been the custom for the future King to see the light, and carried her to Winchester, the ancient Camelot,

and the legendary capital of the hero-King. Here the child was born, and christened Arthur in the Cathedral, with "a pair of ancient Britons" (whence proceeding history saith not) standing by the font. "The King felt proud that Arthur of Winchester was born to be a Prince of Wales. A seven months' child (like Catalina), he was small and comely, needing every care from Stephen Bereworth, his physician, who was pensioned to attend on him. The King arranged his cradle so when his eyes should open to receive the sights of outward things, the objects to salute first should be the mystic dragon and the leek. The King had fixed his heart on a list of the ancient names and ancient ways. And Arthur should renew the first, and live as that hero in a Court of perfect knights and ladies. This hero must be consecrated from his birth, and in after years he should be sent to dwell among his ancient kith. A castle on the coast should be arranged for him; a house less grand and stern than Pembroke; yet a place of name and fame. In royal and romantic times, that second Arthur was to emulate the first."

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 To see this treasured child, Puebla and his relations were invited down to Sheen, where the beautiful young Queen and her babe were residing. The Spanish envoy was charmed by both mother and child. "We find in him," he wrote to his own sovereigns of the little prince, "so many excellent qualities as no one could believe." Henry told him that, were the prince concluded, he would wish the young Infanta sent early to England, to become acclimated, and imbued with English thoughts and

* Hepworth Dixon.

ways; that he should like her to learn French, then the language of the Court; and that it would be well, if, bearing in mind the chill and damp of her future country, she were allowed to take wine. The match was, however, as yet, far from being concluded. The Commissioners, Richard Fox, Bishop of Exeter, and Giles, Lord Daubeney, whom Henry had named to confer with Puebla on the treaty of marriage, and the accompanying articles of peace named so large a sum—two hundred thousand crowns, each crown equal to fifty English pence—as the dower they expected with the Infanta, that the Spaniards were at first overwhelmed, and refused to entertain such a proposal. Only after much wrangling and discussion was the point carried by the English Commissioners, after they had explained that Catalina, as Princess of Wales, would receive the third part of the revenues of Chester, Wales, and Cornwall—amounting to eighty thousand crowns a year—for her sole and separate use. The Spaniards signed a memorandum of this agreement, premising that they did so in order to consult their master. Finally, the articles of marriage stood thus: that Prince Arthur was to marry the Infanta when he came of age; that her dower of two hundred thousand crowns was to be paid, half on her landing and half on her wedding-day, all Spaniards then in England being security for the sum; that she was to be sent to England in a suitable manner, at Ferdinand's expense; that her parents were to give her dress and jewels proper to her rank; and that she was to own all property coming to her through her birth. These articles the King of Spain did not approve of. The dower, he said, could not be more than one hundred thousand crowns, one half of which he

would pay on her marriage, and the other half in two years' time; he could not give her plate or jewels, unless they were counted as part of the dower; and his word must satisfy the English King, without security. Indeed, had not Ferdinand sorely needed the alliance of England against the French, it is probable the treaty of marriage would have been broken off; and a clause was inserted in the articles to the effect that, after the conclusion of the marriage, the King of England should assist him in the recovery of the provinces of Rossillon and Cadaña from France. This clause Henry hesitated to agree to, until the French want of faith in their dealings with Bretagne obliged him to seek some ally who would aid him against the armies of Charles VIII. Accordingly, in 1489, Savage, a priest, Nanfan, one of the King's body-guard, and Muy Machado, a foreign herald, went with Puebla back to Spain in order to induce Ferdinand to agree to the articles drawn up by Fox and Daubeney. Landing at Laredo, they passed through Burgos and Valladolid to Medina del Campo, and after being there hospitably entertained, were conducted to the Castillo de la Mota, or Castle on the Mount, a feudal castle built by Isabel amid the ruins of a Roman camp, a mile from the city, and at that time the residence of the King and Queen. Here they were introduced into the presence of the sovereigns, who "were dressed in cloth of gold, with puff of silk and edge of fur, and belts about their waists ablaze with precious stones. Mendoza, who was next to the Queen, and on the same seat with her, sat superb in his attire; nor were the lords and ladies in attendance far behind the King and Queen. Fernando's usual dress was that of any Moorish Prince—a cap, a scimitar, a breast-plate,

and a flowing robe; but in this evening pageant at Medina, he was dressed in stiff brocade and cloth of gold. The Queen, who commonly affected poor attire—the gown and fillet of a nun—was richer than her lord. Machado, with a herald's eye for clothes and jewels, priced the dress she wore that night as worth the whole of Catalina's dower—two hundred thousand crowns of gold.”*

The English envoys were received courteously, and compliments in Latin passed between the Spanish Court and its new guests, but nothing of importance was alluded to on this first meeting. On their second reception they were allowed to see the two elder of the royal children, Don Juan and Doña Isabel; but Ferdinand delayed admitting them to see the future bride of their own Prince. At last, at their earnest wish, they were allowed to visit her, and found her, richly dressed, with a band of seven young girls in attendance on her. “All the family were present. Don Juan sat on the ground beside his father; Doña Isabel danced with a young Portuguese. Maria also danced. Fernando gave a bull-fight at Medina; first, that brutal sport in which the horse is ripped and gored to death, and then the bull is fixed and stabbed; and afterwards that Moorish game in which a troop of dogs is chased in festive war. The Queen was in her box, and held the baby Catalina in her arms to see the horses gored and ripped, the bulls tormented and despatched. Mendoza sat beside her in the royal stand. ‘Well, it was beautiful to see the Queen hold up her daughter, the Infanta Catharine, Princess of Wales,’ Machado wrote; at which time she was three years old. The fight being done, the King and Queen returned into their castle, where the ladies

* Hepworth Dixon.

danced with knight and picador, and Isabel's iron men beat out the midnight chimes before the English agents marched with torch and banner through the city gates." *

Amid these festivities the marriage was arranged; but Ferdinand's parsimony showed itself again in the settlement of the dower. He had agreed to provide his daughter with suitable plate and jewels on sending her into England; but he insisted that these, which he valued at fifty thousand crowns, should be viewed as part of her dower. So strenuously did he reiterate this, declaring that Puebla and the Bishop of Exeter had agreed that it should be so, that the envoys were perforce obliged to leave that matter doubtful. All else was agreed to; and henceforth the baby Infanta bore the name of Princess of Wales. It made as yet but little difference in her childish life that she was called the future bride of the heir of England. She was taken, with her father and sisters, from the castle on the Mount to Saen, after the departure of the English King's messengers; and her next public appearance was at the marriage of her eldest sister, Doña Isabel, with Affonso, the heir-apparent of Portugal. "The ceremony of the affiancing," says Prescott, "took place at Seville in the month of April, 1490, Don Fernando de Silveira appearing as the representative of the Prince of Portugal; and it was followed by a succession of splendid *fêtes* and tourneys. Lists were enclosed, at some distance from the city on the shores of the Guadalquivir, and surrounded with galleries hung with silk and cloth of gold, and protected from the noontide heat by canopies, or awnings, richly embroidered with the armorial bearings of

* Hepworth Dixon.

the ancient houses of Castile. The spectacle was graced by all the rank and beauty of the Court, with the Infanta Isabel in the midst, attended by seventy noble ladies, and a hundred pages of the royal household. The cavaliers of Spain, young and old, thronged to the tournament, as eager to win laurels on the mimic theatre of war, in the presence of so brilliant an assemblage, as they had shown themselves in the sterner contests with the Moors. King Fernando, who broke several lances on the occasion, was among the most distinguished of the combatants for personal dexterity and horsemanship. The martial exercises of the day were relieved by the more effeminate recreations of dancing and music in the evening; and every one seemed willing to welcome the season of hilarity after the long-protracted fatigues of war." In the autumn Doña Isabel was conducted into Portugal with much pomp; but the wedding which had been so splendidly celebrated proved unfortunate, for the young Prince died within a few months of his nuptials.

When the siege of Granada began in 1491, Catalina and her sisters accompanied the Queen to the camp, where they remained until the city was won. The time of the siege was not altogether without peril to her. "About the middle of July," says Prescott, "an accident occurred in the camp, which had like to have been attended with fatal consequences. The Queen was lodged in a superb pavilion, belonging to the Marquis of Cadiz, and always used by him in the Moorish war. By the carelessness of one of her attendants a lamp was placed in such a situation that, during the night, perhaps owing to a gust of wind, it set fire to the drapery, or loose hangings, of the pavilion, which was instantly in a blaze. The

flame communicated with fearful rapidity to the neighbouring tents, made of light, combustible materials, and the camp was menaced with general conflagration. This occurred at the dead of night, when all but the sentinels were buried in sleep. The Queen and her children, whose apartments were near hers, were in great peril, and escaped with difficulty, though fortunately without injury. The alarm soon spread. The trumpets sounded to arms, for it was supposed to be some night attack of the enemy. Fernando, snatching up his arms hastily, put himself at the head of his troops; but, soon ascertaining the nature of the disaster, contented himself with posting the Marquis of Cadiz, with a strong body of horse, over against the city, in order to repel any sally from that quarter. None, however, was attempted; and the fire was at length extinguished without personal injury, though not without loss of much valuable property, in jewels, plate, brocade, and other costly decorations of the tents of the nobility. In order to guard against a similar disaster, as well as to provide comfortable winter quarters for the army, should the siege be so long protracted as to require it, it was resolved to build a town of substantial edifices on the place of the present encampment. The plan was immediately put in execution. The work was distributed in due proportions among the troops of the several cities and of the great nobility; the soldier was on a sudden converted into an artizan, and, instead of war, the camp echoed with the sounds of peaceful labour. In less than three months this stupendous task was completed. The spot so recently occupied by light, fluttering pavilions was thickly covered with solid structures of stone and mortar, comprehending, besides dwelling

houses, stables for a thousand horses. The town was thrown into a quadrangular form, traversed by two spacious avenues, intersecting each other at right angles in the centre, in the form of a cross, with stately portals at each of the four extremities. Inscriptions on blocks of marble in the various quarters recorded the respective shares of the several cities in the execution of the work. When it was completed, the whole army was desirous that the new city should bear the name of their illustrious Queen ; but Isabella modestly declined this tribute, and bestowed on the place the title of Santa Fé, in token of the unshaken trust manifested by her people, throughout this war, in Divine Providence. With this name it still stands as it was erected in 1491, a monument of the constancy and enduring patience of the Spaniards, 'the only city in Spain,' in the words of a Castilian writer, 'that has never been contaminated by the Moslem heresy.'

In this camp of Holy Faith the little Infanta sojourned while the last of the Moors were driven from their home. "Her window gave upon a lovely landscape ; and she looked across that landscape to a massive town from which the crescent glittered like a moon. She saw the crimson walls of the Alhambra, topped with cypress and hung with vines ; and hailed the fairy palace on the mountain side. She was a girl of seven when Christopher Columbus came to Santa Fé and begged her mother's leave to add an empire to her states."* At length the city yielded to the Spaniard's efforts ; and then came another scene of triumph for the Catholic King and Queen. "On the morning of the 2nd of January, 1492, the whole Christian camp exhibited a scene of the

* Hepworth Dixon.

most animated bustle. The grand Cardinal Mendoza was sent forward at the head of a large detachment, comprehending his household troops, and the veteran infantry, grown grey in the Moorish wars, to occupy the Alhambra preparatory to the entrance of the sovereigns. Fernando stationed himself at some distance in the rear, near an Arabian mosque, since consecrated as the hermitage of St. Sebastian. He was surrounded by his courtiers, with their stately retinues, glittering in gorgeous panoply, and proudly displaying the armorial bearings of their ancient houses. The Queen halted still farther in the rear, at the village of Armilla. As the column under the grand Cardinal advanced up the Hill of Martyrs, over which a road had been constructed for the passage of the artillery, he was met by the Moorish Prince Abdallah, attended by fifty cavaliers, who, descending the hill, rode up to the position occupied by Fernando on the banks of the Xenil. As the Moor approached the Spanish King, he would have thrown himself from his horse, and saluted his hand in token of homage; but Fernando hastily prevented him, embracing him with every mark of sympathy and regard. Abdallah then delivered up the keys of the Alhambra to his conqueror, saying, 'They are thine, O King, since Allah so decrees it; use thy success with clemency and moderation.' Fernando would have uttered some words of consolation to the unfortunate Prince, but he moved forward with a dejected air to the spot occupied by Isabella, and, after similar acts of obeisance, passed on to join his family, who had preceded him with his most valuable effects on the route to the Alpuzarras. The sovereigns during this time waited with impatience the

home of scholars, heroes, and physicians, her especial pride was a poetic crown. 'The seat of science, empire, and religion, God has blessed her most,' the Caliphs said, 'in making her the birth-place of a school of poets, male and female, whose productions are the dowry of mankind.' " *

Amid all this loveliness Catalina passed her childhood, in a seclusion almost as deep as if she had been one of the Moorish maidens whose place she had taken. Since the marriage of her eldest sister, Doña Isabel, she had been but little in the outer world. It was from this fair home that in after years she took her choice of the young pomegranate, which is still to be seen carved on the well of St. Winifred, to which the Queen of England was a benefactress. Of the beauty of her surroundings, Hepworth Dixon gives a graphic picture. "Of all the structures which adorned this earth, the home of Catharine stood the first in physical beauty. To the right and left the eye ran out in gracious lines. Below the tower of the Comares, on the pole of which a cross had now replaced the crescent, spread a scene that an Arabian poet had extolled beyond the Valley of Damascus. Here the snow-line of the great Sierras gave a vista of Lebanon. There the Vega flowed through orchards, vineyards, gardens all but tropical in form and tint. The courts and alleys at her feet were perfect. As she strolled about the labyrinths of her palace, she could catch the jet and flash of fountains; peep from the purple gloom of Abdallah's hall into the fiery noon-tide of the Court of Lions; breathe her evening hymn from the Ventrum of Goraya; look into the dark ravines, made musical in their leafy shadows by the Darro; train her vine-shoots through the fret-

• Hepworth Dixon.

work of innumerable balconies; reach at orange and pomegranate as the fruit hung from the garden wall; and in the moments when a rarer spirit touched her fancy, she could dally with the secrets of the Moorish arch, and catch a meaning in those arabesques which clothed her walls with services of prayer and praise."

In this poetical seclusion the Infanta's education was not neglected. Her mother, who had had energy and perseverance enough to learn Latin after her accession to the throne, and her conjugal and maternal duties robbed her of nearly all her leisure, "manifested," says Prescott, "the most earnest solicitude for the instruction of her own children. Her daughters were endowed by nature with amiable dispositions, that seconded her maternal efforts. The most competent masters, native and foreign, especially from Italy, then so active in the revival of ancient learning, were employed in their tuition. This was particularly entrusted to two brothers, Antonio and Alessandro Geraldino, natives of that country. Both were conspicuous for their abilities and classical erudition; and the latter, who survived his brother Antonio, was subsequently raised to high ecclesiastical preferments. Under these masters the Infantas made attainments rarely permitted to the sex; and acquired such familiarity with the Latin tongue especially, as excited lively admiration among those over whom they were called to preside in riper years." When Catalina was hardly twelve years old, "Isabella," says M. Du Boys,* "had sanctioned a correspondence in the Latin language between the betrothed, with the double object of cultivating feelings of mutual affection

* "Catherine of Aragon and the Sources of the English Reformation," by Albert Du Boys. Translated by C. M. Yonge.

and promoting their improvement in good Latinity. But, though this language still continued to be the tongue of diplomacy and science, it was not that of love. Besides, the letters of the young lovers were inspected by an army of tutors, preceptors, confessors, bishops, governors, and governesses, who superintended, and, when needful, revised these laborious compositions. Thus there is no chance of finding anywhere a spontaneous expression of feeling. All the correspondence is hackneyed and artificial. As literary exercises, several of these letters are not devoid of merit. One letter may be mentioned from Prince Arthur, dated from Ludlow Castle, in 1499, expressing with some eagerness his impatient desire to see and embrace his very dear wife. The reply from the Alhambra is colder and more strained. The traces of Spanish etiquette are perceptible. But, in Ciceronian elegance Catharine is not inferior to her literary rival."

In 1495, when Perkin Warbeck, the pretended Duke of York, made his memorable attempt upon the English throne, the King and Queen of Spain, who were only anxious that their daughter should marry the English King, and cared little whether that King were Tudor or Plantagenet, grew doubtful and wavering concerning the treaty of marriage between Catalina and the Prince of Wales. "All former treaties are annulled," Ferdinand wrote, when the star of the White Rose seemed in the ascendant. But when the impostor was crushed, and Henry VII.'s seat on the English throne seemed firm again, both King and Queen were anxious that the marriage contract should hold good. The King of England was willing to renew the treaty, but was resolved to gain more advantageous terms than those mentioned in the first

agreement; and Ferdinand, who could not afford to lose so powerful an ally, yielded to the contested points. He had by no means kept his own promises; for Catalina, now ten years old, knew nothing of French, which her father had assured Henry she should be taught, and could not speak a word of English. Henry VII. was anxious she should be brought to England, so that she might grow up as an English Princess; and the King and Queen of Spain seemingly assented, but managed to escape the fulfilment of their pledge by an adroit mistake. They stipulated that when Arthur was fourteen and Catalina twelve, she should be brought to England—a fact impossible to be realized, as the Princess was ten months older than her future husband. The English, with marvellous blindness, overlooked the inaccuracy of the clause; and the Infanta was consequently detained three years longer than had been agreed. Ere she touched English ground a tragedy was enacted that her way might be free and her title clear. Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of George of Clarence, and standing perilously near the throne, who, since his childhood, had been a captive in the Tower, was brought forth to the block, at Ferdinand's instigation, in order that his daughter and her husband might have no rival dangerously near their crown. "King Henry did not observe," says Bacon, "that he did bring a kind of malediction on the marriage." The bride herself thought so when, in later years, she learned what had been done to facilitate her wedding. "The Lady Catharine herself," adds Bacon, "a sad and religious woman, long after, when King Henry the Eighth's resolution of a divorce from her was first made known to her, used some words that she had not offended, but it

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was a judgment of God, for that her former marriage was made in blood; meaning that of the Earl of Warwick."

Ere, however, Catalina quitted her maiden home three other weddings were to be solemnized in the Spanish royal family. A treaty of marriage had been entered into by Ferdinand and Isabel with Maximilian of Austria, which provided for the marriage of Don Juan, Prince of Asturias, with Marguerite, the Kaiser's daughter, that gifted Princess who had been so ungallantly repudiated by the French King, and of Doña Juana with Philippe le Bel, Archduke of Austria, and sovereign of the Low Countries in right of his mother, Marie of Burgundy. The fleet which carried the Spanish Infanta to her bridegroom in the autumn of 1496, brought back the Austrian bride in the following spring; and though, as Prescott tells us, "a more gallant and beautiful armada never before quitted the shores of Spain," both of the royal ladies were in imminent danger of shipwreck; and Marguerite, with *sang froid* extraordinary in a girl of seventeen, wrote an epitaph for herself, which she fastened on her arm in anticipation of what seemed almost inevitable death :—

Cy git Margot, la gentille donzelle,
Qui a deux maris et encore est pucelle.

Both brides, however, finally arrived safely; and while Juana was married with much pomp at Lisle, Marguerite had a still more magnificent wedding at Burgos, on the 3rd of April, 1497, which was "followed by a brilliant succession of fêtes, tourneys, tilts of reeds, and other warlike spectacles, in which the matchless chivalry of Spain poured into the lists to display

their magnificence and prowess in the presence of their future Queen.”* This union was almost immediately followed by that of the widowed Doña Isabel, who since the death of Affonso, had returned to Spain—with her late husband’s uncle, Manuel, who had recently ascended the Portuguese throne. She had been very unwilling to favour his suit, but had at length consented on condition that he banished the Jews from his kingdom; and the wedding took place at Valencia de Alcantara, without any parade or festivities. It was not destined to prove more fortunate than the Infanta’s first nuptials, for she died in little more than a year, leaving an infant son, who did not long survive her. Doña Maria, the fourth daughter of Ferdinand and Isabel, ultimately married Manuel, and became the mother of a numerous family. The children of the Catholic Queen seem to have had a singular knack of marrying within the prohibited degrees; but whereas Doña Maria lived happily, as honoured wife and many-childed mother, her youngest sister was to experience a fate whose mournfulness touches us with deep compassion even now, when the grief we pity has been stilled for so many years.

A heavy blow was to befall Isabel and her consort in the autumn; for their newly married son, Don Juan, the heir of their united kingdoms, a youth of great talent and real worth, died of fever on the 4th of October, at Salamanca. “Thus was laid low,” says an old historian, “the hope of all Spain;” and the mourning for his death was universal and profound. “All the unavailing honours which affection could devise were paid to his memory. His funeral obsequies were celebrated with melancholy splendour, and his remains

* Prescott.

deposited in the noble Dominican Monastery of St. Thomas at Avila, which had been erected by his parents. The court put on a new and deeper mourning than that hitherto used, as if to testify their unwonted grief. All offices, public and private, were closed for forty days; and sable-coloured banners were suspended from the walls and portals of the cities." *

Long ere she left her native land Catalina had been admitted by the Cardinal Ximenes as a sister of the Order of St. Francis, taking an oath to give back ill-gotten goods, live in a palace the life of a cloistered nun, care for the sick and suffering, help the poor, and live in peace with all. In the autumn of 1500, a contract of marriage between the Infanta and Arthur of Winchester was performed, in secret, at Bewelley Manor, Puebla being present on the part of Catalina; and this contract the Princess ratified in Latin the following month, signing herself "*La Princesa de Gales*." Arthur sent his unseen bride a loving note, and all things seemed ready for her nuptials, but the King, her father, still delayed her going. At length the long-looked for day of her departure arrived. On the 21st of May, 1501, the Infanta bade adieu for ever to her fair home of the Alhambra. Her parents did not trouble themselves with a very elaborate leave-taking. Ferdinand was absent at Ronda, and Isabel did not accompany her youngest-born daughter to the coast, alleging that, if so accompanied, the Princess would be longer on the way; the real reason of her decision being that it would lessen the expense. If Catalina were alone, she could be lodged in humble inns and modest villages; while, were the Queen to accompany her, there must be some degree of

* Prescott.

magnificence in their progress. Perhaps Isabel herself was ashamed of her prudence ; for, dreading the contrast of so mean a setting forth would be to her daughter's reception in England, she wrote to Henry VII., begging him not to make too much of the Princess. The mother and daughter were never to meet again. The bride travelled by slow stages to the coast, and on the 17th of August embarked at Corunna. She met with stormy weather, and was driven to seek shelter in the harbour of Laredo. She had suffered so much that she looked with dread on the necessity of continuing her voyage ; but Stephen Brett, the most notable sailor in the English navy, had come to meet her and conduct her to her new home ; and, setting forth again on the 26th of September, she fared more prosperously, and arrived at Salamonte, as the Spanish chronicler, Bernaldes, calls it, or in plain English, Plymouth, early in the afternoon of Saturday, the 2nd of October.

CHAPTER II.

Suite of the Infanta—Her landing—Meeting of Arthur and Katharine—Her progress to London—Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales—Bridal festivities—Letter of the Prince of Wales—Dower of the Princess of Wales—Departure of her suite—Journey of the Prince and Princess—Arrival at Ludlow—Popularity of the Prince—His death—Grief of the King and Queen—Residences of the Princess of Wales—Death of Elizabeth of York—Proposed marriage of Katharine and Henry—Her illness—Death of Isabel the Catholic—Katharine's unhappiness—Letter to her father—Her poverty—Her confessor—Her piety—Death of Henry VII.—Henry VIII.—Marriage of Henry and Katharine.

THE ship which had borne the royal bride in safety to the English shore, bore besides a goodly freight of plate and jewels, lords and ladies, and servants to the Princess. Doña Elvira Manuel, first lady of honour, and first lady of the bedchamber, who had been appointed by the Queen to act as her "deputy," and to see that no one raised the Infanta's veil until her bridegroom did so on her wedding day, and Don Pedro Manrique, her husband, first chamberlain and mayor of the palace, were close beside the bride. Others who accompanied her were Juan de Cuero and his wife, the former of whom had charge of her plate; Alonzo de Esquivel, master of the hall; Maria de Rojas, Francesca de Silva, Beatrix de Blanca, and Martina de Salazar, her maids of honour, waited on by two female slaves—doubtless Moorish maidens, captives from Granada; Padre Alessandro, her chaplain and confessor; and a long train of attendants—an almoner, secretary, cup-bearer, marshal, chief butler, four equerries, three gentlemen-in-waiting, a keeper of the plate, and a clerk of the stores; laundresses, waiters, and a sweep!

a strange retainer for a Princess of Wales to bring from her mother-country. Two Spanish grandees were also in attendance—Fonseca, Archbishop of Santiago, and the Conde de Calva.

Accompanied by her train, the Infanta, veiled from head to foot, first stepped on English earth; never again, with the exception of a brief sojourn in France, to quit it; and thenceforth drops her native name of Catalina, and becomes known to us by the title immortalized by Shakespeare—Katharine of Aragon. Immediately upon her landing, she and her suite entered a church that stood beside the Mole, and heard mass; then riding to the town, she caught the ringing cheers of English loyalty that welcomed her home, and, in her young enthusiasm, vowed that, whatever fortune, good or evil, might befall her here, she would never return to Spain.

She was truly, as Bernables says, “grandly received,” with a warmth of welcome that revived and cheered her after her troublous journey. “In Yorkist eyes,” says Hepworth Dixon, “she was an English Princess, and a Princess with a clearer title than the King. A daughter of the land, she came to be the mother of a race of Kings. ‘The Princess,’ wrote Alcares to his royal mistress, ‘could not have been received with greater joy, if she had been the Saviour of the world.’”

Knights and ladies from the western shires rode down to Plymouth to pay their homage to the new Princess; and there she waited till her plate and jewels were landed, quickly regaining her health, but always wearing her veil in public, according to the strict commands of Doña Elvira and the Archbishop of Santiago. The Spanish Ambassador, Ayala, came down from London to join her; and, when she started on her progress northwards,

Lord Willoughby de Brooke met her at Exeter, having been sent by the King to conduct her journey, "purvey and provide" for her—no light task for such a train—and see that horses and lodgings were provided. She slept on successive nights at Honiton, Crewkerne, Sherborne, and Shaftesbury; and at Amesbury was met by the Lord High Treasurer, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, and Elizabeth, his wife, who bore the titular rank of Duchess of Norfolk. They were accompanied by two prelates, two abbots, two barons, and six knights, who had come to swell her state. The Duchess of Norfolk was appointed mistress of the Princess' household; but as she could speak no Spanish, and the Infanta no English, the only communication between them was by means of a man named Hollybrand in the Duchess's train, who spoke a little Spanish; and through him the latter made known her welcome and good wishes. "On every side," says Hepworth Dixon, "the Princess saw what pains were taken for her comfort; pains so striking when compared against the freezing farewells of her kith and kin. In sending her a welcome to his country, Henry begged of her to love and trust him in the days to come, and look upon his country as her own. He told her he was coming with her Prince, Arthur of Winchester, who, like the King himself, was said to be on fire till he could look upon her face." On November 4th the King set out from Shene to visit his daughter-in-law elect; but the weather was so stormy and the roads so bad that he only travelled on that day as far as Chertsey. "Next morning, however," says an old chronicler,* "the King's grace and all his company rose betimes, and strook the sides of their coursers with their

* Leland's "Collectanea," quoted by Strickland.

spurs, and begun to extend their progress towards East Hampstead, when they presently encountered the pure and proper presence of Prince Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father." Passing that night at East Hampstead, the royal travellers again set out on the morrow, and rode towards Dogmersfield, a hunting seat of the King's, where the Princess was then resting. On Bagshot Heath they met a party of Spaniards, headed by Ayala, who had ridden forward to solemnly warn the King that it was impossible he or the Prince could see the bride's face until the wedding morning. Incensed at this assumption of authority, Henry called a council of his followers on the spot; and having heard them declare that, the lady being on English ground, and now a subject of the English King, Henry might do as he pleased, he rode past Ayala, and entered the house. Spanish grandees came forward in consternation; an archbishop, a bishop, and a count strode to bar his way, declaring that "the lady Infanta had retired to her chamber." "I will see and speak with her," said Henry, who began perhaps to fear some cheat, "even if she were gone to bed," Katharine really was in bed; but hearing this peremptory resolve, she rose, dressed, and appeared before the King in her "third chamber"—probably an ante-room—a pale, dark-eyed, graceful girl of fifteen. He spoke to her in French, but found she did not comprehend him; and as he knew no Spanish and she no English, they were mutually unintelligible; "but there were the most goodly words uttered to each other in the language of both parties, to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have. After which welcome ended, the King's grace deposed his riding garments and

changed them, and within half an hour the Prince was announced as present. Then the King made his second entry with the Prince into the next chamber of the Infanta,"* and bride and bridegroom beheld each other for the first time. "The scene was quaint and droll. They bowed and kissed. Each held the other's palm, and spoke his love, the boy in English, and the girl in Spanish. Councillors and bishops stood about. When Arthur told his bride he loved her well, a bishop turned his phrases into Latin, which he whispered to a Spanish priest, who turned his love into Castilian. Henry put their hands into each others, when he bade them pledge their mutual troth. Camelot sighed and Aragon smiled, and love was chiefly made through two young pairs of eyes."† Then came supper, which was eaten apart, after which "the King with his son most courteously visited the Infanta in her chamber, when she and her ladies called for their minstrels, and with right good behaviour and manner solaced themselves with dancing."‡ Arthur, shy perhaps of his future bride, or ignorant of the Spanish dancers, "in like demeanour took the Lady Guildford (his sister's governess), and danced right pleasantly and honourably."§

The following morning, November 7th, Katharine rode to Chertsey on the Thames, "the abbey built by Erkenwald, the famous Saxon saint, who was to be so much with her in her bridal days. At Chertsey she was lodged and feasted; and the next day came towards Kingston, where a goodly company of lords and ladies—Edward Duke of Buckingham, George Earl of Kent, Edward Lord

* Leland's "Collectanea."

† Leland's "Collectanea."

‡ Hepworth Dixon.

§ *Ibid.*

Dudley, William Lord Stourton, the Abbot of Bury, and a band of gentlemen and pages, gave her a very 'welcome to the realm.' With lengthening train she rode—the Lord High Constable in front, the squires and yeomanry behind her, to St. George's Fields, near Lambeth, where a still more goodly company stood ready to receive her. There she first saw Henry, Duke of York. Near Henry stood that Thomas Savage, who had signed the treaty of Medina del Campo, and in compliment to her had just been raised to the Archbishopric of York. Near him, again, were Richard Fox, Lord Privy Seal and Bishop of Winchester; Henry, Earl of Essex; Father Thomas, Abbot of St. Albans; and Father John, Abbot of Westminster; with upwards of a hundred barons, knights, and gentlemen of rank. Each baron was attended by his squire and page, adorned with feather, sword, and cloak. So brave a show had not been seen for many a year; and not the least worth seeing was that boy of ten who sat his charger like a King, and parlayed with the bride, though her dueña scowled in his unflinching face."* Accompanied by the young Prince, Katharine rode to Kennington Palace, near Lambeth, where she rested while her attendants diligently prepared for her presentation to her future people, "who always," says quaint old Leland, "are famous for the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-beloved strangers."

Meanwhile the King, going back to Shene or Richmond, as he had re-named it, told the Queen "how he liked the person and behaviour of their new daughter-in-law."† In a day or two more Prince Arthur took up his residence at the Wardrobe, in Blackfriars, in readiness for the wed-

* Hepworth Dixon.

† Leland's "Collectanea."

ding; and on November 10th Henry and Elizabeth came to London, and while the former went to inspect Baynard's Castle, "situated right pleasantly on Thames' side, and full well garnished and arranged, and encompassed outside, strongly with water,"* which he designed as a residence for the young couple, the latter repaired to Kennington, to welcome her son's bride. She was well pleased with her future daughter, whom she found surrounded by dueñas, priests, and maids of honour closely veiled and dressed in black and white. The bride had to endure a more formidable introduction than that to the gentle Queen; for, while she still sojourned at Kennington, the Lady Margaret, mother of the King—an imposing and awe-inspiring lady—came to make acquaintance with her grandson's future wife.

On Friday morning, November 12th, the Duke of York came to conduct the Princess through the city, which she had never yet seen, to the Bishop's Palace, there to wait for her wedding. A splendid train was ready to escort her. Her dueña Elvira was present, dressed almost like a nun, in black serge, with hanging sleeves, and a white band across her forehead; the Archbishops of Santiago and of York; the Bishops of Majora and of Winchester; the Conde de Calva, the Duke of Buckingham, and a long list of nobles, lords, and ladies had come to do her honour. But the great object of interest was the bride herself. "She rode on a large mule after the manner of Spain, the Duke of York rode on her right, and the Legate of Rome on her left hand. She wore on her head a broad, round hat, the shape of a cardinal's hat, tied with a lace of gold which kept it on her head; she had a coif of carnation colour under

* Leland's "Collectanea."

this hat, and her hair streamed over her shoulders. Four of her Spanish ladies followed riding on mules, they wore the same broad hats as their mistress; an English lady dressed in cloth of gold and riding on a palfrey, was appointed to lead the mule of each Spanish damsel, but as those ladies did not sit on the same side in riding as the fair English equestrians, each pair seemed to ride back to back, to the great tribulation of the herald who records it. The citizens prepared to welcome her entrance into the city with a grand pageant of her name—St. Katharine, likewise St. Ursula, the British Princess, with many virgins.”* The procession passed by Fish Street Hill, Gracechurch Street, and Cornhill, where three houses had been taken for the King, Queen, and Prince of Wales to see the show. As she entered Cheape the Mayor and Sheriffs greeted her with an address, a pageant, and a psalm. “At every porch a priest came out with acolyte and choir; from every steeple rang a peal of bells; from every window hung a flag; from every conduit ran a stream of wine. Each street through which she rode that day was filled with noise and colour; here a city guild with horn and tabard; then a monkish brotherhood with chant and crucifix; and here again, a troop of men-at-arms, a band of watermen, a company of apprentice boys, with all the lasses of their love.”†

The day was kept as a universal holiday. “Along the river banks the houses were ablaze with flags and streamers. Every one put on his badge and cognizance. All servants were enjoined to don their master’s liveries, and the royal servants were so numerous that the streets were streaked with Tudor green and white. A gallant

* Strickland.

† Hepworth Dixon.

wore his lady's colours, and his form of greeting was a compliment to the sex. Nor were the citizens behind the peers in festive and pictorial pomp. They wore their brightest robes, and dressed their shops with flags and poles. A vat of ale was broached in every street. A table stood at almost every door. So great a holiday had not been known in London since the civil wars had broken out."* The good old chronicler, Hall, was wonderfully impressed with the magnificence of the Spanish bride's reception. "I pass over," he says, "the wise devices, the prudent speeches, the cunning portraitures, practised, and set forth in seven beautiful goodly pageants, erected and set up in divers places of the city. I leave also the goodly ballads, the sweet harmony, the musical instruments which sounded with heavenly noise on every side of the street. I omit farther the costly apparel, both of goldsmiths' work and embroidery, the rich jewels, the massy chains, the stirring horses, the beautiful bards (horses' armour), and the glittering trappings both with bells and spangles of gold. I pretermit also the rich apparel of the Princess, the strange fashion of the Spanish nation, the good demeanour of the young damsels, the amorous countenance of the lusty bachelors. I pass over also the fine engrained clothes, the costly furs of the citizens, standing on scaffolds, railed from Gracechurch to Paul's. What should I speak of the auriferous scarlets, the fine velvet, the pleasant furs, the massy chains, which the Mayor of London with the Senate, sitting on horseback at the Little Conduit in Chepe, ware on their bodys and about their necks? I will not molest you by rehearsing . . . the wine which ran continually out of the

* Hepworth Dixon.

conduits, the gravelling and railing of the streets." Amid all this pageantry and pomp, Katharine passed on to the Bishop's Palace, where she knelt and prayed at St. Erkenwald's shrine ere she went to rest.

Early on the morning of Sunday, November 14th, the day of St. Erkenwald, the young Duke of York, who, though only ten years old, was already taller than the bride, appeared at the door of the palace, to conduct the Infanta to St. Paul's. Attended by Elizabeth, Duchess of Norfolk, Doña Elvira, her dueña, her maids of honour, and a train of knights and ladies, she came forth, dressed for her bridal. "Strange diversity of apparel of the country of Hispania is to be descriven," says the before-quoted chronicler,* "for the bride wore at the time of her marriage upon her head a coif of white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold and pearl and precious stones, five inches and a half broad, which veiled great part of her visage and her person"—the Spanish mantilla. "Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body, with many plaits; and beneath the waist, certain round hoops bearing out their gowns from their bodies after their country manner." So attired, she was conducted to the Cathedral, where, in order that the ceremony might be well seen by all, a stage of timber six feet high, had been erected "from the west door to the first step of the choir."† "Directly before the consistory of the Church was a place raised like a mount for eight persons to stand upon, compassed round about with steps to ascend and descend, which was covered with fine red worsted, and in likewise were all the rails of the said stage. On the north side of this mount was a place

* Leland.

† Strickland.

decked and trimmed for the King and Queen, and such others as they appointed to have. On the south side the same mount stood the Mayor and magistrates of the City.”* On this platform Katharine was received by her bridegroom, whose pale, oval face, delicate features, and dreamy eyes suited well with the garb of white satin which she wore. Deane, the Archbishop of Canterbury, read the service, nineteen bishops and many abbots and priors standing by, and the Conde de Calva giving the bride away. Then the Prince and Princess, the latter’s train being borne by the Queen’s sister, the Lady Cicely Plantagenet, followed by a hundred ladies in rich attire, moved, all the company attending them, to the altar steps, where they knelt before the shrine of St. Erkenwald, and heard mass. This concluded, the bride was conducted to the palace by the Duke of York. “Along the Gothic nave they passed; through lines of peers and ladies, in array of purple, green, and gold; of aldermen in crimson gowns, and abbots in their high pontificals; all eyes upon them, from those of King and Queen to Rede, the new Lord Mayor, and the companions of his state. Loud blasts of trumpets hailed them on the steps. A train of guns flashed out; a hundred bells gave tongue; and throats from every door and window roared a welcome to the bride. A guard, in Tudor green and white, had kept a line for them, and in the midst of colour, light, and music, they descended from the church, and, followed by a band of archers carrying halberds, passed into the Bishop’s house.”†

The bridegroom had lingered to settle on his bride, before the altar, a third of all his property. This endowed Katharine with Wallingford Castle,

* Holinshed.

† Hepworth Dixon.

Cheylesford near Coventry, the city of Coventry (crown rents), Caernavon and Conway Castles, the third of the stannaries in Cornwall, and the town and lands of Macclesfield, making a total of £5,000 a year. This act was proclaimed by heralds at the west door, and the Prince, pleased with the applause of the citizens, and catching sight of the Lord Mayor, sent the steward of his household, Richard Croft, to bid him to dinner.

A grand feast had been prepared in the banqueting-room of the palace, to which the Princess of Wales was led by her young brother-in-law, the Duke of York, and served on gold plate, splendidly ornamented with precious stones and pearls, and valued at £20,000. "To speak," says Holinshed, "of all the solemn pomp, noble company of lords and ladies, and what a sumptuous feast and plentiful, was kept with dancing and disguisings, words might sooner fail than matter worthy of rehearsal. The Prince and Princess of Wales remained at the Bishop's palace that night, and on the morrow the King and Queen came in state by water from Baynard's Castle, and took back with them the newly married pair, and here Katharine remained in seclusion for some days. On Thursday, the 18th, all the royal family came in barges to Westminster, where grand jousts were to be held. The space in front of the Hall was smoothed and gravelled, and a tilt erected from the watergate to the gate opening into King street. A stage had been set up on the south, hung and furnished with cloth of gold, which the King and his lords entered on the right side, and the Queen, the bride, and their ladies on the left. "And round the whole area were stages ~~built for~~

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the honest common people, which at their cost were hired by them in such numbers, that nothing but visages presented themselves to the eye, without any appearance of bodies! And eftsoons, when the trumpets blew up goodly points of war, the nobility and chivalry engaged to tilt, appeared in the arena, riding under fanciful canopies, borne by their retainers. Bourshier, Earl of Essex, had a mountain of green carried over him, as his pavilion, and upon it many trees, rocks, and marvellous beasts withal, climbing up the sides. On the summit sat a goodly young lady, in her hair, pleasantly beseen. The Lord Marquis of Dorset, half brother to the Queen, had borne over him a rich pavilion of cloth of gold, himself always riding within the same, drest in his armour. Lord William Courtenay made his appearance riding on a red dragon led by a giant with a great tree in his hand.* When the evening came, "the bride and all her splendid satellites transferred themselves to the more comfortable atmosphere of Westminster Hall. At its upper end the royal dais was erected, and among other magnificence is noted a cupboard, which occupied the whole length of the chancery, filled with a rich treasure of plate, most of which was solid gold. The Queen, the lady bride, and the king's mother, took their places on elevated seats at the King's left hand, the ladies and the royal children were all stationed on the Queen's side, Prince Arthur sat at his father's right hand, and the nobility of England who were not engaged in the pageants and ballets that followed sat in their degrees on the King's side of the hall. Thus, in the ancient régime of the court, the sexes were divided into

* Leland's "Collectanea."

two opposite parties, the King and Queen, who were the chiefs of each bench, were the only man and woman who sat near each other. When any dancing was required which was not included in the pageantry, a lady and a cavalier went down, one from the King's and the other from the Queen's party, and figured on the dancing space before the royal platform. The diversions began with grand pageants of a mountain, a castle, and a ship, which were severally wheeled in before the royal dais. The ship was manned by mariners, who took care to speak wholly in seafaring terms. The castle was lighted inside gloriously, and had eight *fresh* (newly drest) gentlewomen within, each looking out of a window. At the top of the castle sat a representative of Katharine of Aragon herself, in the Spanish garb. The castle was drawn by marvellous beasts, gold and silver lions harnessed with huge gold chains."* "In each of these marvellous beasts were two men, one in the fore and the other in the hind quarters, so well hid and apparelled, that nothing appeared but their legs, which were designed after the proportion and kind of the beast they were in."† Katharine's representative was vehemently courted by "two well-behaved and well-beseen gentlemen, who called themselves Hope and Desire,"‡ whom she treated with great disdain. Finally there was a ballet, the ladies from the castle, and the gentlemen from the ship and mountain coming down, danced "goodly roundels and divers figures, and then vanished out of sight and presence."§

Then Prince Arthur and his aunt the Lady Cicely "danced two bass dances, and then departed up again, the Prince to his father and

* Strickland.

† *Ibid.*

‡ Leland's "Collectanea."

§ *Ibid.*

Lady Cicely to the Queen her sister.”* Then the Princess of Wales and one of her ladies, both in Spanish garb, went down, and danced two bass dances—so called from their slow and gliding steps—and came up again to the Queen. Then Prince Henry, Duke of York, and his eldest sister, Margaret, a lovely girl of twelve, just betrothed to the King of Scotland, danced twice; and their performance was so satisfactory that it was repeated, and the impetuous boy “suddenly threw off his robe and danced in his jacket with the said Lady Margaret, in so goodly and pleasant a manner, that it was to King Henry and Queen Elizabeth great and singular pleasure. Then the Duke departed up to the King, and the Princess Margaret to the Queen.”†

On the following Sunday there was a dinner in the parliament chamber at Westminster, the King having the Princess of Wales on his right hand. “The evening refreshment, called the *voide*, was brought in by fourscore earls, barons, and knights, walking two and two, the ceremony of serving the *voide* being precisely as coffee is now presented after dinner; but instead of coffee and biscuits, *ipocras* and *comfits* were offered. One noble servitor presented the golden spice plate, a second the cup, while a third, of lower rank, filled the cup from a golden ewer. At this *voide* Katharine of Aragon distributed the prizes won in the tilt-yard. To the Duke of Buckingham she gave a diamond of great *virtue* and price; the Marquess of Dorset received from her hands a ruby, and to the others were given rings set with precious stones.”‡ Among the pageants with which the wedding was celebrated, “the descent of the Spanish bride from the legitimate line of

* Leland's "Collectanea."

† *Ibid.*

‡ Strickland.

Lancaster by Philippa Queen of Castile, daughter of John of Gaunt, was not forgotten. King Alphonso the astronomer, Katharine's learned ancestor, too, was introduced with all the paraphernalia of astrology, telling a brilliant fortune for her and her short-lived bridegroom. This princely pair were very prettily allegorised, she as the western star, and he as Arturus.*

The next Sunday was spent at Richmond, where, "after divine service, the King sped with the court, through his goodly gardens to his gallery, upon the walls, where were lords ready set to play; some with chesses (chess-boards), some with tables (backgammon), and some with cards and dice; besides a frame-work with ropes was fixed in the garden, on which went up a Spaniard, and did many wondrous and delicious points of tumbling and dancing."† In the evening there was a grand pageant; a rock, drawn into the hall by three sea-horses, with mermaids on each side of it—one being a "man-mermaid." These were hollow cases, in which were placed children from the King's chapel, who sang "right sweetly, with quaint harmony,"‡ while the rock moved up to the dais, and passed before the King, Queen, and bride. Then opening, a troop of white doves and rabbits rushed out, and ran and fluttered among the assembled Court, causing much mirth and confusion.

It was while staying at Richmond that Arthur wrote, or caused to be written, a Latin letter to the parents of his bride, in which he speaks of her as "*uxorem meam charissimam*," and says he never experienced such joy as when he saw her blooming face. No other woman in the world could be to him what she was, and he would be

* Strickland.

† Leland's "*Collectanea*."

‡ *Ibid.*

her true and loving husband all his life. While the young prince was thus enraptured with his lady-love, his father was the prey of more mundane considerations. Katharine's dower did not please him. It had been arranged in the treaty that her plate and jewels, "with the vessels of her table, and the ornaments of her person, were to count as portions of her dowry; to be valued and received as so much money when the last instalment should be due. A hundred thousand scudos had been paid; within a year a fresh instalment of fifty thousand scudos would be due; and in another year a third instalment must be paid. This third instalment must consist of fifty thousand scudos paid in gold, fifteen thousand scudos paid in silver plate, and twenty thousand scudos paid in diamonds and other precious stones. Demand for other terms had failed. He wished the King and Queen to give their daughter dish and chalice, ring and necklace, as became her rank, not counting them as dowry; but the King and Queen insisted that these trinkets, must be reckoned as a part of her two hundred thousand crowns."* Vexed at their meanness, and keenly avaricious, Henry made an attempt to get the plate and jewels brought by the Princess into his own hands at once, and sent to demand them from her keeper of the plate, Cuero; but his money-loving instincts remained ungratified, for the Spaniard refused to give them up until the third instalment was due; and Henry had to draw back, foiled, and explain to his "lady daughter," that there had been a mistake, of which he was the unconscious agent. The poor young Princess of Wales was now forced to bid farewell to the long train of Spanish grandees

* Hepworth Dixon.

who had accompanied her from her own country, and who all, excepting those attached to her own household, were ready to return. When she had seen them leave, her spirits sank at the thought of being left behind in her new country, whose tongue was as yet a sealed mystery to her; but her father-in-law, feeling kindly pity for the saddened girl, desired that she should be called into his library, where he "showed her many goodly pleasant books of words full delightful, sage, merry, and also right cunning, both in English and Latin. His prudent highness had likewise provided there a jeweller, with many rings and huge diamonds and jewels of the most goodly fashion, and there desired her to arise and behold them well, and choose and select at her pleasure."* When she, roused from her melancholy, had taken what best pleased her, the King distributed the rest among her maids of honour by way of compliment.

Meanwhile Prince Arthur, always fragile, had suffered from the gaities attendant on his wedding. His old quiet life at Eltham with his sister Margaret, under the care of their blind tutor André, had little fitted him for the constant round of pleasure and excitement in which he had lately lived. The King and Queen were alarmed about him; but it was arranged that he and the Princess were to repair to Ludlow, there to hold their Court as Prince and Princess of Wales, and it was hoped the change would restore him. On Tuesday morning, December 21st, they left London, and travelled by slow stages towards their new home. Katharine rode on a pillion, behind her Master of the Horse, or, when fatigued, was carried in a litter between two

* Leland's "Collectanea."

horses. While they were still on their way, a quarrel broke out in Katharine's household; and Pole, the Prince's chamberlain, degraded both the disputants, Don Pedro Manrique, husband of the Princess' dueña, Doña Elvira, and Cuero, to lower rank. Christmas was spent on the road, and all seemed bright, save that Arthur appeared to regret the betrothal of his playmate and companion sister Margaret to the King of Scotland. Early in the new year they reached Ludlow, or, as Bernaldes quaintly calls it, Pudlo. "Received with raptures by the townfolk," says Hepworth Dixon, "who were proud to see their Prince, they entered the baronial hall prepared for them by Henry's care. A place still dear to lovers of romantic scenery and noble verse, this border castle stands on rising ground, some part of which lies backward in the tower, and covered by the wall, but much of it runs forward on a rocky bluff, and overhangs a limpid stream. Below this strong embattled front the Corve flows into the Teme, through soft and verdant breadths of flat and slope. Corve Dale, with all her beauties, lay beneath their eyes. A wooded hill rose up beyond these pastures, and a rolling landscape led the mind away to distant mountain chains." Here the Prince and Princess established their Court, while Henry wrote to Ferdinand and Isabel of the safe arrival of "the most illustrious Arthur and Katharine, our common children." Jousts and tilts were held, "when Katharine, though she could not speak their language, crowned the victors with her eyes and hands. Sir Richard Pole took care the girl should be amused, and Bishop Smith induced the boy to give his mornings to affairs of State."*

* Hepworth Dixon.

The young Prince was very popular among the rough border people. The spirit of his stainless namesake seemed in some measure to revive in him. The town had suffered severely in civil wars and factious brawls, and Arthur strove to improve and restore it to its old prosperity. It was not difficult to do so, for the sunshine of a Prince's smile began quickly to wake it into life. But the young heir of England would fain do more than assist its material prosperity. Like him of Camelot, he was busy "redressing human wrong." "He set himself the highest task on earth—to succour and defend the poor who could not help themselves. A cruel war had not been worse to them than cruel laws. On searching through the border code he found the laws in use a mere chaotic mass. A few were obsolete; still more were useless; and the rest were mischievous. His Council, most of whom were Welsh, as Phillips, Udal, Crofts, and Vernon, took the local code in hand, for an oppressive law is worse than an imperious chief. Reform was pressed by Bishop Smith in Council, while the Prince was steadily at work within his household. Arthur strove to put down private brawls, but rather by the precept of a gentle life than by the exercise of royal strength. If any one bore malice Arthur would not own him. If a courtier had a quarrel, Arthur searched into the cause, and took the part of him whose cause was just. A keen observer of the boy at Ludlow said of him, 'He sought to strengthen and preserve the law, and gave his soul and body to the service of Almighty God.' " *

But the pure and gracious young life was to be cut off ere it had reached its prime; and the knightly spirit went to the Master whom he

* Hepworth Dixon.

served ere the burden and heat of the day had wearied it. He was taken ill, none knew of precisely what illness. Some called it plague, and some decline; but the skill of his doctors was of no avail. He sank so rapidly that there was no time to send for his parents. "The girl, not five months married, was alone with him, in that strange place, without a mother to advise her, and a chamberlain and doctor in her husband's chamber whom she could not understand. Had she but known a little French, she might have been a comfort to the Prince. But an interpreter at a dying bed, translating gasp and sigh from English into Latin, and from Latin into Castilian, was a task too weary to go on from day to day. She could do nothing for him but retire. The boy and girl were parted by their fates. When Arthur called his notaries and made his will, he seemed to have forgotten the fair woman who had recently become his wife. He thought of others, who were nearer to his heart. In these last moments of his life on earth, he turned to that fond sister who had been his playmate as a child, and who was now contracted to the King of Scots. To Margaret he left his cups and rings, his robes, and household stuff." *

On Saturday, the 2nd of April, he died; and Katharine, secluding herself in Moorish fashion from all curious eyes, and with only one of her ladies, Maria de Salazar, to share her solitude, was left a lonely widow in a foreign land at only sixteen years of age.

The news, so doubly bitter after all the bright hopes indulged in but six months before, was told the King early one morning by his chaplain. His first words were a message entreating the

* Hepworth Dixon.

Queen's presence, that they might bear their grief together. She came, and found him mourning, not only the death of his son, but the loss of his heir. Her mother's heart was almost broken, but in her sweet bravery, she controlled her own sorrow, and spoke to him of resignation and comfort. Then, when she saw him soothed, she crept away, and, the strain over, fainted on her bed. It was her husband's turn to minister consolation; and they two, left alone together, learnt to bear their grief. They sent orders that all that was solemn and splendid should be present at the funeral of their son; and, when he was laid by the altar in Worcester Cathedral, Sir Reginald Bray was told to raise a chapel in his honour and a monument to his memory—of which M. du Boys thus writes:—

“This exquisite jewel of sculpture was very much injured by the fanatical rage of the Puritans, when they had gained the famous battle of Worcester over Charles I., and made the whole Cathedral a stable for their horses; however, there is still left plenty to interest antiquaries in the numerous statuettes of Kings and Queens of England to be found there, and the quantity of coats-of-arms and carvings that cover the walls. On the monument of Prince Arthur, his little prince's coronet and his shield, engraved with the royal arms of England, are supported by two angels, whose countenances are those of Henry VII. and Queen Elizabeth. The face of Catharine, the virgin widow, as Miss Strickland calls her, appears in several places on the bas-relief. On one side she wears the coronet of Princess of Wales, with a slight drapery and a veil; on another side she holds the castle emblematic of Castile. Lastly, in another compartment, she is represented again with the attributes of St. Katharine wearing the

nun's veil, but bearing the pomegranate upon the breast as a distinctive mark."

The lonely young widow was not forgotten by the tender-hearted Queen. "She ordered her tailor, John Cope, to cover a litter with black velvet and black cloth, trimmed about with black valances; the two head pieces were bound with black riband, and festooned with black cloth." * This she caused to be sent to Ludlow, and in this the bride-widow was brought back to London, where Elizabeth welcomed her with tender love and kindness.

Two residences were prepared for Katharine in her widowed state—the vacant palaces of two ecclesiastics—Durham House, belonging to the Bishop of Durham, and Croydon Park, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Of the former Hepworth Dixon writes: "A pile of ampler size and greater splendour than the Priory of Clerkenwell, Durham House, the London palace of the Bishop-palatinate, rose on the water-edge adjoining Ivy Lane. A square, with inner court and flanking towers, the palace had a look of strength more seemly in a baron's castle than a Bishop's house. Yet Durham House was a delicious seat. A noble garden lay around, ascending from the tide-way to the Strand. A stair and water-gate gave access to a fleet of boats. A lofty turret, springing from the front, commanded every out and inlet of the stream from Lambeth spire to London Bridge. A prelate's house and garden lay to right and left; here Norwich Inn, there Carlisle palace; and southward, from the water, stretched a green and wooded upland to the crest of Denmark Hill."

Of Croydon Park, the same authority says: "The palace stood beside the church, a quaint

* Strickland.

old edifice, with guard-room, hall, and chapel, rich in carvings, shields, and royal arms. A verdant sward ran upward from this palace into planted clumps and breezy knolls. Whatever art could do to perfect nature had been done at Croydon Park. Archbishop Chichele had spent a fortune on the church and palace." Here Katharine lived in solitude, save for the wrangles of her servants, who quarrelled constantly, and whom their young mistress had no power to control. A heavier misfortune than these disturbances soon befell her, and rendered her still more desolate. The gentle Queen hoped soon to again become a mother, and a son was anxiously looked for. On the 2nd of February, 1503, in the Tower of London, she bore a daughter, whom she called Katharine, after her sister, Lady Courtenay. For a week all went well; but dangerous symptoms suddenly set in, and on her birthday, February 11th, she died. Sir Thomas More wrote an elegy upon her, in which she is made to bid farewell to all her family. Astrologers had predicted that the year would bring her great good fortune, and it is to the futility of such prophecies she refers in the first verse:—

Yet was I lately promised otherwise
This year to live in weal and in delight,
Lo, to what cometh all thy blandishing promise,
O false astrology and divinitrice,
Of God's secrets vaunting thyself so wise?
How true for this year is thy prophecy?
The year yet lasteth, and lo, here I lie!

Adieu, mine own dear spouse, my worthy lord,
The faithful love that did us both combine
In marriage and peaceable concord
Into your hands here do I clean resign,
To be bestowed on your children and mine;
Erst were ye father, now must you supply
The mother's part also, for here I lie.

246 LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF WALES.

Where are our castles now ? where are our towers ?
 Goodly Richmond, soon art thou gone from me,
 At Westminster, that costly work of yours,
 Mine own dear lord, now shall I never see ;
 Almighty God, vouchsafe to grant that ye,
 For you and children well may edify ;
 My palace builded is, for lo, now here I lie !

Farewell, my daughter, Lady Margarete,
 God, wot full oft it grieved hath my mind,
 That ye should go where we might seldom meet.
 Now I am gone, and have left you behind,
 O mortal folk, but we be very blind,
 What we least fear full oft it is most nigh,
 From you depart I first, for lo, now here I lie !

Farewell, madame, my lord's worthy mother,
 Comfort your son, and be of good cheer,
 Take all at worth, for it will be no other ;
 Farewell, my daughter Katharine, late the *phere* [consort] ;
 Unto Prince Arthur, late my child so dear.
 It booteth not for me to wail and cry :
 Pray for my soul, for lo, now here I lie !

Adieu, Lord Henry, loving son, adieu,
 Our Lord increase your honour and estate ;
 Adieu, my daughter Mary, bright of hue,
 God make you virtuous, wise, and fortunate ;
 Adieu, sweetheart, my little daughter Kate,
 Thou shalt, sweet babe, such is thy destiny,
 Thy mother never know, for lo, now here I lie !

Lady Cecily, Lady Anne, and Lady Katharine !
 Farewell, my well-beloved sisters three ;
 Oh, Lady Bridget, other sister mine,
 Lo, here the end of worldly vanity,
 Now are you well who earthly folly flee,
 And heavenly things do praise and magnify,
 Farewell, and pray for me, for lo, now here I lie !

Adieu, my lords ; adieu, my ladies all ;
 Adieu, my faithful servants every one ;
 Adieu, my commons, whom I never shall
 See in this world—wherefore, to Thee alone,
 Immortal God, verily Three in One,
 I me commend ; Thy infinite mercy
 Shew to Thy servant, for now here I lie !

Her "little daughter Kate" was not long left motherless; and mother and babe both sleep at Westminster, in the beautiful chapel raised by the first Tudor King.

The young Prince of Wales had not been dead three months before schemes were made for marrying Katharine to his brother, Prince Henry. The whole history of these negotiations is so confused, the web of intrigue so difficult to unravel, that it is almost impossible to gain a clear idea of all the circumstances. The fact seems to have been that both the King of England and the sovereigns of Spain were anxious for the match—Henry on account of the unpaid portion of the dower, which he wished to receive, and Ferdinand and Isabel because it was all important to them to maintain an alliance with England. They would have pushed the wedding on as soon as possible, but Henry, despite his love of money, appears to have had scruples as to the validity of such a marriage, and to have satisfied his conscience by insisting so strongly on the settlements that the King and Queen of Spain hesitated to agree. The Princess of Wales herself was not favourable to the scheme. Nearly six years older than her proposed bridegroom, she looked with dislike on the alliance, and wrote to her father "that she had no inclination for a second marriage in England; still, she begged him not to consider her tastes or convenience, but in all things to act as suited him best." The wishes of Princesses were a matter of very little importance in those days; and Henry and Katharine were betrothed by Edmond Audley, Bishop of Salisbury, in his dwelling at Salisbury Court, on the 25th of June, 1504, three days before the young Prince completed his fourteenth year. This contract made

little difference in the Princess's life. She lived very much alone, writing long letters home, to which she got but few answers. Her parents were too busy with politics to waste much time on her. There is one pathetic note of hers to her father, begging him to send her one line of comfort, for she had not heard from him for more than a year. It was a melancholy life for a young girl; and she hailed as a welcome relief a visit to Richmond, where the King's youngest daughter, the Princess Mary, lived. From thence the King and the two Princesses went to Windsor, where they stayed a fortnight, hunting in the forest every day, accompanied by Katharine's young betrothed, Henry of Greenwich. Perhaps it was there she first grew to love her future lord, who, though still a mere boy, was tall and fair, and strong, towering head and shoulders over his peers, like a young demi-god. She fell ill on their return to Richmond, and though soon recovering sufficiently to accompany the King and Princess Mary to Westminster, she was still so weak and languid that her father-in-law kindly took her with him to Greenwich for change of air. She rallied for the time; but on her return to Durham House relapsed. Her appetite failed her, her colour fled, and she suffered sudden alternations of heat and cold. The King wrote her a kind and cheering note from the Isle of Sheppey, whither he had gone in his progress to the south. "Since she had been unwell, when he was forced to leave, the time would seem, he said, too long before he could receive good news. He loved her as a daughter; as a daughter of his own. She might confide her wishes to his trusty servant. If she knew of anything to be done in order to improve her health, he was

prepared to carry out her wishes to the limit of his power. If he could do anything to give her pleasure, he was ready to perform a father's part. To Katharine such a letter must have been a balm. He sent her many messages, and offered to attend on her in person when she wished him to appear at Durham House. He offered to call in the whole body of practitioners in his kingdom to her aid. In minor matters he was not less careful. Though he would not interfere directly in the quarrels of her people, he was always ready to assist her indirectly in maintaining peace." *

On November 26th, 1504, Isabel the Catholic, died at her castle on the Mount, near Medina; and Katharine, all unconscious of her loss, wrote to her on that very day, expressing pleasure at hearing better news of her mother's health, and begging for a letter, for she could not feel at ease till she saw the Queen's handwriting. Nor was this the only sorrow the young Princess had to bear; for the King, anxious perhaps to force Ferdinand into the payment of her dower, or really troubled about the legality of the coming marriage, caused his son, Henry, the day he was fourteen, to solemnly repudiate at Richmond before his councillors, the betrothal between himself and Katharine; making the Prince allege that he had, when too young to judge for himself, been affianced to her, and that now he refused to ratify the contract.

The boy himself was yet too young to think much of the bride he was discarding; but Katharine, who had grown to love him with that love which all his after cruelty was unable to kill, was miserable when she heard of what had been

* Hepworth Dixon.

done. Her fortune did, indeed, seem gloomy at the time—her hope of a bright future snatched from her, her servants unpaid and railing at her, sinking into debt, with her own father careless of her, and her father-in-law telling her she must look to Spain for help while her dower remained unpaid. Almost desperate, she turned for help to her sister Juana, and her husband Philippe, son of Maximilian of Germany. Juana, by her mother's death, had become legally Queen of Castile; but Ferdinand was anxious to keep all power in his own hands. Doña Elvira, Katharine's dueña, who was a zealous partizan of Juana's claims, told the Princess that if her sister were in Spain the dower, which, Elvira averred, was the sole cause of the difficulty, would be paid, and Katharine and Henry could be united. Katharine, in her unhappiness, turned her thoughts and hopes to this; and talked against her father so openly that Henry VII. rebuked her for undutifulness. Led by evil councillors, she mixed herself up in intrigues, too intricate and involved to be fully explained; but all with one object, the payment of her dower—which, she was told, was the one obstacle to her union with Henry.

In September, 1505, she wrote an urgent appeal to her father for money, not for herself, but for the payment of one of her ladies; which runs as follows:—

“MOST HIGH AND MOST PUISSANT LORD,

“It is known to your Highness how Doña Maria de Salazar was lady to the Queen, my lady, who is in blessed glory, and how her Highness sent her to come with me; and, in addition to the service which she did to her Highness, she has served me well, and in all this has done as a

worthy woman. Wherefore, I supplicate your Highness that, as well on account of the one service as of the other, you would command her to be paid, since I have nothing wherewith to pay her, and also because her sister, the wife of Monsieur d'Aymeria, has in view for her a marriage in Flanders; of which she cannot avail herself, nor hope that it can be accomplished, without knowing what the said Doña Maria has for a marriage portion."

In the December of the same year, she wrote to Ferdinand a piteous letter from the sick bed to which she was then confined:—

"Your Highness shall know, as I have often written to you, that since I came into England I have not had a single maravedi, except a certain sum which was given me for food, and this such a sum that it did not suffice without my having many debts in London; and that which troubles me more is to see my servants and maidens go at a loss, and that they have not wherewith to get clothes. And this, I believe, is all done by the hand of the doctor [Puebla], who, notwithstanding your Highness has written, sending him word that he should have money from the King of England, my lord, that their costs should be given them, yet, in order not to trouble him, will rather intrude upon and neglect the service of your Highness. Now, my lord, a few days ago Doña Elvira de Manuel asked my leave to go to Flanders to get cured of a complaint which has come into her eyes, so that she lost the sight of one of them; and there is a physician in Flanders who cured the Infanta Doña Isabel of the same disease with which she is afflicted. She laboured to bring him here, so as not to leave me, but could

never succeed with him ; and I, since if she were blind, she could not serve me, durst not hinder her journey. I begged the King of England, my lord, that until our Doña Elvira should return his Highness would command that I should have, as companion, an old English lady, or that he would take me to his Court."

In 1506, Philippe and Juana, on their way to Spain, were forced by tempest to take shelter in Weymouth harbour, and were invited by Henry to Windsor Castle, where they stayed three months, and Katharine saw her sister for the first time since her arrival in England. Juana was a beautiful and graceful woman ; but already there were whispers of that insanity which in after days was so terribly evident. Much was discussed and arranged during their visit ; but nothing was done to further Katharine's welfare. The poor Princess took, says M. du Boys, "a great deal of trouble on Philip's account, hoping to conciliate his favour and protection. She danced a Spanish dance before him with a lady of her household, and asked her brother-in-law to join them. The Prince testily answered her that he was a sailor, and not a dancer ; then he returned to his conversation with Henry VII." Soon after the departure of her sister and brother-in-law, Katharine wrote, on the 22nd of April, the following letter to Ferdinand :—

"I cannot speak more particularly, because I know not what will become of this letter, or if it will arrive at the hands of your Highness ; but when Don Pedro d'Ayala shall come who is now with the King and Queen in the harbour, your Highness shall know all by ciphers. I have written many times to your Highness, supplicat-

ing you to order a remedy for my extreme necessity, of which [letters] I have never had an answer. Now I supplicate your Highness, for the love of our Lord, that you consider now how I am your daughter, and that after Him [God] I have no other good remedy except in your Highness; and now I am in debt in London, and this not for extravagant things, nor yet by relieving my own [people], who greatly need it, but only for food; and now the King of England, my lord, will not cause them [the debts] to be satisfied, although I myself spoke to him, and all those of his council, and that with tears; but he said that he is not obliged to give anything, and that even the food he gives me is of his own goodwill, because your Highness has not kept your promise with him in the money of my marriage portion. I told him that I believed that in time to come your Highness would discharge it. He told me that that was yet to see, and that he did not know it, so that, my lord, I am in the greatest trouble and anguish in the world; on the one part, seeing all my people that they are ready to ask alms, on the other, the debts which I have in London; about my own person, I have nothing for chemises, wherefore, by your Highness's leave, I have now sold some bracelets to get a dress of black velvet, for I was all but naked; for since I departed thence [from Spain] I have nothing except two new dresses, for till now those I brought thence have lasted me."

She further implores her father to send her a Franciscan confessor, who should be learned and discreet; "because, as I have written at other times to your Highness, I do not understand the English language, nor know how to speak it, and I have no confessor; and this should be, if your

Highness should so command it, very quickly, because you truly know the inconvenience of being without a confessor, especially now to me who, for six months, have been near death; but now, thanks to our Lord, I am somewhat better, although not entirely well."

"She finishes her letter by saying that she has entrusted it to one of her faithful servants, Calderon, going to Spain to be married, and that she has nothing she can give him in payment for his trouble and fidelity; she charged her father to do something for him."*

Soon after the departure of Philippe and Juana, King Henry told her plainly that she was no longer the bride-elect of his son, and her title was Princess Dowager of Wales. Her councillors, when she asked their advice, could only tell her the same; and Katharine felt utterly forsaken and miserable. "Distracted by these bitter words, she poured a flood of agony at her father's feet; imploring him to set things right, to send a new Ambassador to pay the money he had held so long, and put an end to her disgrace. She even offered, in her misery, to desert the cause of Queen Juana; nay, she actually implored her father to usurp the kingdom of Castile. 'It will be better for us both,' she said; 'you will be stronger there, and abler to assist me here.'"[†] Yet in spite of all her unhappiness, she would not go back to Spain. England was her home, for good or evil; and here she would remain, even though her life was hard and dreary. The exceeding want of money from which she suffered was extraordinary, considering the revenues settled upon her as Princess of Wales; and proves that some great dishonesty must have been practised towards her. "I let my

* M. du Boys.

† Hepworth Dixon.

servants walk about in rags," she wrote to her father; "I cannot do the same myself; and having no other resource left me, I am obliged to live on what I had. Your Highness knows my state. How then am I to read your order not to part with any of my plate because it is a portion of my dowry?" In answer to her appeal, her father sent her two thousand silver crowns, and formal letters as ambassadress, so that she might have a right to demand an audience of the King when she wished. This position—a curious one for the Princess of Wales—she took advantage of at once to ask the King exactly how she stood. He told her decidedly that his son was, by law, free to marry anyone, and that the contract with her had been utterly swept away; and Katharine, saying such words were not worthy of his grace, rushed away in an agony of humiliation. She was truly, sorely tried at this epoch; smarting under the mortification natural to a repudiated bride; deeply in love with her handsome *ex-fiancé*, who, as he grew older, felt the power of her charms, and, with characteristic perversity, grew passionately fond of her when she was forbidden him; and chafing under the despotic rule of Fra Diego Fernandez, her confessor, who controlled her almost as arbitrarily as did Conrad Elizabeth of Hungary. His orders to her were absolute, and she dared not disobey them. One day when Katharine and her sister-in-law, the Princess Mary, were living near each other at Richmond, the King sent a train of lords and ladies to bring them to him at the palace. The Princess of Wales had been unwell the night before, but was now recovered, and eager to go. As she was setting forth, the priest came forward and forbade her going. She argued with him for long, but he would hear no reason; and she at

last sent a message to her sister-in-law, who had waited for two hours, that she was not strong enough to come—an excuse glaringly palpable to the courtiers who had come for her; and next day, when she met the King in the park, he, not unnaturally offended, refused to speak to her.

“Under the bitter trials she had to endure,” says M. du Boys, “she sought consolation in her oratory from her Saviour. But she did not affect intermittent impulses of fervent devotion; she had a strict rule of life, and observed it exactly. According to Saunders, during her widowhood she rose at midnight to recite her office, and then lay down again; then she dressed at five in the morning, and under her robes wore the scapulary of St. Francis. She confessed twice a week, and received the Communion every Sunday. Puebla indirectly confirms Saunders’ description when he writes to Ferdinand: ‘And although she [the Princess] has been a month at Westminster with the King, she is keeping the same rule and observance and seclusion which she did before in her own house.’”

In her unhappiness, one resource suggested itself to her. Henry, or his councillors, had talked of her sister Juana, lately become a widow, as his second wife; and Katharine thought that if she could further this match, it might materially aid her own wishes. She wrote to Juana eagerly urging the union, and going so far as to depict the love Henry felt for her in glowing terms. “I entreat you,” she said, “to forgive my writing to you on so great a matter. God knows how strong my wishes are. I am not able to resist. It seems to me that not to do this thing will be a sin—a sin against God, against the King, our father, and against your Grace, whose kingdom may our Lord defend and increase.” But Juana was already in

a state when marriage and intrigue and all the tangled web of politics had faded into air. Her mind had never recovered its balance since her husband's death, and she still refused to believe the fact, caused the corpse to remain unburied, and waited drearily for the day when he should awake from his trance. At first Henry disbelieved Ferdinand's report of her; but when his ambassadors were permitted to see her, all doubt was at an end, and the negotiations for the marriage were dropped. Meanwhile the young Prince Henry—"already taller than his father, and his limbs of a gigantic size," says Puebla, the Spanish Ambassador—was so passionately in love with his disowned bride that his father, fearing he would steal a marriage with her, kept him under restraint; the King of Spain vehemently pressed the alliance; and Henry, who throughout had been divided between conscientious scruples and his desire to gain the whole of her dower, finally agreed that—a bill granting a dispensation for the union having been already issued—if Katharine's dower were paid in four instalments, she should be married to the Prince on the receipt of the last one. This was assented to by the Spanish King; and two instalments were paid, and acknowledged by receipts from Henry and his son. The Princess of Wales herself seemed to know nothing of the arrangement; for she wrote a sorrowful letter to her father, saying that "it might be well for her to go and spend the remnant of her days in serving God—the best thing that could happen to her now on earth." Ere the third instalment could be paid, the King died, on the 21st of April, 1509, and Henry VIII. mounted his father's throne. Seldom had a young monarch of such promise been seen in England. Tall, fair, largely-

made, blue-eyed, he was the type and representative of his nation. One Italian spoke of him as "like St. George himself;" another, Pasqualigo, a Venetian, reported: "He had a round face, so very beautiful that it would have adorned the person of a pretty woman." Brought up for the Church, his education was good, and his reading deep. He knew several languages, and was passionately fond of music. A song whose words and music are both his own has come down to us from his day, and is here transcribed:—

Pastance with good company
I love, and shall until I die;
Grudge who will, but none deny,
So GOD be pleased, this life will I.

For my pastance,
Hunt, sing, and dance,
My heart is set;
All good sport
To my comfort
Who shall me let?

Youth will needs have dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company me thinketh the best
All thoughts and fantasies to digest,

For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all;
Then who can say,
But pass the day
Is best of all?

Company with honesty
Is virtue—and vice to flee;
Company is good or ill,
But every man hath his free will.

The best I sue,
The worst eschew;
My mind shall be,
Virtue to use;
Vice to refuse,
I shall use me.

His youth had hitherto been blameless, and he was an ardent follower of all rites of the Church. Imperious and resolute, he had determined on being no longer thwarted in his love for his Spanish bride, whom, he told Fuensalida, the Spanish Ambassador, he loved beyond all other women. He had made up his mind as to the course he would pursue, and there was no longer anyone to deter him from it. His grandmother, the Lady Margaret, his godfather, Fox, Bishop of Winchester, and Warham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, all approved his marriage with Katharine, and he was determined there should be no further delay. He came in May to Greenwich, where she was then residing, in her character of ambassadress to his Court, resolved when he left it again, to carry his queen with him. Close to the palace was a little settlement of Franciscan friars, headed by Father John Forrest and Father William Peto, whom Henry VII. had given permission to build their cells there. There were five little houses, dedicated to the Virgin, St. Francis, and other saints, and a tiny chapel, where Katharine made offerings under the name of the Princess of Castile. To this chapel, on Monday, the 11th of June, Henry and Katharine came in early morning, and were wedded privately by the attendant priest. It was a startling contrast to her first marriage. That had been celebrated with all the adjuncts of splendour and pomp that could be devised to grace the nuptials of England's heir; this was performed in a humble chapel, by an unknown priest, in strictest secrecy, and was altogether not very unlike a run-away match. No witness is named as present but the son of the Spanish Ambassador, Gonsalvo de Puebla; and neither bishop, councillor, nor courtier graced the rite with his presence.

Never, surely, was a bride-queen wedded with so little pomp of circumstance as was Katharine on that summer morning in the little chapel at Greenwich.

Secret as the King had wished his union to be, he had been forced to admit some few into his confidence; for on the day before his wedding, Sunday the 10th, he had made a grant to Katharine of lands and rents in more than thirty English counties; and the charter confirming this, which had to be sent to the Chancellor for stamping, mentioned that the grant was made to her "on her coming marriage with the King." It was not till the Sunday following that momentous Monday, however, that it was known that the marriage was an accomplished fact. On that day John Heron, bearer of the privy purse, was bidden to place two extra offerings from the King and Queen; and he accordingly put down ten shillings for each, and recorded the payments under the date of the wedding day. The following Tuesday William Pole was appointed King's sergeant, with the special duty of attending on the Queen; and two days later the news began to be reported in London.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival of the King and Queen in London—Their coronation—Their honeymoon—Katharine's love for her husband—Her happiness—Removal to Richmond—A royal joust—Accouchement of the Queen—A feast at Westminster—Diego's account of Katharine—Misconduct of the King—Birth of a Prince—Henry's pilgrimage—Festivities at Westminster—High play at the Court—Death of the Prince—Katharine Regent—Her parting with the King—Her letters to Wolsey—Flodden Field—Queen's letter to the King—Birth and death of a son—Disagreement between Ferdinand and Henry—Katharine's admirable conduct—Marriage of Mary Tudor—Birth and death of a third son—Death of Louis XII.—Marriage of Mary Tudor and Suffolk—Katharine's Maying—Death of Ferdinand of Aragon—Birth of Mary—Friendship of the Queen and the Countess of Salisbury—Christening of Mary—Her babyhood—Visit of the Queen of Scotland—Riot of London apprentices—Katharine's magnanimity—Accouchement of the Queen—Visit of Charles V.—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Katharine and Queen Claude—Departure of the King and Queen to Gravelines—Their reception by Charles V.

On the 21st of June the young King and Queen came from Greenwich to the Tower of London, where Henry created twenty-four knights of the Bath. On the 23rd they went with great pomp to the palace of Westminster, the Queen appearing in white, as was the custom of a maiden bride. She was then three and twenty, and her charms were in their bloom. "There were few women," Lord Herbert says, "who could compete with Queen Katharine when in her prime."

"She been married but a few days, and was attired as a bride in white embroidered satin; her hair, which was black and very beautiful, hung at length down her back, almost to her feet; she wore on her head a coronal set with many rich orient stones. The Queen, thus attired as a royal

bride, was seated in a litter of white cloth of gold, borne by two white horses. She was followed by the female nobility of England, drawn in whirlicotes, a species of car that preceded the use of coaches."* Two companies of gentlemen were formed to do her honour, one calling themselves Minerva's Scholars and the other Diana's Knights. "From Cornhill and the Old Change, the way was lined with young maidens, dressed in virgin white, bearing palms of white wax in their hands; these damsels were marshalled and attended by priests in their richest robes, who censured the Queen's procession from silver censers as it passed. Of all the pageants ever devised for royalty, this was the most ideal and beautiful."† "The streets were hanged with tapestry," says Holinshed, "and cloth of arras very richly. And a great part of the south side of Chepe with cloth of gold, and so was some part of Cornhill. But to speak of all the solemn show set forth that day, and how the crafts, aldermen, and Lord Mayor stood in their appointed places, or of the rich and sumptuous apparel, which not only the King and Queen wore that day, but also other estates which did attend their Majesties, it would ask a long time, and yet I should omit many things, and fail of the number. The trappings and rich furniture of horses and palfreys were wonderful. Of cloth of tissue, gold, silver, embroderies and goldsmiths' work there was no want, beside the great number of chains of gold and banderikes, both massy and great, right gorgeous to behold. And thus with great joy and honour they came to Westminster."

The day following, the King and Queen went to the Abbey, "where, according to the ancient

* Strickland.

† *Ibid.*

custom, they were anointed and crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury with other prelates of the realm there present, and the nobility, and a great multitude of the commons. After the solemnity of the said coronation, according to the sacred observances used in that behalf ended, the Lords spiritual and temporal did to the King homage, and then he returned to Westminster Hall with the Queen, where they dined, all the solemn customs and observances being used and done, which in such cases appertained, every lord and other nobleman, according to their tenures before claimed, seen, viewed, and allowed, entering into their rooms and offices that day to execute the same accordingly."* Not the least quaint part of the ceremonies was the attendance on the Queen; several ladies of high rank sitting *under* the table at their feet during the banquet, holding her handkerchief, serviette, fan, and purse. Elaborate pageants and grand jousts were held in honour of the day; and a sport was indulged in, even more barbarous than Katharine's native bull-fights, at Westminster, where dogs and deer were turned into an enclosed space, and the latter, escaping into the palace, were caught and killed by the hunters for the bride's edification.

"The blessing and anointing done, the bride and groom, now crowned as King and Queen, dropt down the Thames to Greenwich Park. Already summer heats were on, and life was easier by the water-side in Kent. A royal barge, pursued by other barges, bore them down the stream, with bray of snorting horns, and riot of exploding guns. These barges bore a motley company, in which a minstrel jostled with a knight, a wrestler chaf-fered with a monk. A young and jovial court was

* Holinshed.

formed, in which the morning sport was followed by the evening song. A joust, a masque, a feast, a maying, varied the delights of every week. The married lovers went a-nutting in the woods. They clomb the hill; they ran into the glade; they dangled in their wherries on the stream. They ran about in search of sights. One night the King put on the dress of his own yeomen of the guard, and with a halbert on his shoulder, marched to the King's Head, in Cheape, and on St. Peter's Eve he brought his consort to that famous inn, to see the city watch go past. One day they held a wrestling-match; another day they cast the lance and drew the bow; two sports in which the King excelled."* Once he came suddenly into her apartment with Bouchier, Earl of Essex, and other nobles, dressed as Robin Hood and his men; "whereat the Queen and her ladies were greatly amazed, as well for the strange sight as for their sudden appearance."† In the midst of all this gaiety, the King's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond, died somewhat suddenly on the 29th of June; and her illness may have been the reason why all orders relative to the funeral of the late King and the coronation issued from Katharine, not the King, as Cavendish tells us. None were more rejoiced at the marriage than the Queen's father, Ferdinand, who, Bernaldes tells us, was so well pleased to hear of it, "that he celebrated it by grand festivals in Spain, particularly by the *jeu de cannes*,"—darting the jereed, a Moorish pastime, in which he himself bore an active part. His young son-in-law wrote to him in raptures with his bride. "My love for Katharine is so great," said Henry, "that if I were not married to her, I would not exchange her for any other woman in

* Hepworth Dixon.

† Holinshed.

the world." It was well for Katharine, in this first flush of her bridal happiness, that she could not lift the dark veil of the future, and see what bitter misery the coming years were to bring her. At present her life seemed filled and overflowing with gladness. "I love him," she wrote of her husband, "yea, love him more deeply than I love myself." The young bridegroom was no less ardent in his affection. "If I were free to choose again," he wrote to Ferdinand, "I would take her for my wife before any other woman in the world."

She was all in all to him. He was full of a project for starting on a new crusade, and wresting the Holy Sepulchre from infidel touch. Katharine, daughter of "Los Reyes Catholicos," warmly sympathized in his enthusiasm, and encouraged him in his dreams. She was, says Hepworth Dixon, "like a being on a higher level than his own, beckoning him the way he wished to tread, and pointing to the height on which he fixed his gaze." A happier Queen, a happier bride, was not to be found than Henry's wife, and the summer days flowed on in sunshine. "A merry life the bride and bridegroom lived at Greenwich; one day paddling in the stream, with mimes and minstrels in a second barge; the next day masquerading with their knights and damsels through the summer woods. Some sickness hung about the quays and wharfs, and they were happy in such frolics of the night as stealing to the King's Head in Cheape, where they might see the city watch go past. Diego, the Queen's confessor, never left their house. He kept the keys of Spanish ciphers, and translated every word that Henry wrote to Spain. Fernando's answers passed beneath his eye, so that Diego was a secretary of both the

King and Queen. Not only in these letters written by Diego, but in all the records of that bridal year, the King and Queen appear as lovers, living the poetry of youth, and never for one instant absent from each other's side. A group of sombre figures in the background served as contrast to this central pair. So far as men who saw them dangling in the boat and loitering in the park could judge, no groom and bride had ever found the bonds of wedlock sweeter than the King and Queen. 'My lord, the King adores her,' wrote the man who saw them in the closest privacy of their home."* In the autumn they removed to Richmond, which Henry loved as the scene of his boyhood, and Katharine as the place most intimately connected with the early days of her love. The palace was worthy of their preference. "Inside and out it was a perfect sample of the Tudor style; red, warm, and quaint, with tower and buttress, shaft and cupola; and rooms all bright with gold and painted glass. The house and grounds extended from the river to the green. Below the royal windows flowed the limpid waters, going and returning with the tides, and bearing on their breast a brood of swans. In front, beyond the river, lay a stretch of light green meadow land, roughened into picture here and there by clumps of cedar, elm, and oak; while on the left hand rose a ridge of wooded hill, and from that ridge of hill rolled out a vast and undulating park."†

The King and Queen made some stay there, and again returned there for Christmas. It was hoped there would soon be an heir to the throne, and the air of Richmond was thought more healthy than Greenwich or London. Royal sport was held in honour of the season; and the King

* Hepworth Dixon.

† *Ibid.*

himself did not disdain to join in the festivities. The morning after Twelfth Day, "word was brought to Henry," says Hepworth Dixon, "by a gentleman of his chamber, that Sir Edward Neville and some other knights were getting up a joust in honour of the Queen. It was to be a great surprise, and deeds of prowess were to be achieved. A thought occurred to Henry. No one had seen him joust in public; for he had not appeared in open ring. He would adventure with these knights, but in such guise that he should not be known. Calling Compton, his groom of the stole, he proposed that they two should go into the little park, arm themselves in secret, ride into the ring, and challenge the successful knights to break a lance. Compton agreed. Two strangers challenged, and were answered 'To your guard!' No one suspected who these strangers were; but every judge of tilting saw that they were masters of their trade. Stave after stave was broken, but the unknown knights still challenged every one to ride his best. At last one of the strangers fell. Neville had hurled him to the ground, with so much violence that the crowd imagined he was killed. The second knight advanced and gave some quick commands. 'God save the King!' was heard above the dim of voices, and a space being cleared, Compton was carried into Henry's chamber, while the second stranger, lifting up his visor, showed his youthful face to the delighted crowd."

All gaiety was, however, soon put a stop to by the premature birth, on the 31st of January, 1510, of a still-born female infant. The hope of an heir had been kept so secret that none save a few personal attendants knew or guessed aught of what had occurred; and as it was felt that a super-

stitious foreboding as to the legality of the marriage might be aroused in the minds of the people by the knowledge of this misfortune, all mention of it was carefully suppressed. Venturing out too soon, the Queen took cold, and was obliged to return to her room; but her recovery was not long delayed, for at Shrovetide she was present at a great feast given by the King, in the great hall of Parliament, to all the foreign ambassadors then in London.

"When all his company had come," says Hepworth Dixon, in words of vivid description—"the foreign envoys in their rich attire, the peers and bishops in their robes, and troops of dames, with whom was his sister, Mary, 'Princess of Castile,'—the King led Katharine to a chair of state, as lady of the feast; and having seated her, he passed along the tables, showing each envoy to his place, and calling to his guests to make good cheer, and spend a merry time. Then slipping out of sight a moment, he returned with Henry, Earl of Essex, in the guise of Turks, with robes of bawdkin powdered with gold dust, turbans of crimson velvet rolled in golden bands about their brows, and scimitars of curious pattern hanging from their waist. These Turks were followed by Henry, Earl of Wiltshire, and Robert, Lord Fitzwater, dressed as Russ, in yellow robes, grey furred hats and turned-up boots, each carrying in his hand a Tartan axe. Next came Sir Edward Howard and Sir Thomas Parr, attired as Prussians, in doublets of crimson velvet, laced across the breast with silver chains, and pheasants' feathers in their caps. They marched into the hall with gentlemen holding lights and dressed as Moors. A mummerly followed, in which Mary played the part of a Moorish Princess, while the King strode

up and down the chamber, making cheer for the Queen, the ladies of her court, and the ambassadors of foreign states. A masque, with dance and music, brought the revels to a close; on which the knights and peers retired, and every one went merrily to bed."

Curiously enough, the Sir Thomas Parr mentioned was the father of that Katharine who was in after days to be the sixth and last wife of the imperious Tudor. "The Queen," said her confessor, Diego, writing shortly after to Ferdinand, "is high in health, and the most beautiful creature in the world. The King adores her, she adores the King; your Highness ought to praise the Lord for giving you such children as the King and Queen; children so wise, so learned, and so perfect in their several parts." That Henry did love Katharine with enthusiastic warmth in those early days was true; but he was no more constant then than in later years; and the sunshine of their life was blurred by a storm, the cause or causes of which were two ladies—Lady Herbert and Lady Fitzwalter. "Two sisters of the Duke of Buckingham," wrote Caroz, the Spanish Ambassador, to Ferdinand, "both of them married women, live in the palace; one of them being a pet of the Queen, while the other it is said finds grace in Henry's sight. The King is often in this lady's room. Some people say this love affair is not the King's, but Compton's. Compton, it is whispered, carries on the thing for Henry; which is likely, as the King has shown such anger at the whole affair. The lady, whom her highness likes, being anxious for her sister's sake, took counsel with the Duke, her brother, with her husband and her sister's husband, as to what they ought to do. After some talk, the Duke stole privily to his

sister's room to see her, and while they were engaged in talking, Compton dropt in to see her. Buckingham was hot. High words, and even threats, were used; on hearing of which, the King, incensed at this unseemly quarrel in his palace, rated the Duke so fiercely that his blood was roused. 'I will not sleep beneath this roof another night,' cried Buckingham, bouncing from the room. The lady's husband then rushed in, and carried her to a convent sixty miles away. Next morning, Henry, suspecting the sister near the Queen of stirring up this mischief, turned her out of doors. Thus all the Staffords have been driven from court. Nor is the King content with emptying Katharine's closet. In his anger, he declares that he is watched by spies, who lurk about his palace, waiting on his steps, and seeking in his unguarded moments for a cause of tattle with the Queen. He says the Queen's favourite sets them on. But that he fears to raise so great a scandal, he would clear the house. Every one can see that he is vexed with Katharine and that Katharine was vexed with him. No one knows how it will end. This storm is at the height."

Once more the Queen's hopes of becoming a mother were disappointed, in spite of her votive offering of her best head-dress to the statue of San Pedro the Inquisitor, whose murder in the Cathedral of La Seo had so shocked and agitated her mother; but on New Year's Day, 1511, her happiness was made complete by the birth of a son at Richmond. The advent of a son and heir brought "great gladness to the realm,"* and in honour of the baby prince "fires were made, and divers vessels with wine set abroad, for such as would take thereof, in divers streets in London,

* Holinshed.

and general processions made thereupon to laud God.*" On the 5th of January the child was christened with much state and splendour by his father's name; his sponsors being Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Surrey, and Katharine, Countess of Devonshire, the King's aunt. The ambassadors of France, Spain, Rome, and Venice were present at the ceremony, and were afterwards taken to see the Queen. The joy of the King at the birth of his heir was intense; and he preferred to express it by magnificent shows and pageants. On Twelfth Night a great hill of roses and of pomegranates, the Queen's special emblem, was reared in the great hall at Richmond, from which a lady issued, gorgeously arrayed in cloth of gold, followed by a troop of children, who danced before the King and court. Before the Queen was churched, Henry, attended by a long train of knights and squires, rode on pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham. "Our Lady had a fame beyond Don Pedro the Inquisitor. In truth, excepting the shrine of Thomas of Canterbury, no altar stood so high in popular favour as that of Our Lady of the Grey Friars in Walsingham. It was a shrine of kings. Henry the Third, Henry the Sixth, and Henry the Seventh had knelt before it. Edward the First, Edward the Second, and Edward the Third had laden it with gifts. Bruce, King of Scots, had made a pilgrimage to the shrine. Strangers from many countries came to see it, and Erasmus spoke of the image as ablaze with gold and precious stones. But more than all, Our Lady of the Grey Friars was the Virgin Mother, in whose tenderness to the young a parent put his trust. The pilgrim halted at Bensham, where he alighted

* Holinshed.

from his horse, took off his boots and hose, and walked barefooted into Walsingham, where he threw himself before the Virgin Mother, and besought her powerful patronage of his child.”* As soon as Katharine was sufficiently recovered, the King and Queen removed from Richmond to Westminster, leaving the young Prince of Wales at the former place with his nurse, Bessie Poyntz. A grand tournament was held in the Queen’s honour, at the commencement of which Sir Charles Brandon, afterwards known as that Duke of Suffolk who won lovely Mary Tudor, appeared before Katharine disguised in a grey gown like a hermit, and begged permission to tilt for her. Leave being accorded, the hermit’s grey was flung off, and Brandon appeared armed cap-à-pie—a transformation considered a peculiarly brilliant feat by the populace.

After the tournament, when evening had come, the Queen was seated in all her splendour in the Whitehall at Westminster, with her ladies round her. A nobleman entered, and, doing homage, told her “how that in a garden of pleasure was an arbour of gold, full of ladies, who were very desirous of showing pastime for the Queen’s diversion. Katharine answered graciously that “both she and her ladies would be happy to behold them and their pastime.” “Then a great curtain of arras was withdrawn, and the pageant moved forward. It was an arbour made with joists and pillars, covered with gold, about which were twined branches of hawthorn, roses, and eglantines, all made of satin and silk, according to the natural colours of the flowers. In the arbour were six fair ladies in gowns of white and green satin, their gowns covered with letters of gold,

* Hepworth Dixon.

being H and K, knit together with gold lacing. Near the bower stood the King himself, and five lords, dressed in purple satin, likewise covered with gold letters—H and K; and everyone had his name in letters of bullion gold. The King's name was Cœur Loyal, and all the rest bore some such appellations. Then the King and his company danced before Katharine's throne. But while this fine fancy ball was performing, a very different scene was transacted at the lower end of the white hall. The golden arbour, which was intended to receive again the illustrious performers, had been rolled back to the end of the hall, where stood a vast crowd of the London populace, who were the constant witnesses of the grand doings of the English court in the middle ages, and, indeed, on some occasions, seem to have assimilated with the chorus of the Greek drama. Their proceedings this evening were, however, not quite so dignified; the arbour of gold having been rolled incautiously within reach of their acquisitive fingers, the foremost began to pluck and pull at its fine ornaments; at last they made a regular inbreak, and completely stripped the pageant of all its ornaments; nor could the lord steward of the palace repel these intruders, without having recourse to a degree of violence which must have disturbed the royal ballet. Meantime, the King and his band having finished their stately pavons and 'corantos high' with the utmost success, his majesty, in high good humour, bade the ladies come forward and pluck the golden letters and devices from his dress and that of his company. Little did the young king imagine what pickers and stealers were within hearing; for scarcely had he given leave for this courtly scramble, when forward rushed the plebeian in-

truders, and seizing not only on him, but his noble guests, plucked them bare of every glittering thing on their dresses with inconceivable celerity; what was worse, the poor ladies were despoiled of their jewels, and the king was stripped to his doublet and drawers. As for the unfortunate Sir Thomas Knevet, who climbed on a high place, and fought for his finery, the mob carried off all his clothes. At last the guards succeeded in clearing the hall without bloodshed. The King, laughing heartily, handed the Queen to the banquet in his own chamber, where the court sat down, in their tattered condition, treating the whole scramble as a frolic; the King declaring that they must consider their losses as largess to the commonalty.”* The young King did not confine his pleasures to masking and dancing. “About this season,” says Holinshed, “he was much given to play at tennis and at the dice, which appetite, certain crafty persons about him perceiving, brought in Frenchmen and Lombards to make wagers with him, and so he lost much money, but when he perceived their craft, he eschewed their company, and let them go.” Perhaps his own losses made him more considerate touching his Queen’s pin-money; for we find by the following extract that he was anxious she should have all her dues:—“It appears that the Queen Consort always had two shillings out of every pound of fees paid for any royal confirmation; for in 1510 Henry VIII. sends a writ to the Sheriff of Oxon to distrain on the college for 22s. due to Queen Katharine out of a fine of £11 for confirmation of the college charters. A copy of the writ is endorsed ‘Mem. pro confirma-

* Strickland.

*tionem regia regina semper habet duos solidos de libra.'"**

Appointments in the household of their first-born son occupied the minds of the King and Queen. Thomas Cordray was named as his Sergeant-at-Arms, and Henry Knight as his Clerk of the Signet. No one dreamed that the babe for whom such elaborate arrangements were made, and whose coming had caused such universal joy, was not well and thriving; but on the 22nd of February the rejoicing was suddenly hushed, as news came that the child was dead—a bitter grief to King and country, a still bitterer to the Queen, whose agony was intensified by the fact that the illness had been so sudden she had had no time to hurry from Westminster to Richmond in time to see her babe in life. A funeral of royal splendour followed; but state and ceremony could do little to soothe the childless mother. Her greatest consolation was in the tenderness and love of her husband, who, by slow degrees, succeeded in comforting her. "The Queen," says Hall, "like a natural woman, made much lamentation; howbeit, by the King's persuasion, she was comforted, but not shortly."

In 1513 a war broke out in France, and the brave Sir Edward Howard, uncle of Anne Boleyn, fell gloriously in an attack on the French galleys on Conquet Bay. He was a devoted adherent of Katharine, little dreaming that in after days his little niece would be her rival and supplanter; he had served as a volunteer at the siege of Granada; and he left the Queen in his will the grace-cup of Thomas-à-Becket, a relic which had long been in his family. Subsequently Katharine restored the

* MSS. of S. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford, quoted in Fourth Report of the Royal Commission of Historical MSS.

heir-loom to the Howards, who still possess it. Soon after he had fallen, Henry invaded France at the head of his army, leaving Katharine to exercise the office of Regent with the assistance of five nobles, entrusting her with "the highest powers that had ever yet been bestowed on a female Regent in England."* She went with him as far as Dover, where she was solemnly invested with her new dignity. "And then the King took leave of the Queen, and many of her ladies of their lords, which altogether made such sorrow that it was a great dolour to behold. And so the King and all his army took ship the last day of June. The Earl of Surrey, to whom had been confided the cure of the North of England, accompanied the Queen home from Dover, comforting her as well as he might."† On her arrival at her palace she wrote thus to Wolsey concerning one of her former attendants, for whom the "butcher's dog" was trying to find a situation in the household of the Archduchess Marguerite:—

"Mr. Almoner, touching Francesca de Casseris' matter, I thank you for your labour therein; true it is she was my woman before she was married, but now, since she cast herself away, I have no more charge of her. For very pity to see her lost, I prayed you in Canterbury to find the means to send her home to her country. Now, ye think, that with my letter of recommendation to the Duchess of Savoy, she shall be content to take her into her service. This, Mr. Almoner, is not meet for her; for she is so perilous a woman, that it shall be dangerous to put her in a strange house, an' ye will do so much for me, to make her go hence by the way, with the ambassador of the king, my father; it should be to me a

* Strickland.

† Hall.

great pleasure, and with that, ye shall find me to you more than I ever was."

The battle of the Spurs, in which Henry was victorious, was fought on the 16th of August, 1513. The intelligence was sent to Katharine by Wolsey, and the following letter is her answer to his communication. It is dated Richmond, August 25th. The Emperor she mentions was Maximilian, who was at that time helping the King to besiege Terouenne:—

"MASTER ALMONER,

"What comfort I have with the good tidings of your letter I need not write to you. The victory hath been so great that I think none such hath ever been seen before. All England hath cause to thank God of it, and I, specially, seeing that the King beginneth so well, which is to me a great hope that the end shall be like. I pray God send the same shortly; for if this continue so, still I trust in Him that everything shall follow thereafter to the King's pleasure and my comfort. Mr. Almoner, for the pain ye take to write to me so often I thank you with all my heart; praying you to continue still sending me word how the King doeth, and if he keep still his good rule that he began. I think, with the company of the Emperor, and with his good counsel, his grace shall not adventure himself too much, as I was afraid of before. I was very glad to hear of the meeting of them both, which hath been to my seeming the greatest honour to the King that ever came to prince. The Emperor hath done everything like himself. I trust to God he shall be thereby known for one of the excellentest princes in the world, and taken for another man than he was before thought. Mr. Almo —

I think myself that I am so bound to him for my part, that in my letter I beseech the King to remember it.

“KATHARINE THE QWENE.”

The Scots, who had always been allies of France, took her part in the quarrel, and prepared to fight in her defence—a decision strongly influenced by the romantic attachment of James IV. to Anne of Brittany, Queen of France, who

Sent him a turquoise ring and glove
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance,
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.

It was, as Miss Yonge remarks, “one of the curious repetitions of history that the King of England should be fighting on the soil of Picardy, while his Queen was left to repel a Scottish invasion, in each case led by his own brother-in-law.”* But Katharine of Aragon, like Philippa of Hainault, had plenty of intrepidity, and her only regret was that moving nearer the seat of war would prevent her hearing as quickly as usual from her husband. She wrote cheerfully of the coming storm to Wolsey, whom she then evidently regarded as a faithful friend.

“MAISTER ALMONER,

“I received both your letters by Coppinger and John Glynn, and I am very glad to hear how well the King passed his dangerous passage, the Frenchmen being present. . . .

“Ye be not so busy with the war as we be here.

* “Cameos from English History,” by C. M. Yonge.

encumbered with it. I mean touching mine own self, for going where I shall not so often hear from the King. All his subjects be very glad (I thank God) to be busy with the Scots; for they take it for pastime. My heart is very good to it, and I am horrible busy with making standards, banners, and badges. At Richmond, 13th day of August.

“KATHARINE THE QWENE.”

On the 9th of September was that disastrous fight of Flodden, when

Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well —

and which was hailed by the English with a tumult of rejoicing. Katharine, who was then residing at Ampthill, preparing for a pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, wrote thus to her husband from the Abbey of Woburn, whither she had probably gone for a few days:

“SIR,

“My lord Havard [Howard] hath sent me a letter open to your grace within one of mine, by the which you shall see the great victory that our Lord hath sent your subjects in your absence; and for this cause it is no need herein to trouble your grace with long writing, but to my thinking this battle hath been to your grace and all your realm, the greatest honour that could be, and more than should you will all the crown of France. Thanked be God of it; and I am sure your grace forgetteth not to do this; which shall be cause to send you many more such victories as, I trust, he shall do.

“My husband, for hastiness with Rouge Crosse, I could not send your grace the piece of the King

of Scots' coat, which John Glyn now bringeth. In this your grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending you for your banners a king's coat. I thought to send himself to you, but our Englishmen would not suffer it. It should have been better for him to have been in peace, than to have this reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in burying the King of Scots' body; for he hath written to me so. With the next messenger, your grace's pleasure may be herein known; and with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly; for, without this, no joy here can be accomplished, and for the same I pray. And now go I to our Lady at Walsingham, that I promised so long ago to see. At Woburn, 16th of September.

"I send your grace herein a bill [note] found in a Scottish man's purse, of such things as the French King sent to the said King of Scots to make war against you, beseeching you to send Matthew hither as soon as this messenger cometh to bring me tidings from your grace.

"Your humble wife and true servant,

"KATHARINE."

Her pilgrimage to Walsingham performed, Queen Katharine travelled to Dover to welcome the King, who arrived there at the end of September. "There was such a loving meeting," says Hall, "that everyone rejoiced who witnessed it." The joy of that return was soon changed to keen disappointment for the King, to bitter mourning for the Queen. In the late autumn a son was born to them at Richmond, who only survived his birth a few days. Those who had always looked with suspicion and distrust on the

marriage of Henry and Katharine began to say a curse rested on the union, and that no heir would be born to wear his father's crown. The King, however, though the babe's death was a sore disappointment, still loved the Queen as tenderly as ever; and Katharine recovered her spirits and hoped for happier days. She was, however, a good deal distressed about this time by the difference which had arisen between her father and her husband, owing to some manifestation of Ferdinand's incorrigible duplicity; but her conduct throughout the affair was such as might have been expected in one of her admirable character. "She behaved," says Bergaroth, "during the whole of the quarrel between King Henry and King Ferdinand, as became a Queen of England. She loved and revered her father. It certainly made her unhappy to see that he and her husband had become enemies. But when King Ferdinand attempted to make use of her influence over her husband, she refused to serve any such purpose. Louis Caroz complained in the most bitter terms that neither he nor any other Spaniard could obtain the smallest advantage through her interference. Encouraged by her confessor, Fray Diego de Fernandez, she seemed, he said, to have forgotten that she was a Spaniard, and was desirous only to cultivate the good-will of the people which had become hers through her marriage. We congratulate the Queen and her confessor that they so well understood what was befitting her position."

"The English people," says M. du Boys, "were very grateful to her for this behaviour. It was a supreme injustice to nickname Marie Antoinette l'Autrichienne, but no one ever thought of calling Katharine the Spaniard."

The following year, 1514, Henry's sister, the beautiful Mary Tudor, was married by proxy to Louis XII., and was conducted to her royal bridegroom by the Duke of Norfolk, taking in her train as maid of honour a graceful black-eyed girl of thirteen, whose name of Anne Boleyn was in after years to be strangely and inextricably entwined with that of the stately Spanish Queen, who accompanied the bride and her suite on the first stage of their journey, and bade them farewell at Dover. Not long afterwards Katharine became the mother of a third son; but the child hardly lived to be baptized. Perhaps the King thought gaiety would raise the Queen's spirits, or wished to drown his own regrets; for on the New Year's night of 1515 he "performed a ballet with the Duke of Suffolk and two noblemen, and four ladies, all dressed in cloth of silver and blue velvet. . . . This masque entered the Queen's presence by a great light of torches, and, after dancing a long time, put off their vizors; and when they were known, the Queen heartily thanked the King's grace for her good pastime, and kissed him."*

On the same New Year's day Louis XII. of France died, and Mary Tudor was left a lovely Queen-widow of eighteen. Francis I. was captivated by her beauty, and would willingly have raised her again to queenly state, had not his own ailing wife, Claude, stood in the way; but Mary had other views and, just two months after the King's death, she secretly married her old love, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Henry VIII. and his Council were highly indignant when first the news was known; but the King was soon pacified, and the Council had perforce to follow

* Strickland.

suit. The bride and bridegroom arrived in England on the 16th of April, were received by Katharine at Greenwich, and publicly married again with much state and splendour, Suffolk bearing as his motto at the festivities which accompanied the ceremony his well-known lines,—

Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Though thou match with cloth of friese;
Cloth of friese, be not too bold,
Though thou match with cloth of gold.

On the May Day following, Katharine, and Mary, who had always been warmly attached, went "a maying" with the King to Shooter's Hill, where the archers of the King's guard met them, dressed as Robin Hood and his outlaws, and begged them "to enter the good green wood, and see how outlaws lived." Henry, turning to the Queen, asked "if she and her damsels would venture in a thicket with so many outlaws?" to which she replied "that where he went she was content to go." "The King then handed her to a sylvan bower, formed of hawthorn boughs, spring flowers, and moss, with apartments adjoining, where was laid out a breakfast of venison. The Queen partook of the feast, and was greatly delighted with this lodge in the wilderness. When she returned towards Greenwich with the King, they met on the road a flowery car, drawn by five horses; each was ridden by a fair damsel. The ladies and their steeds personated the attributes of the spring. The horses had their names lettered on their head-gear, and the damsels had theirs on their dresses. The first steed was Caude, or heat, on him sat the lady Humid; the second was Memeon, on which rode the lady Vert, or verdure; on the third, called Phaeton, was the lady Vegetive; on the steed Mimphon sat the lady

Pleasaunce; on the fifth, Lampace, sat lady Sweet Odour. In the car was the lady May, attended by Flora. All these damsels burst into sweet song when they met the Queen at the foot of Shooter's Hill, and preceded the royal party carolling hymns to the May, till they reached Greenwich Palace."*

Early in 1516 Ferdinand of Aragon died; but the intelligence was kept a secret from Katharine until after Monday, the 13th of February, when a child was born who was strong and seemed likely to thrive and live to gratify Henry's passionate desire for an heir. True the babe was what Mr. Dombey regarded as a bad boy—only a girl; but it was so much to have her healthy and lively that any disappointment that might have been felt at first about her sex was speedily forgotten. "We thank you," said the King to the Venetian ambassador, who, in offering his congratulations on the event, ventured to observe that the Signory would have been still more pleased had it been a son; "we thank you. The Queen and I are young enough. It is a girl this time; yet, by the grace of God, a boy will follow her." The Queen confided her babe to the care of her great friend, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, to whom she was much attached. The reason for this friendship was one which we cannot fail to respect. "Nothing," says Miss Strickland, "can show the disposition of Katharine in its truly beautiful character more than the motives which led to her intimacy with the daughter of Clarence." She had discovered that the hapless Earl of Warwick had been put to death to facilitate her first espousals—that her marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales had, as she expressed it, been "made in

* Strickland.

blood;" and she never rested in her efforts to atone to his relatives for the wrong, of which she was the innocent cause. When her own troubles came upon her, she viewed all her sorrows as righteous retribution for the sin committed by her predecessors for her advancement. The sister-in-law of the Countess of Salisbury, Katharine Pole, was appointed as nurse to the royal infant; and on the Wednesday following her birth, the babe was borne in the Countess's arms to that chapel of the Grey Friars where her mother was married, for her christening. "The silver font, in which the children of Elizabeth of York, and Henry VII. had been christened, once more travelled from Christ Church, Canterbury, to the Grey Friars. Carpets were spread for the royal babe's procession, from the palace to the font, which was placed in the Grey Friars' church, guarded by knights' bannerets. The godmothers were the Princess Katharine Plantagenet and the Duchess of Norfolk. The infant was carried by the Countess of Salisbury; the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, both uncles to the Princess by marriage, walked on each side of her. Cardinal Wolsey was godfather. She was named Mary after the favourite sister of Henry VIII. When the baptism was finished, the Countess of Salisbury knelt at the altar, with her infant charge in her arms, who received the preliminary rite of confirmation or bishoping, the Countess being her sponsor at that ceremony. Various rich presents were bestowed on the Princess Mary by her sponsors and relatives, who assisted at her baptism. Cardinal Wolsey gave a gold cup; her aunt, Mary Tudor, gave her niece and name-child a pomander of gold. The Princess Katharine gave a gold spoon; and the Duchess of

Norfolk presented a primer, being a book richly illuminated, of Catholic offices of devotion.”*

For the first few months of her life the precious babe was kept entirely in her mother's apartments; but when some time had passed, Katharine Pole was superseded by Lady Margaret Bryan, who was styled the lady-mistress, and an establishment was formed for her at Ditton Park in Buckinghamshire. The Countess of Salisbury was head of the household, and state governess; Sir Weston Brown was chamberlain, and Richard Sydmour treasurer and accountant. Her chaplain was Sir Henry Rowte, and she had a gentlewoman of the bedchamber, Alice Baker, and a laundress, Alice Wood. Altogether the maintenance of her household amounted annually to £11,000—no mean outlay for a child of such tender age. It was difficult to say to which of her parents she was dearest. “Henry,” says Hepworth Dixon, “was so fond of Mary, that dandling her in his arms, he carried her up and down the house; showing her face to those he favoured most, and suffering a special favourite now and then to kiss her hands. Yet he was careful to surround her with a regal fence. No queen had ever reigned in England, nor was any lawyer sure that females could assume the crown. All recent history had tended to destroy that notion; so that for the sake of Mary he was careful to assert her royal rank. No man, however high, was suffered to salute her on the cheek. Whoever came into her presence was to doff his hat, and if the babe were held before him, he was made to kneel.” The Venetian ambassador gives a pretty picture of her parent's fondness for the little Mary in a despatch dated March 1st, 1518.

* Strickland.

"Henry VIII. came to his palace called Windsor, about twenty miles from London, and dined there. The King then took from the arms of the serene Queen Katharine his little daughter, at that time about two years old, and carried her to Cardinal Wolsey, and to our ambassador, who kissed her hand."

Not long after Mary's birth, Margaret of Scotland, the sister of Henry VIII., now wedded *en secondes nocces* to the Earl of Angus or "Anguish," as her brother chose to spell it, came with her infant daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, to Greenwich. There she remained for nearly a year, and it was during her residence there, in the spring of 1517, that a riot broke out on May eve among the London apprentices, who were furiously jealous of the Spanish tradesmen. Many of the Spaniards' houses were sacked and burned, and the inhabitants murdered. The Duke of Norfolk, who was sent to quell the outbreak, did so ruthlessly, and proceeded to hang the apprentices in such numbers that dozens were soon "seen hanging over their masters' sign-posts."* The mothers of the unfortunate boys who had not yet paid the penalty of their lives rushed to the door of the Queen's apartments, and made such a pitiful outcry that Katharine heard and inquired what was their grief. When told, she summoned her sister queens, Margaret of Scotland, and Mary the Queen-Duchess, and, with rare magnanimity, rushed to the King to implore the apprentices' pardon. Her proceedings are commemorated in an old ballad on "Ill May Day," probably, according to Miss Strickland, by Churchyard, a contemporary, and a member of her Court.

* Strickland.

“ ‘What if (she said) by Spanish blood,
Have London’s stately streets been wet ;
Yet will I seek this country’s good,
And pardon for their children yet.

“ ‘Or else the world will speak of me,
And say Queen Katharine was unkind,
And judge me still the cause to be,
These young men did misfortune find.’
And so disrobed of rich attires,
With hair unbound, she sadly hies,
And of her gracious lord requires
A boon, which hardly he denies.

“ ‘The lives (quoth she) of all the blooms
Yet budding green (these youths) I crave ;
O let them not have timeless tombs,
For nature longer limits gave.’
In saying so the pearly’d tears
Fell trickling from her princely eyes,
Whereat his gentle queen he cheers,
And says, ‘Stand up, sweet lady, rise.

“ ‘The lives of them I freely give,
No means this kindness shall debar ;
Thou hast thy boon, and they may live,
To serve me in my Boulogne war.’
No sooner was the pardon given,
But peals of joy rang through the hall,
As though it thundered down from heaven,
The Queen’s renown among them all.

“ ‘For which, kind Queen, with joyful heart,
She heard their mothers’ thanks and praise ;
And so from them did gently part,
And lived beloved all her days.
And at the siege of Tours, in France,
They showed themselves brave Englishmen ;
At Boulogne, too, they did advance
St. George’s lofty standard then.

“ ‘But Ill May Day, and ill May games,
Performed in young and tender years,
Can be no hindrance to their fames,
Or stains of valour any ways.
But now the watch, ordained by law,
We see on May Day’s eve at night,
Is kept to fill the youth with awe,
By London bands in armour bright.”

The pardon was granted on condition of the unlucky youths coming to Westminster in their shirts, with ropes round their necks. Most historians seem to have overlooked this incident, which shows the Spanish Katharine to have been as merciful and generous as the Flemish Philippa, and with even more magnanimity and forbearance, for the citizens of Calais had never harmed or insulted the Queen of Edward III., while the apprentices whose lives Katharine saved had actually slain more than one of her countrymen.

"On the 18th of May," says Holinshed, "the Queen of Scots departed out of London towards Scotland, richly appointed of all things necessary of her estate, through the King's great liberality, and bountiful goodness. She entered into Scotland the 13th of June, and was received at Berwick by her husband. All her charges in the realm, both in coming, abiding, and returning, were borne by the King."

About eighteen months after the birth of the Princess Mary, Queen Katharine again had hopes of becoming a mother. When the King returned to Woodstock after a brief absence, she met him at her chamber door, and whispered to him news that he was longing to hear. "My lords," he said, turning to his attendant nobles, "as soon as I have spoken with you, we shall all be merry." "Pace, the new secretary, wrote that night," says Hepworth Dixon, "to Wolsey, ordering him in the King's name to have a 'Te Deum Laudamus' sung with great solemnity at St. Paul's. Lauds were chanted in the Royal Chapel, and the world was told in many forms that England was about to see the long expected heir of Lancaster and York. 'God grant,' Guistinian prayed, in his despatches to the Signory, 'that

the Queen may have a son, in order that his Highness, having a male heir to follow him, may not be hindered as at present from engaging in affairs of moment.'” Again Katharine’s hopes were crushed; for when the anxiously-expected babe was born it proved a daughter who hardly survived her birth.

As long ago as the restitution of Tournay, a meeting had been talked of between the Kings of England and France—Henry VIII. and Francis I.; and Henry had made a vow not to trim his beard until this meeting could be brought about, François making a like promise. “However, as time passed on, and Henry’s yellow beard, instead of coming down to his waist, was only a golden fringe to his comely visage, while the French gentlemen, like their master, all had long beards, François reproached Sir Thomas Boleyn, the English envoy, who made lame excuse for his sovereign by declaring that the Queen could not endure the sight of a shaggy chin.”* At last the much talked of meeting was definitely fixed for June, 1520, and Henry and Katharine had set out upon their journey, although the Queen did not much like the project, fearing lest it might bode harm to her nephew, the young Emperor, Charles V., and had even gone so far as to call her friends together to discuss the undesirableness of such a proceeding. Her unwillingness was known to the mother of François, Louise de Savoie, who had questioned the English Ambassador about it more than once. “Is not the Queen’s grace,” she asked, “aunt to the King of Spain?” “Madame,” said Boleyn, “he is her sister’s son; yet the King of England loves your son better than any other prince.” “Do you think the Queen’s grace has

* C. M. Yonge.

any liking for this interview?" said Louise another time to Wingfield. "The Queen, my mistress," was the rejoinder, "is a good and wise woman, who will conform herself to the King's pleasure." The discreet answer was incontestably true; for even Henry, when he was seeking her downfall, admitted that Katharine had ever been a loyal and obedient wife to him. On this occasion, finding her reluctance of no avail, the Queen accompanied her consort; and they had travelled as far as Canterbury when they heard the unexpected news of the sudden arrival of the Emperor at Dover. "It was," says Miss Yonge, "the first decisive and spirited action of Charles's life, this going over in person to secure the goodwill of Henry and of Wolsey, before their meeting with his enemy. It is said, in fact, that when Charles, who paid the Cardinal seven thousand ducats a year, secured on two Spanish bishoprics, had stipulated that England should enter into no league against him, the reply had been a suggestion that it would be wiser to deal with the King in person. At any rate, Cardinal Wolsey met the Emperor elect, by torchlight, at his ship's side at Dover, and brought him ashore in his boat, while cannon flashed on the cliffs. After sleeping at Dover Castle, he rode on with the Cardinal to Canterbury, meeting King Henry on the way. They rode together, Charles on the right hand, and the Earl of Derby bearing the sword of state before them. It was Whit Sunday, and the magnificent ecclesiastical staff of Canterbury came out to meet them, and usher them to the Cathedral, then in the height of its glory. Every part of it glittered with precious stones; and as for the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket, it blazed like a sun above the rest, so embossed was it with

jewels, that gold was the meanest material about it!" Having there prayed and made their offerings, the King and Emperor rode on to the Archbishop's palace, where Katharine was gladly awaiting her nephew. The King himself had told her of his coming. "Madam," he had said, "the Emperor, my brother and your nephew is coming to visit us." "Thank God!" said the Queen, "that I shall see his face; the greatest good that I can have on earth;" and turning to the King she thanked him for the news, and made him a profound courtesy, which he answered by lifting his cap with a stately bow, declaring he would do all in his power to please her. Standing beside her as she welcomed her nephew was Mary, her sister-in law, the fair Queen-duchess, who, in by-gone years, had been long betrothed to Charles, and had borne his name as Princess of Castile. She was still as lovely as ever, with a delicate beauty far superior to the buxom charms of her sister the Queen of Scotland; and it is said that Charles, realizing, perhaps for the first time, all that he had lost, was depressed and melancholy during the whole of his visit. However that might be, he remained for three days of feasting and festivity, and then the whole royal party left Canterbury together, but speedily separated, the Emperor going to his fleet at Sandwich, while the King and Queen embarked at Dover on their visit to François, after having agreed to meet the Emperor again ere they returned to England. The preparations that had been made for the splendid pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold were elaborate and magnificent. "The place of meeting was to be between Ardres and Guisnes, within the English pale. Hundreds of skilful workmen were employed in erecting the pavilions that were

to lodge the two courts ; barons and gentlemen flocked in from all parts—many of whom, it was said, had spent a whole year's income in fitting themselves for the display ; and councillors and heralds rode backwards and forwards incessantly, arranging the precautions and the etiquettes of the meeting. The two kings might, so ruled the statesmen, meet in open field ; but neither might trust himself in the camp of the other unless on principles of exchange. They might mutually visit the Queens, but neither might be at home when his brother king visited him. Each must be a hostage for the other. François's chief tent before Ardres was a magnificent dome, sustained by one mighty mast, and covered without with cloth of gold, lined with blue velvet, with all the orbs of heaven worked on it in gold, and on the top, outside, a hollow golden figure of St. Michael. The cords were of blue silk twisted with gold of Cyprus ; but Fleuranges, the chronicler of the French display, is obliged to confess that the King of England's lodgings were *trop plus belle*, and they certainly were more solid, for eleven hundred workmen, chiefly from Holland and Flanders, had been employed on them for weeks, chiefly about the hangings, for the framework was of English timber, and made at home. Bacchus presided over a fountain of wine in the court, with several subordinate fountains of red, white, and claret wines, and the motto, '*Faites bonne chère qui voudra*,' a politer one than that which labelled the salvage man with a bow and arrows who stood before the door, '*Cui adhæreo preest*.' He prevails to whom I adhere. The outside of the castle was canvas painted to resemble stone-work, the inside hung with the richest arras, and all divided into halls, chambers, and galleries, like any palace at

home, with a chapel of the utmost splendour. It had the great advantage of superior stability, for a high wind levelled François's blue dome with the dust, and forced him to take shelter in the old castle of Ardres."*

When the kings and queens had settled themselves in these gorgeous abodes, the first thing arranged was that there should be a marriage between their children, and on this pretext a hundred thousand crowns were to be paid annually to the King of England, really as a bribe to secure his friendship and neutrality; and this being satisfactorily concluded, the jousts and festivities which were much more to Henry's taste began; and certainly such a brilliant time as this dazzling fortnight was never passed again until our own Queen Victoria went to visit her new ally Napoleon III., three hundred years later.

"Men might say
Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
All olinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Shew'd like a mine."

Well they might do so; for both English and French rushed into reckless extravagance, to appear sufficiently splendid. "I will not pause," says Du Bellay, "to relate the great superfluous expense, for it cannot be estimated. It was such, that many wore their mills, their forests, and their meadows, upon their backs."

Queen Claude had, of course, brought with her a goodly retinue of dames and maids of honour; and among the latter, Lord Herbert asserts, came

* C. M. Yonge.

Anne Boleyn, who had been transferred from the establishment of the widow-queen to the reigning Queen-consort when the fair Mary made her stolen match. As yet, however, her presence mattered little to Katharine, who, secure both as wife and Queen, was free to enjoy all the gorgeous sights and ceremonies she was to witness. On the first day of the *fêtes*, "each King got on horseback, himself and steed both carrying as much cloth of gold and silver as could possibly be put on them, and met in the valley of Ardres. They saluted and embraced on horseback, and then dismounting at the same moment, walked arm in arm into the tent prepared for them, where a splendid feast was spread, with two trees in the midst, the English hawthorn and French raspberry lovingly entwined. Lists had been prepared, and invitations to a tournament issued long before, and on the 11th of June, Queen Katharine and Queen Claude sat side by side, with their feet on a footstool, brodered with seed-pearls, to admire the jousting, in which both their husbands took a part. Armour had come to such a state of cumbrous perfection by this time, that it was not very easy to be killed in a real battle (barring fire-arms), and tilting matches were very safe amusements. Six days were given to tilting with the lance, two to fights with the broad sword on horseback, two to fighting on foot at the barriers."* Henry introduced an important feature into the programme by wrestling with his royal brother of France, and getting thrown, to his own infinite surprise; all his own subjects having been too weak or too courtly to be victorious in any feat of strength with him. Both he and François seemed to have been quite ready for a frolic whenever an

* C. M. Yonge.

occasion presented itself, and rather weary of all the precautions and punctilios of their followers. One morning François rode over to visit his brother sovereign so early that he found Henry still in bed, and proceeded to play valet, to the infinite amusement of both, and the horror of the French nobles, who seem to have thought the freak hardly more sensible than putting his head into a lion's mouth.

The two Queens agreed as well as their consorts, though their mutual liking was not manifested in such eccentric ways. In truth both Claude and Katharine, being both devout, conscientious, amiable women, seem to have formed a warm regard for each other. "The chroniclers who dwell on this epoch notice that the Queens of France and England visited each other every day in familiar intercourse. One morning, when Cardinal Wolsey officiated at high mass before the assembled courts at Guisnes, the Kings, Henry and François, received the eucharist as a pledge of the peace they so soon broke. Then the Cardinal advanced to the separate oratory, where Queen Katharine of England and Queen Claude of France were kneeling side by side; before they communicated these royal ladies tenderly embraced and kissed each other, in token of mutual amity and goodwill."*

On the last day of the fortnight, Henry appeared before his admiring, and possibly astonished Court, as Hercules. "That is to say, he had a shirt of silver damask with the discourteous motto, 'En femes et infautes ey petit assurance,' on his head a garland of green damask cut into vine and hawthorn leaves, in his hand a club covered with 'green damask full of pricks;' the Nemean lion's skin was of cloth of gold, 'wrought and frizzled

* Strickland.

with flat gold of damask' for the mane, and buskins of gold. His sister Mary, in white and crimson satin, accompanied him; also the nine worthies, nineteen ladies, and a good many more mounted on horses trapped with yellow and white velvet. Thus they set out to visit Queen Claude at Guisnes, meeting half way a fantastic chariot, containing King François and all his masquers, on their way to make a like call upon Queen Katharine. The two parties took no notice of one another, but passed on; but when returning after supper they met again, the Kings embraced, exchanged presents, and bade farewell, when verily the scene must have been stranger than any other enacted, under the open sky—a true midsummer night's dream."*

This was the finale of all the gorgeous festivities during which, according to Hall, "so much people of Picardy and West Flanders drew to Guisnes to see the King of England and his honour, to whom victuals of the court were in plenty; the conduit of the gate ran wine always—there were vagabonds, ploughmen, labourers, waggoners, and beggars, that for drunkenness lay in routs and heaps. So great resort thither came, that both knights and ladies that were come to see the nobleness were fain to lay in hay and straw, and hold them thereof highly pleased."

From the Field of the Cloth of Gold Henry rode on to Gravelines to meet the Emperor, in accordance with their agreement. A vast suite attended him, and he was accompanied by the Queen and his sister Mary, who seems to have shown rather odd taste in thus visiting her former betrothed; but possibly the King desired her companionship, in which case her own wishes would meet with

* C. M. Yonge.

but little regard from her autocratic brother. Charles had brought his aunt Margaret of Austria to help him in entertaining the ladies, and a grand entertainment had been prepared in an amphitheatre formed of rich hangings, supported by ship-masts; but a disastrous storm so damaged this splendid, but unsubstantial structure, that the party had to seek refuge in the Emperor's lodgings. The weather was not propitious to the imperial and royal assembly; for when Charles accompanied Henry to Calais, where Katharine awaited them, there was a repetition of the mishap at Gravelines. A grand pageant had been planned in an amphitheatre constructed to imitate the firmament.

"But, an unfortunate storm happening the night of the festival, it blew out a thousand wax tapers, overturned the thrones erected for Henry, Katharine, and the Emperor, and rendered the sun, moon, and stars unfit for use. The court looked grave, and began to whisper regarding the presumption of making a firmament. Notwithstanding this mishap, Katharine entertained her nephew for six days at Calais, till he departed for Gravelines, mounted on a beautiful English horse with a foot cloth of gold tissue, bordered with precious stones, which Katharine had given him. He often spoke of his aunt's happiness, who was wedded to so magnificent a Prince as Henry VIII." *

* Strickland.

END OF VOL. I.





